Collier's
TEN CENTS
FEBRUARY 26, 1944

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

PHOTOGRAPH BY MUKY

MIRACLE SHIP

THE STORY OF THE UNSINKABLE "NEW ORLEA

By JIM MARSHALL

eb.26,'44

How to
Waste not...Want not

The "Clean Plate Club"
Goes for Eye-Tempting Foods
You Get in . . .

Duraglas
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
CONTAINERS

The better your meals look and taste, the less food there'll be to throw out. Foods packed in Duraglas containers will help you serve meals that end with cleaned plates. Glass packages let you see the fruits and vegetables inside. You know you're getting the kind your family likes best . . . the right size, color and style. It's a smart way to get full value for every point.

When you see beautiful fruits in their Duraglas jars, you can be sure your salads and desserts will look and be so good that not a member of the family will leave any. The finest brands are packed in Duraglas jars.

Buy
FRUITS
IN Duraglas
CONTAINERS
Duraglas

PRODUCE AND CONSERVE
SHARE AND PLAY SQUARE
FOOD
FIGHTS for freedom

Listen to the
OWENS-ILLINOIS RADIO PROGRAM
Weekdays 4:00 p. m. E.W.T.
CBS Network

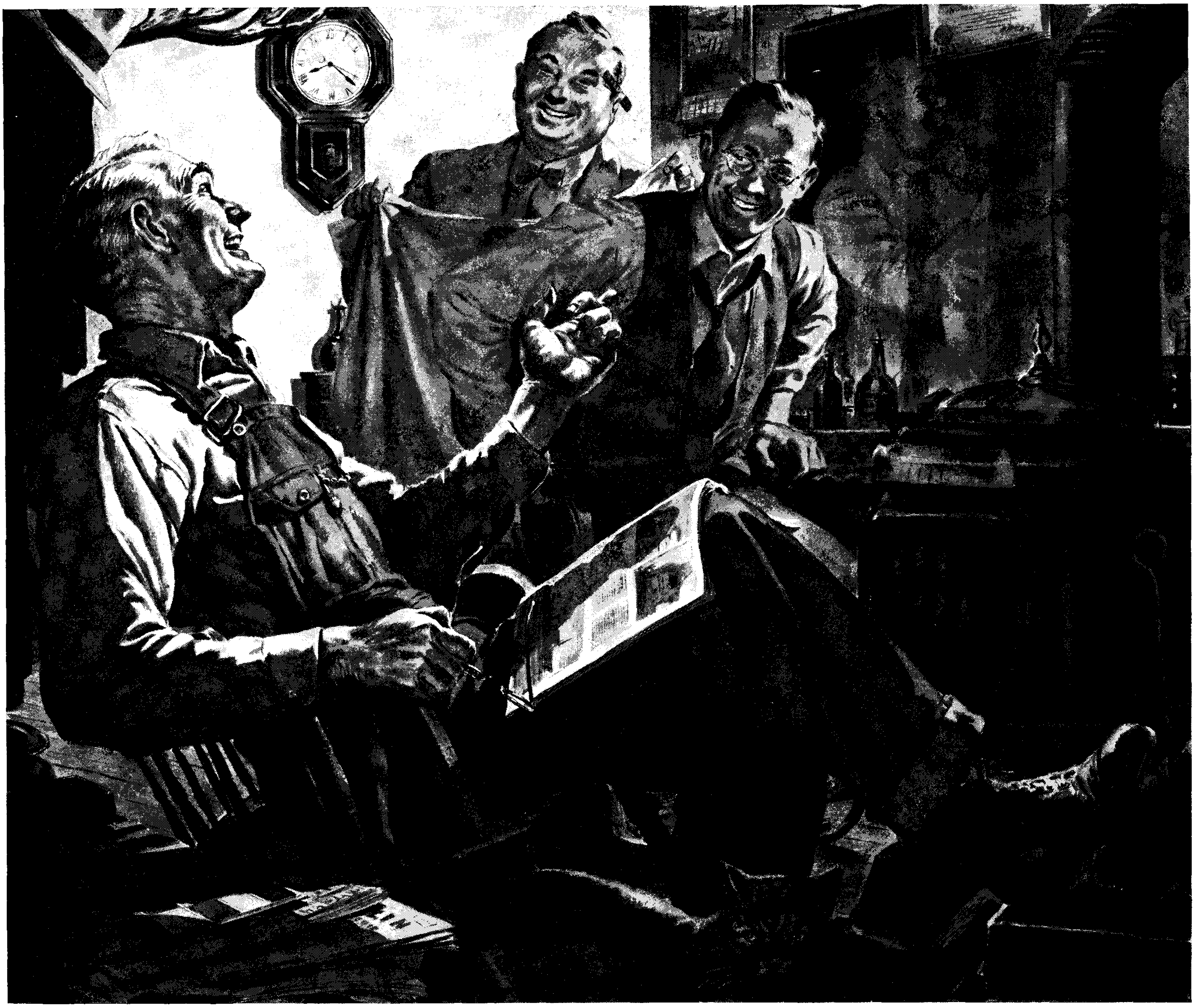
Here's another convenience of Duraglas containers—unused portions can be left in their own jars, resealed and stored with safety in the refrigerator. No extra dishes to wash.

Duraglas CONTAINERS
. . . TOMORROW'S PACKAGES
. . . HERE *Today!*

OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS

OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO (1) — DEVELOPERS OF Duraglas, THE IMPROVED TECHNIQUE FOR MAKING GLASS CONTAINERS

Furlough till milking time (5 a.m.)



Saturday night. He is tired from a week of 14-16 hour days. But, stepping lively, he's got the chores all done and now he can take time off . . . till 5 a.m. tomorrow.

Fellows in war plants work shorter hours, get more money. That makes no difference to the thoughtful man on a dairy farm. He's in the thick of the food fight, the fight our nation must win if the Allies are to win this war.

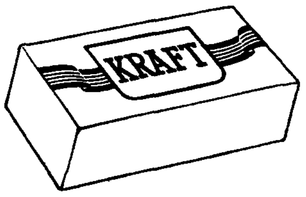
Milk, the most precious of foods, is vitally needed. And products of milk. *Cheese*—why, the U. S. Government's requirements alone this year have been estimated at *nearly 400 million pounds* of cheese. *Over 500 million more pounds* will be consumed by you and other civilians.

America needs now *more than twice as much* of this nutritious food as the nation could produce when the last war ended in 1918!

* * *

We'd like to shake the hand of that farmer on furlough till 5 a.m. . . .

. . . or *somehow* make him understand that people appreciate what *he* is doing, he and all the men and women and boys and girls on the nation's dairy farms.



Because of the tremendous demand, both military and civilian, you may not be able to get as much *Kraft Cheese as you would like, or get your favorite varieties —Kraft American, "Old English", "Philadelphia" Brand Cream Cheese, Velveeta, and so on. But you may be sure, as always, that any cheese or cheese food which bears the* Kraft *name represents the very highest standard of quality.*

KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY

A Division of National Dairy Products Corporation

VICTOR RECORD GUIDE

HEAR THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ON VICTOR RED SEAL RECORDS

Jascha Heifetz, violinist, **William Primrose,** violist, and the late **Emanuel Feuermann,** 'cellist, are heard in a magnificent recording of Mozart's *Divertimento in E Flat Major for Violin, Viola and 'Cello,* K. 563, one of his finest chamber works.

Album DM-959 (or M-959)...$4.50

John Charles Thomas sings with thrilling sincerity and warmth *Non è ver* ('Tis Not True) by Tito Mattei and *Chanson Triste* (Song of Sadness) by Jean Lahor and Henri Duparc. With the Victor Symphony Orchestra, Frank Tours, Conductor.

Victor Red Seal Record 11-8568, $1.00

Arthur Fiedler conducts the Boston "Pops" Orchestra in Harl McDonald's transcription of a sixteenth-century masterpiece, the lovely *Ave Maria* of Jacob Arcadelt; and in Bach's *Fugue à la gigue,* transcribed by Cailliet—sensitive, colorful performances!

Victor Red Seal Record 10-1070, 75¢

JUST RELEASED BY VICTOR!

Prelude and Fugue in E Flat Major (St. Anne)—Bach (transcribed by Frederick Stock). Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Frederick Stock, Conductor.
Album DM-958 (or M-958)...$2.50

Lesghinka, Op. 11 (Caucasian Dance) (Etude No. 10)—Liapounoff. Alexander Brailowsky, Pianist.
Victor Red Seal Record 11-8567, $1.00

Slavonic Dances, Nos. I and 3—Dvořák. St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, Vladimir Golschmann, Conductor.
Victor Red Seal Record 11-8566, $1.00

Prices shown are exclusive of excise tax

To help us make new Victor Records, sell your old ones to your dealer!

BUY WAR BONDS EVERY PAY DAY

TUNE IN! RCA's "What's New?"

—a full hour of sparkling radio entertainment every Saturday, 7 to 8 p.m., EWT, Blue Network

RCA

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor
HENRY LA COSSITT Managing Editor

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
W. B. COURTNEY	European War Theater	AMY PORTER	Articles
GEORGE CREEL	Washington	ROBERT DE VORE	Washington
KYLE CRICHTON	Articles	WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington
HERBERT ASBURY	Articles	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	Middle East War Theater
ALLEN MARPLE	Fiction	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	GRATTAN O'LEARY	Ottawa
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles	AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
HENRY L. JACKSON	Wearables	U. L. CALVOSA	Photographs
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	GEORGE DE ZAYAS	Hollywood
		IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

ANY WEEK

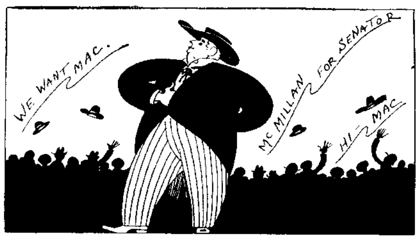
THE GIRL on the cover, of course, is Miss Joan Leslie, Warner Brothers star, and she appears as a U. S. cadet nurse to begin a series of covers—not necessarily in sequence—showing the women of the United Nations war services and the uniforms they wear.

MR. BUD WELCH of Jeanerette, Louisiana, who is helping us make a spiritual survey, reports that one of his latest activities was to attend divine services presided over by a Negro preacher. About to give his congregation the text of his sermon, the preacher started thus: "Dis passage I reads from de Good Book lies between Generations and Revolutions close to where Paul p'inted his pistol at de Philippines and hollered, 'Whoa dar, we don't aim to have none of you folks messin' around with our institutions.' "

BUT Mrs. Ira A. Stowe of Lexington, Kentucky, complains that something went wrong in this column recently when it was set down that Mr. Kyle Crichton saw a hock-shop sign reading The Lean Wolf when it should have been The Loan Wolf. We noticed that, too, and blamed it on the war. Mrs. Stowe says that near her home, there's a sign on a filling station reading: This is Not the Way to Cincinnati. The only other item in that category we have this week is from Mr. Moe Markoff of Moncton, New Brunswick, Canada. From his newspaper, Mr. Markoff clips an ad: "W. H. Wallace—Funeral Service and Picture Framing." But wait a minute. Another has just arrived. Mr. Cobb Lucas of Smackover, Arkansas, knows exactly where you can read a sign, if you have time: "Fresh Laid Eggs for Sale—Henry A. Wallace (not the Vice-President)." Not very funny, but it's the best we have this week, and that's your fault.

AND we have a nice letter from Mr. Sam Amos Sprague of Butte, Montana. Heretofore, Mr. Sprague has been buying Collier's from newsstands. Something has made him mad. He says that he is about to subscribe "so that I can write in and tell you not to send your magazine to me any more."

A V-MAIL letter from Ambulance Driver Lowell Messerschmitt, who is in parts unknown to this column, advises us that on the door of an Army Press Censor's office in the Middle East anybody may read: "The greatest difficulty in running this war is that there are so many generals who think they are politicians, so many politicians who think they are generals, and so many journalists who think they are both."



WE HAVE just received word that Mr. Wheeler McMillan is a candidate for the Republican nomination for President on a strictly corn platform. This brings the political situation very near indeed to us, knowing Mr. McMillan very well and having for some years been one of his fellow toilers on this rock pile. But we're a little disappointed, too, because we had ardently hoped that one day, Mr. McMillan would be a senator. We've always called Mr. McMillan "Senator." We've traveled far and seen almost

(*Continued on page 74*)

Vol. 113, No. 9. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1944, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

THIS WEEK

FEBRUARY 26, 1944

SHORT STORIES

GRACE FLANDRAU
Beyond Price. A brave man discovers there can be a terror of the heart—as well as of the mind. Page 12

FREDERICK LAING
Pinch Me if I'm Dreaming. A little facial surgery isn't enough to change one's real self. Page 13

EVERETT and OLGA WEBBER
Easy Does It. Pop discovers how to help Uncle Sam with his war effort and keep happy. Page 20

JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN
Hello, Darling. When it's a matter of cold cash, what are the hopes of one little actress. Page 28

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
The Old Sarge, by Lucy C. Bush. Page 21

SERIAL STORY

MARGARET CULKIN BANNING
War Wedding. Conclusion. Page 17

ARTICLES

JIM MARSHALL
Miracle Ship. The cruiser New Orleans was blasted in two, yet lived to fight again. Page 11

BERNT BALCHEN and COREY FORD
War Below Zero. Part two of three parts. Against terrific odds a rescue plane gets through to the stranded fliers. Page 14

FRANK GERVASI
The French Fight for Rome. A military zest that is purely Gallic hastens the Allied advance in Italy. Page 16

AMY PORTER
Just Look at Agnes. No one expected Agnes de Mille to get far with her dancing, but she was a girl with ideas of her own. Page 18

KYLE CRICHTON
Captain Bong Comes Home. The hero returns the same unspoiled small-town boy who left to fly for the Army. Page 22

ROBERT ANDREWS
Calamity from Kentucky. Coach E. A. Diddle has put Kentucky on the big-time basketball map. Page 24

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page 6

WING TALK. Page 8

DAVID O. WOODBURY
Your Life Tomorrow. Page 37

THE GUILTY (Achille Starace).
Profile of Axis Terrorist No. 30. Page 52

THE WEEK'S WORK. Page 60

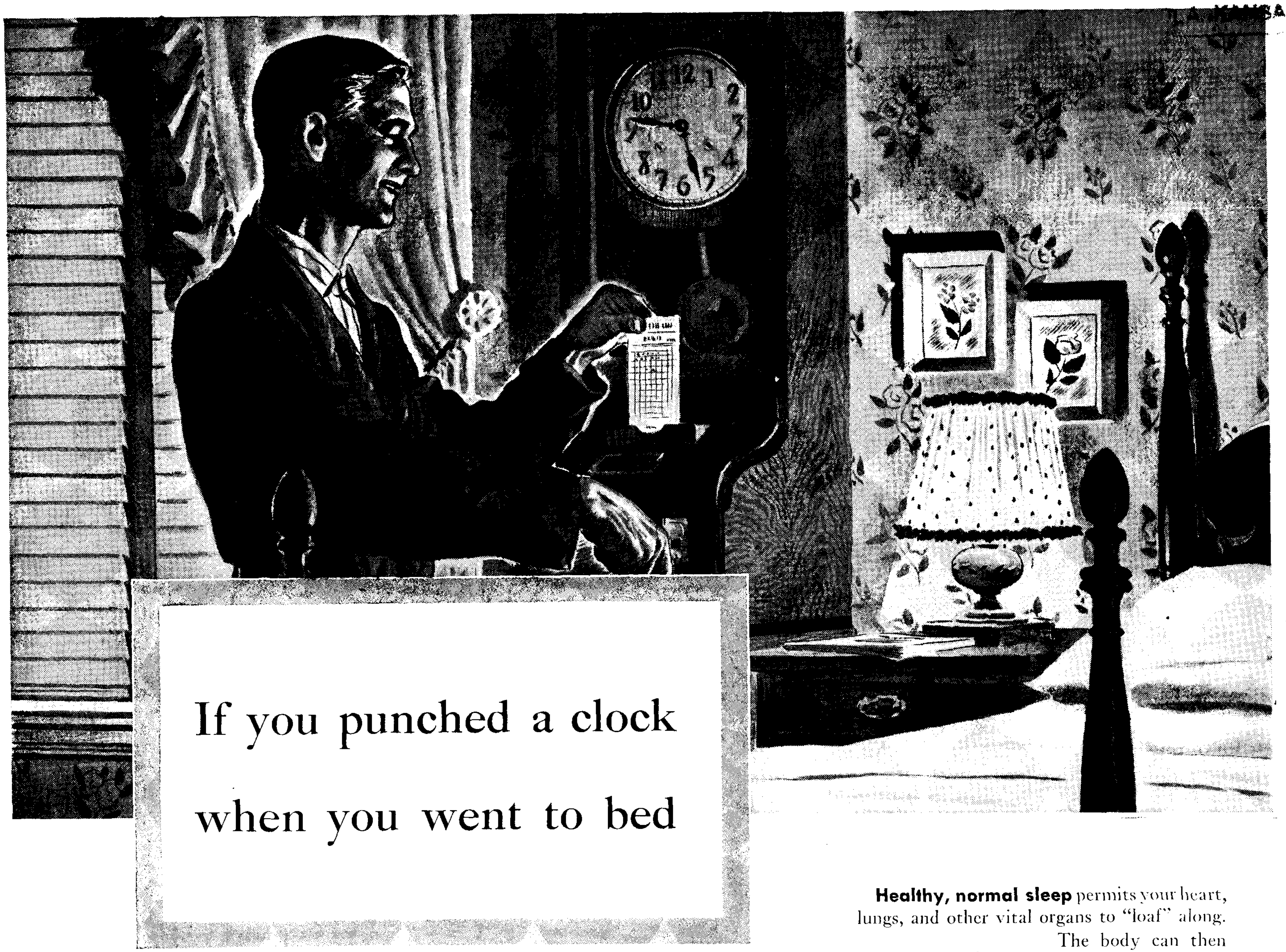
JOHN HEWLETT
Velly Clever! Page 68

HIRAM J. HERBERT
Trouble Double. Page 76

EDITORIALS
Hope for the Best, But—
Let the Railroads Breathe. Page 86

COVER MUKY STUDIO

A FREE PUB
LIBRARY



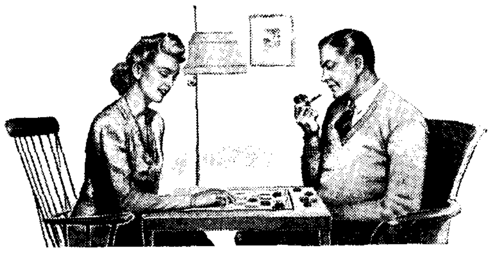
If you punched a clock when you went to bed

SLEEP
TIME CARD

IF YOU PUNCHED a time clock on going to bed, and again on arising, how many hours would your time card show?

Authorities say that adults need daily at least eight hours of sleep or rest in bed—children need considerably more. *This is especially true in these strenuous wartime days.*

Refreshing sleep comes more easily when you slow down and relax *before* bedtime. Try to forget your worries. They result in tension that defeats sleep. Try to have your bedroom dark, quiet, well-ventilated. Bed clothing that weighs too heavily is an enemy of sleep. So is too much food, either solid or liquid, just before bedtime.

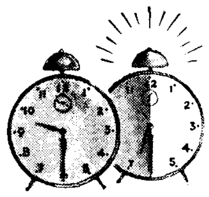


If you have difficulty getting to sleep, remember that complete relaxation is the next best thing. Relaxing physically means letting yourself "go limp all over." It is the exact opposite of tenseness.

You can teach yourself to relax. First, learn to recognize tenseness wherever it occurs in the body. Then, practice letting the tense muscles go limp. Try it at odd moments during the day—it is the secret of conserving energy.

Plenty of sound, *undisturbed* sleep is especially important to workers on a night shift. Someone—usually it will be the wife or mother—must take responsibility for planning the night worker's schedule on an orderly, regular basis. His bedroom should be away from family activity. A screen between window and bed will help shut out light. Some night workers have found that they go to the job more refreshed if they take their hours of sleep just before their working hours, rather than just after.

Healthy, normal sleep permits your heart, lungs, and other vital organs to "loaf" along. The body can then mend its worn-out tissues and build new ones. Your full quota of sleep should give you the renewed energy to carry you through the next day *feeling well, working efficiently, and in good spirits.*



To help you meet the increased pressure and strain of these busy days, Metropolitan will send you, on request, a free copy of a folder, "*Relax and Revive.*"

COPYRIGHT 1944—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your folder, 34-C, "Relax and Revive."

Name____________________
Street____________________
City________________State______

PIPE APPEAL*

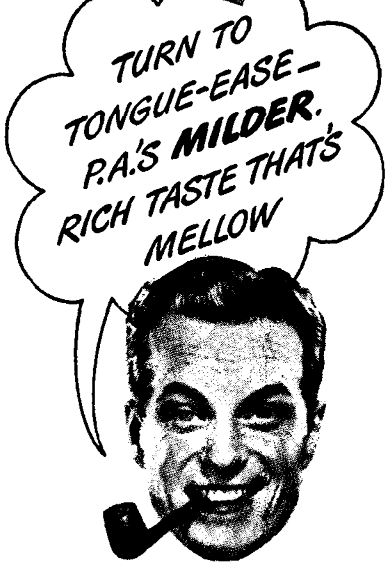
WATCH IT WORK!

He—What's the big occasion, my love?
She—YOU, darling!

PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

70 fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert


TURN TO TONGUE-EASE—P.A.'S MILDER. RICH TASTE THAT'S MELLOW

WHEN you see a woman retire ... from the pipe she used to admire ... get busy, brother ... get Prince Albert in your bowl. Watch P. A.'s PIPE APPEAL—its *so-soothing* aroma—change hisses to kisses—fretting to petting. And see how P. A. peps up your personal pipe-joy. It's prize tobacco—no-bite treated for added tongue-ease—richer-tasting, yet SO MILD, so mellow. Crimp cut ... draws full on an easy pull ... packs right ... helps good "caking" ... stays lit. World's largest seller—first puff tells you why. P. A. for PIPE APPEAL.

* R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Of the 1,700 members of America's nineteen major symphony orchestras, nearly 200 are now women, one even holding the position of concertmaster.—*By Beatrice Butler, New York City.*

As most of the 75,000 residents of Ciudad Trujillo, the capital of the Dominican Republic, insist upon a siesta after lunch, all business is stopped completely between noon and 2 P. M. To make sure that all activity is resumed on time, the municipal government sounds a large "alarm-clock" siren at 1:45 to awaken the sleeping citizenry.

During the 190-day racing season in New York State last year, a total of $284,636,000 was bet on the pari-mutuel machines, or an average of almost $81 daily for every spectator at all five tracks.—*By Pfc. Harry Kogut, El Paso, Texas.*

While the total book sales in the United States in 1943 were about 125 per cent larger than those in 1933, sales increases in major classifications ranged from 21 per cent for school textbooks to 971 per cent for technical books.

In 24 hours at an air temperature of 60 degrees Fahrenheit, the respiration of one ton of certain fresh fruits, such as pears, in storage or during shipment, may produce more heat than 1,900 human beings.

Negotiations to end the first World War were started by Germany on October 4, 1918, when she sent a request for peace terms to the United States, ignoring England, France, Italy and the 17 other nations at war with her. Notes were then exchanged between the two countries until November 5th, when President Wilson informed the German government when and where its representatives were to discuss armistice conditions with an Allied commission headed by Marshal Foch.

The U. S. Navy owns today nearly 850 combat ships and 13,650 service vessels for transporting troops and supplies.

When R.A.F. or U.S.A.A.F. bombers level an important industrial area in Germany, and Berlin broadcasts that no damage was done, reconnaissance planes return, make photographs of the destruction and drop thousands of small prints of them over the key cities of the country.

Since 1941, the U. S. Navy has salvaged, exclusive of the Normandie, naval and merchant ships and cargoes having a total salvage value of $500,000,000, or 125 times as much as the cost of saving them.

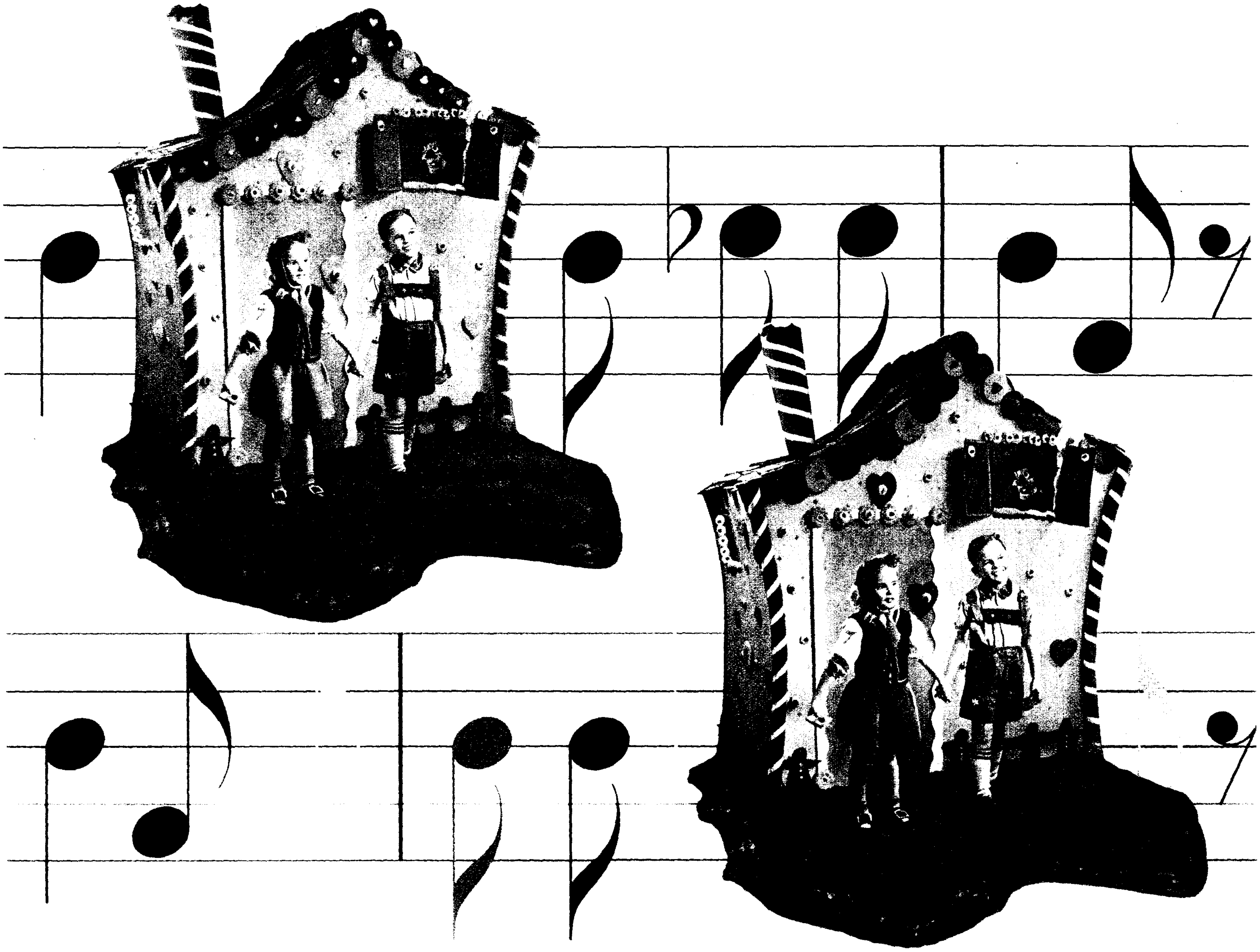
The largest gun to be mounted successfully in a warplane is a new 75-millimeter (3-inch) cannon whose caliber is nearly double that of the 40-millimeter aircraft gun which was the biggest before it. Now being installed in the B-25 Mitchells, this cannon is nine and a half feet long, has a recoil of 21 inches and fires a 20-pound shell, a single one of which recently destroyed an antiaircraft battery and killed all its men.

Baltimore, St. Louis and Alexandria, Virginia, are the only "independent" cities in the United States, or municipalities that, not being in any county, are governmental units similar to counties and are represented as such in the legislature of their state.—*By G. W. Shaw, Alexandria, Virginia.*

Members of the horse family are believed to be the only domestic animals in which the males and females usually have a different number of teeth, the mares possessing 36 instead of 40 because they lack the two upper and two lower canines found in stallions.

Japanese soldiers and sailors constitute no more than 5,000, or one in 1,400, of the 7,000,000 prisoners of war now held by the Allies and the Axis.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



Give your children the great advantage of FM " ATURAL COLOR" music!

Hansel and Gretel dance by the gingerbread house. Clouds float over a green Debussy landscape. Tschaikowsky's princesses swirl in the ballet, Horowitz plays a fragile etude, and a choir sings anew the lovely music of Easter. . . .

Fortunate is that child who begins his musical education with an FM radio-phonograph!

Tones on this magnificent instrument are clearer and truer. Overtones that you miss on conventional radio are present in all their beauty. Indeed, so faithfully does the FM radio-phonograph reproduce the original sounds that you cannot distinguish between performance and recording!

This fidelity of tone makes a great difference in the child's musical education. From the beginning, his sensitive ear hears only the true "natural color" tones. There is no distortion or raspiness — the quality is the quality of the opera star's voice, the concert piano, the brilliant symphony orchestra.

Today, General Electric is the largest builder of military radio equipment among all home-radio manufacturers. Tomorrow, General Electric will build FM radio-phonographs improved even beyond the fine instruments now in use. Research in electronics is progressing steadily, and the G-E FM radio-phonograph, as well as General Electric portable, table model and automobile radios, will be higher in quality than ever before! *General Electric, Schenectady, New York.*

- Tune in General Electric's "The World Today" and hear the news from the men who see it happen, every evening except Sunday at 6:45 E.W.T. over CBS network. On Sunday evening listen to the G-E "All Girl Orchestra" at 10 E.W.T. over NBC.

BACK THE ATTACK! BUY WAR BONDS

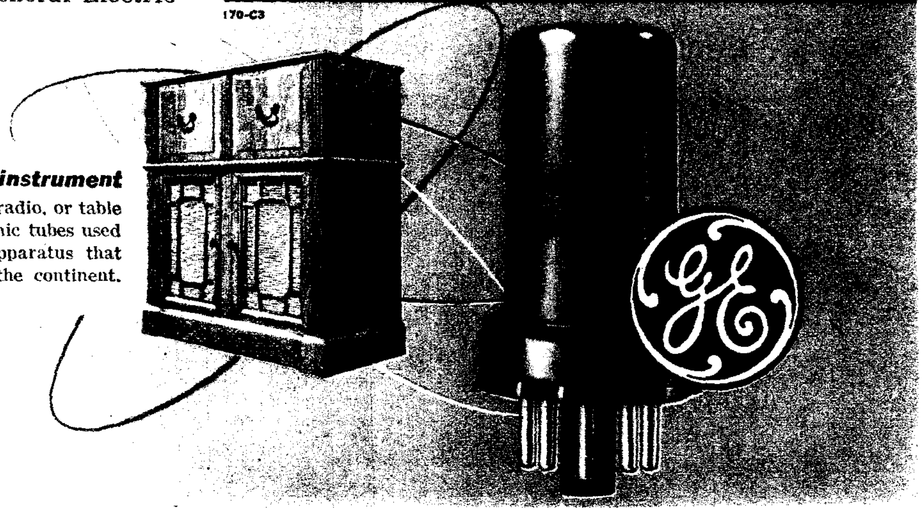
RADIO • TELEVISION • ELECTRONICS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

170-C3

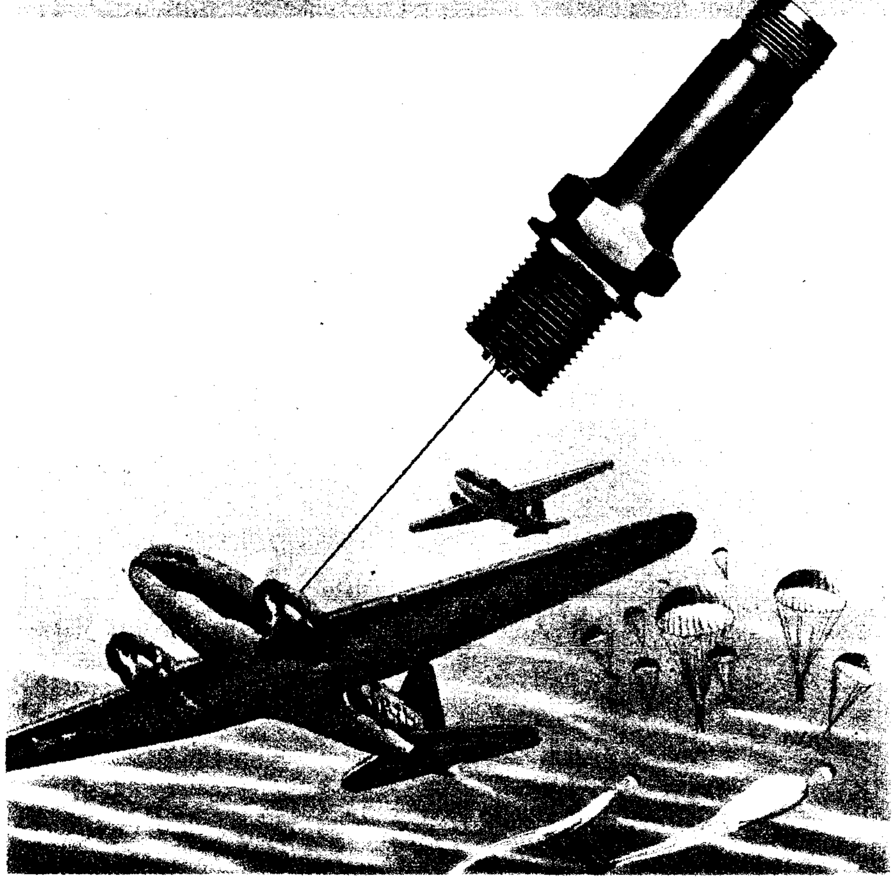
Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument

The heart of every General Electric radio-phonograph, portable radio, or table model radio is the electronic tube. This tube is similar to electronic tubes used in G-E television equipment, and in amazing G-E electronic apparatus that speeds war output in thousands of industrial plants across the continent.



PARATROOPS

WHERE DEPENDABILITY REALLY MEANS SOMETHING..



..Dependable CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

Are On Active Duty!

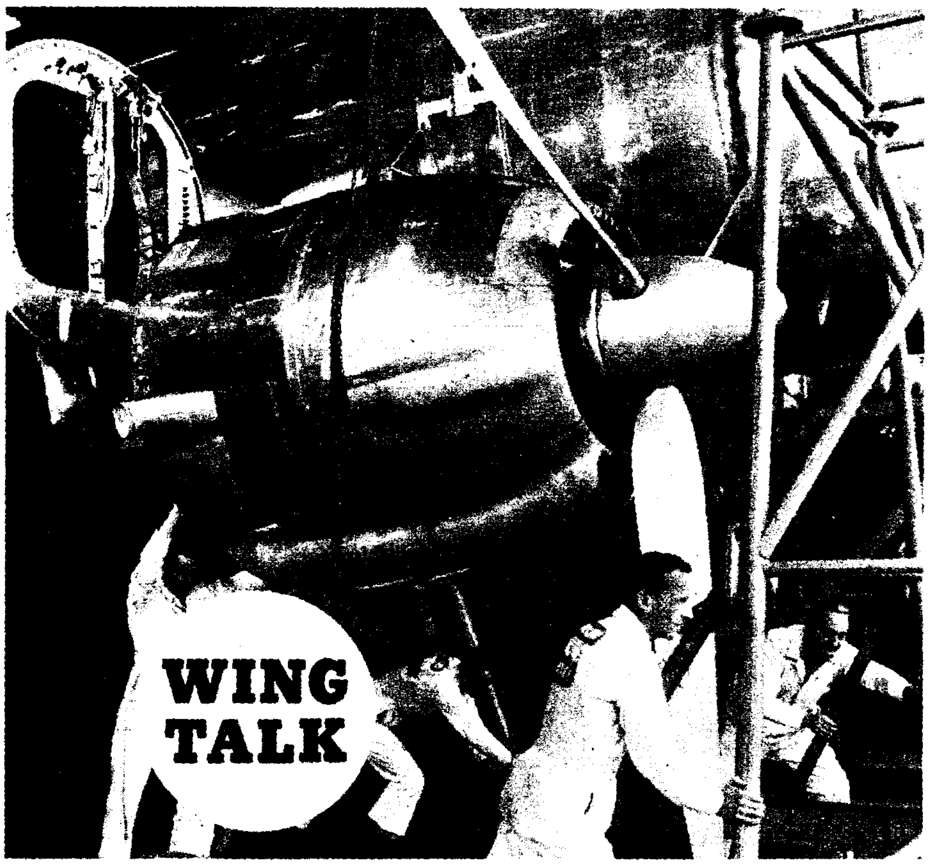
Maximum performance and dependability are the two qualities that are absolutely essential in spark plugs for our armed forces. Champion Spark Plugs have certain exclusive and patented features which insure these qualities and are being used by our armed forces, on land, water and in the air. The traditional dependability of Champions under the most adverse operating conditions is thus being emphasized as never before. You too can depend on Champions for better performance in every engine.

TO SAVE GASOLINE —KEEP SPARK PLUGS CLEAN

ARMY NAVY E

LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK—BUY WAR BONDS

WING TALK



"Power Eggs" on the C-69 Constellation permit the interchange of a complete power plant in 20 minutes. Ten bolts hold it in place

ABOUT a year ago, some British aeronautical experts came over and expressed amazement that we had not yet discovered the advantages of "power eggs." That's a term to define an engine, propeller and accessories built into one complete unit so that it can be removed from the plane in a jiffy, and an entirely new power egg can be bolted onto the wing in its place.

Doubtless they didn't see the new Lockheed C-69 four-engined Constellation (affectionately called the Constipation by hangar people) and its power-egg system which permits a complete change of power plant in just about 20 minutes per engine. This compares with about five hours required to pull a tired engine from a DC-3 type airplane and install a fresh one.

The Constellation, being our most modern long-range transport type and just emerging from its experiments and shakedown testing, prior to being delivered to TWA, which, in turn, will operate it for the Army in the Air Transport Command, was originally designed to make money as a commercial airliner, and airplanes don't make money sitting in the hangar. Given the proper handling equipment and trained men, the four Wright Cyclones can be unbolted from the wings and rolled away, and four new ones, complete with propellers and accessories, bolted on in the time it takes a passenger plane to fly from New York to Washington.

The complete power egg is fixed to the airplane at the fire wall by only ten bolts. All fuel and oil lines, ducts, wiring and other connections that eventually get up into the pilot's compartment are designed so they can be quickly disconnected.

The whole thing sounds very practicable, but there's an antipower-egg bloc in this country that opposes the eventual standardization of aircraft power plants in this manner, and the subject is too involved to go into now. However, the British have the thing worked out so beautifully that they can pull a Rolls-Royce liquid-cooled in-line Merlin out of a bomber and substitute a Bristol Hercules air-cooled radial engine in no time at all.

THE jet-propulsion aircraft development in both England and America will go down in history as one of the best-kept secrets of the war.

When the British made available the Whittle power plant (designed by Group Captain Frank Whittle of the R.A.F.) to General H. H. Arnold in the summer of 1941, elaborate plans for keeping the entire project secret were drawn up. Only those Air Corps officers with actual work to do on the program were let in on the secret.

Then a hand-picked crew at a General Electric plant and at Bell Aircraft were sworn in by the F.B.I., and the respective shops where the engine-building crew and the plane-building group worked were kept under heavy guard.

Frequent tests of the secret precautions were made by Army Intelligence officers in the form of efforts to bluff their way past the guards.

When the first plane was completed at Bell Aircraft, it was shipped on a railroad flatcar to an Army secret flight-test base under armed protection so heavy that trainmen were prohibited from walking across the car even though the plane was completely covered and disguised by a phony propeller at the front.

At the test base, Army sentries, drilled in judo and fearing no man, denied admittance to anyone without the proper credentials, which were changed frequently as a precautionary measure.

Once an Army colonel with no connection at the field attempted to crash the gate without a pass. After repeating his instructions (which the colonel seemed to take lightly), the sentry calmly flipped the safety latch on his rifle and advised the visitor that he wouldn't stop him from going in if he insisted, but he would make sure that the colonel didn't come out alive. Orders, you know, sir.

The original Whittle power plant was flown from England to America in an Army Liberator bomber in August, 1941, under the personal care of Colonel Don J. Kiern of Wright Field, an outstanding aviation engine expert who had been named project officer to carry through the further development, manufacturing and testing by General Electric, as the Army's representative. Colonel Kiern, by fast talking and eagle-wiggling, got the package off the plane without Army or customs people knowing what was in it, and shepherded it safely to the G. E. plant designated to receive it.
F. R. N.

Finish the Fight with War Bonds

"Toughest Giants of the Skies"

In midsummer of 1942, the U. S. Army's 8th Air Force made its first daylight raids on Axis-held Europe with Boeing Flying Fortresses. Results were impressive.

Said Winston Churchill: "New possibilities of air warfare are being opened up by our American comrades and their Flying Fortresses." And a United Press dispatch from London quoted air authorities as saying: "The American Flying Fortress may change the whole course of warfare in the air."

Twelve months later these predictions had been amply borne out. In their first year, over the "hottest" spots in the world, the Fortress crews of the 8th Air Force had dropped more than 14,000 tons of bombs on submarine bases, transportation centers and war industries; and they were credited with shooting down 1728 enemy planes, probably 671 others, and damaging another 870. And they were just getting well started! A great London daily termed the Fortresses: "Toughest giants of the skies."

The Nazi General Staff holds the fighting qualities of the Flying Fortresses in high respect. A German military order, signed by Goering, has fallen into the hands of the U. S. Army Air Forces. It says, in part: "The mass of Fortresses are too dangerous for us to waste fighters on cripples. . . . Desperate maneuvers must be taken for us to break up the main forces." The order continues with the dire threat that any pilot breaking this rule would be sent to the Russian front as a foot soldier.

Most of the credit for the Fortresses' fine record goes to the superb crews who man them. And they are the first to say that much of it goes, too, to the Boeing men who designed these *first* American four-engined bombers . . . then manufactured them in such numbers that hundreds of Flying Fortresses can today darken Axis skies in a single raid!

The success of the Flying Fortress is the result of unusual qualities of research, design, engineering and manufacture. True today, it will be equally true in peacetime tomorrow . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • TRANSOCEAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

"I SAID GET A RE-CAP—NOT A NEW CAP"

She's right! The plain, unvarnished fact is that the tire crisis is still acute . . . because *military needs* get first call.

You must save the tires you have. And, that means having recapping done—in time—by experts who know how.

Your General Tire dealer alone offers you—right in his own shop—General Tire-Kraft System *balanced* recapping. On the most modern equipment, his trained recappers can give your worn tires new treads up to rigid factory standards.

Kraft System Recapping is your assurance of dependable mileage and General Tire *quality.*

Get to know your local tire expert . . . your General Tire dealer. He is prepared to go the limit to help you keep rolling until you can again ride on the tire that, "—goes a long way to make friends". . . *General.*

BUY MORE
WAR BONDS

The
**GENERAL
TIRE**

THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY • AKRON, OHIO

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR FEBRUARY 26, 1944

MIRACLE SHIP

BY JIM MARSHALL

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHS

Captain C. H. Roper

How the cruiser New Orleans, torpedoed and sinking, first saved herself and her crew by blasting herself in two; then rammed herself—and lives today, stancher than ever, to do battle with the Japs again

FROM the sweltering north, the Tokyo Express sped silently southward toward Guadalcanal—six or eight stub-stacked destroyers, possibly a couple of cruisers, half a dozen or more cargo ships packed with men, gasoline, shells, bombs, food and supplies for the doomed garrison on the island. Up from a South Pacific base our American Thunderbolt raced northwestward to meet the Express.

As the Japs came down west of Savo Island, our five cruisers knifed along in the channel between Guadalcanal's northern coast and the dark bulk of Florida Island, over to starboard. There was a destroyer screen ahead, another aft. In both forces, keen eyes scanned and strained through night glasses; sensitive ears sought the telltale sounds that might come at any moment now.

In the ships, hundreds of men—boys from Japanese fishing villages and rice farms, lads from the Alabama cotton country and the Louisiana bayous, waited out their last few minutes of life before they sent one another to death in a hell of steel, fire and water.

This thing had started more than a day before, when Admiral Halsey's air scouts had reported the Express on the way. So many ships of this and that class, course so-and-so, speed so many knots, destination: Guadalcanal. Halsey studied his charts, figured currents and tides, made up his orders to his task force: It would proceed on a certain course at a certain speed; if any ships discovered an enemy within six thousand yards, they would open fire without further orders. It was estimated that the Express and the Thunderbolt should meet around a certain spot on the chart, about a day and a half ahead. This estimate was fairly accurate.

Speeding into the Night

It was very dark, with a smooth sea, a light wind and a heavy overcast. Our force of five cruisers included the New Orleans, Pensacola, Northampton and Minneapolis. The Japs were later to report three of these ships sunk. They were wrong—by two.

On the bridge of the New Orleans, Commander Oliver F. Naquin navigated the vessel. Captain C. H. Roper was in command and took charge. Naquin, a New Orleans man himself, had survived the sinking of the submarine Squalus, and the hell aboard the battleship California in Pearl Harbor. Tonight, he was going to need all the luck and resourcefulness that had brought him through those two disasters. Tonight was going to be worse.

As the night watch started at eight bells, the men went to battle stations. The ship, keeping station in the dimming light, slid silently ahead.

Nothing happened for one hundred and sixty tense, nerve-straining minutes. Then the Japs were sighted.

They were off the port bow of our force vessels, steaming close inshore to the island, on an almost parallel course, but headed in the opposite direction. Against the black of the land a few star shells soared into the night.

For almost half an hour, the two forces steamed silently toward each other. Then, at 11:19 the task-force commander gave the fire order, and thirty seconds later a destroyer let go a salvo. In thirty seconds, the Minneapolis' first salvo was away. At 11:21 the main battery of the New Orleans, which had been loaded and ready, blasted nine shells to port, and almost at the same instant the Pensacola fired. Her ten shells chased the New Orleans' salvo southwestward, and on the bridge of the New Orleans, Chief Signalman Harry C. Eaton, a Tulsa boy, watched the red spots of the tracer ends receding into the blackness.

Three Less to Fight

The nineteen shells hit a Jap cruiser all at once, and then there was nothing at the spot where she had been. Nothing.

Commander W. F. Riggs, Jr., the NO's exec, smiled grimly in "Batt. Two," the after control station, where he was in command. The guns quickly shifted to the second target—a destroyer. The destroyer vanished. A few Jap shells splashed harmlessly ahead and aft. The American's guns shouted again and, far away toward the island, there was a terrific flash and explosion as an ammunition ship followed the cruiser and the destroyer.

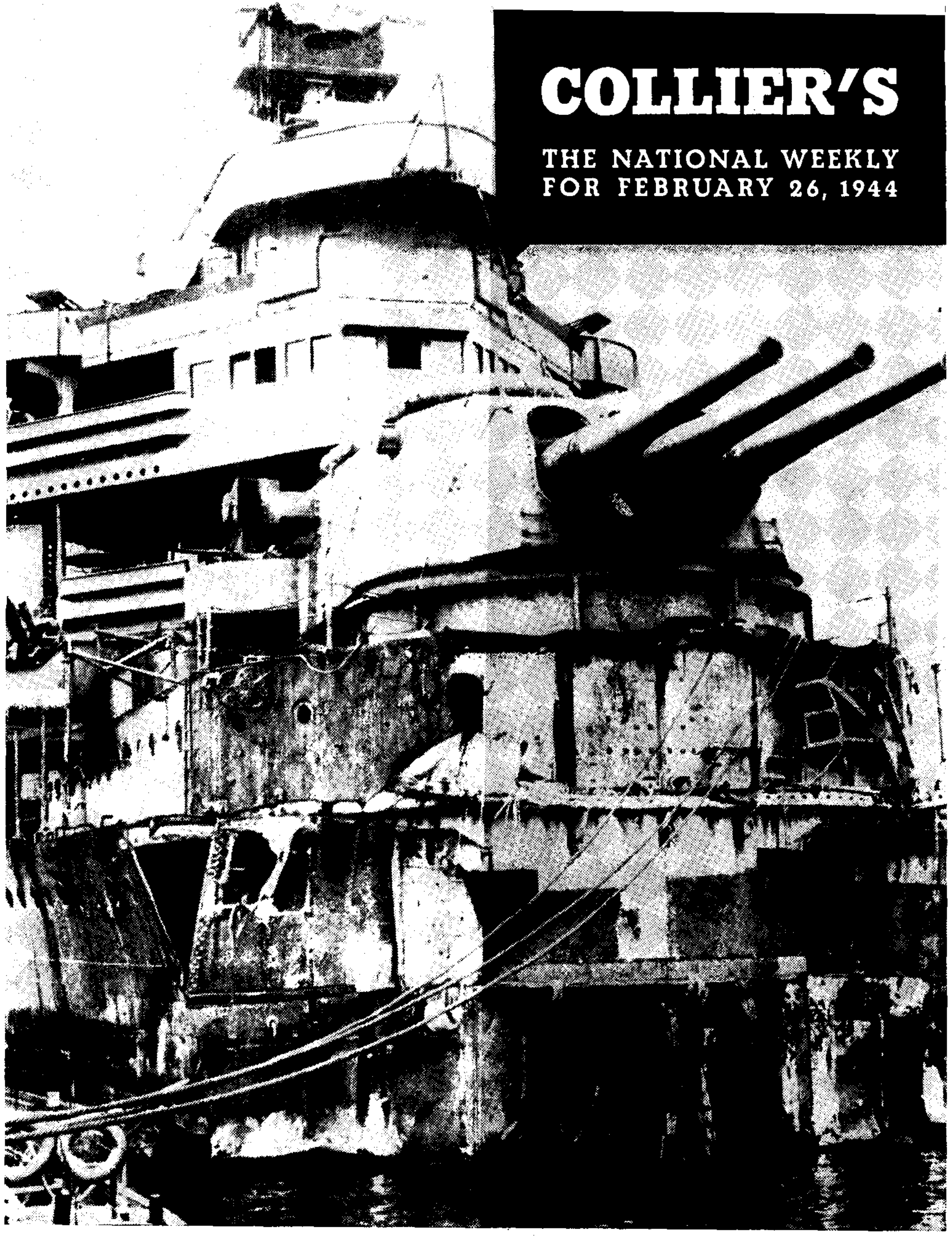
At 11:27½, Commander Naquin, through the flashes of his own guns, saw a ball of fire envelop the Minneapolis. She's gone, he thought, and to his helmsman he ordered: "Hard right rudder," to prevent ramming the slowing cruiser ahead. The NO swung out of line to eastward. She was still swinging thirty seconds later when the Jap torpedo hit.

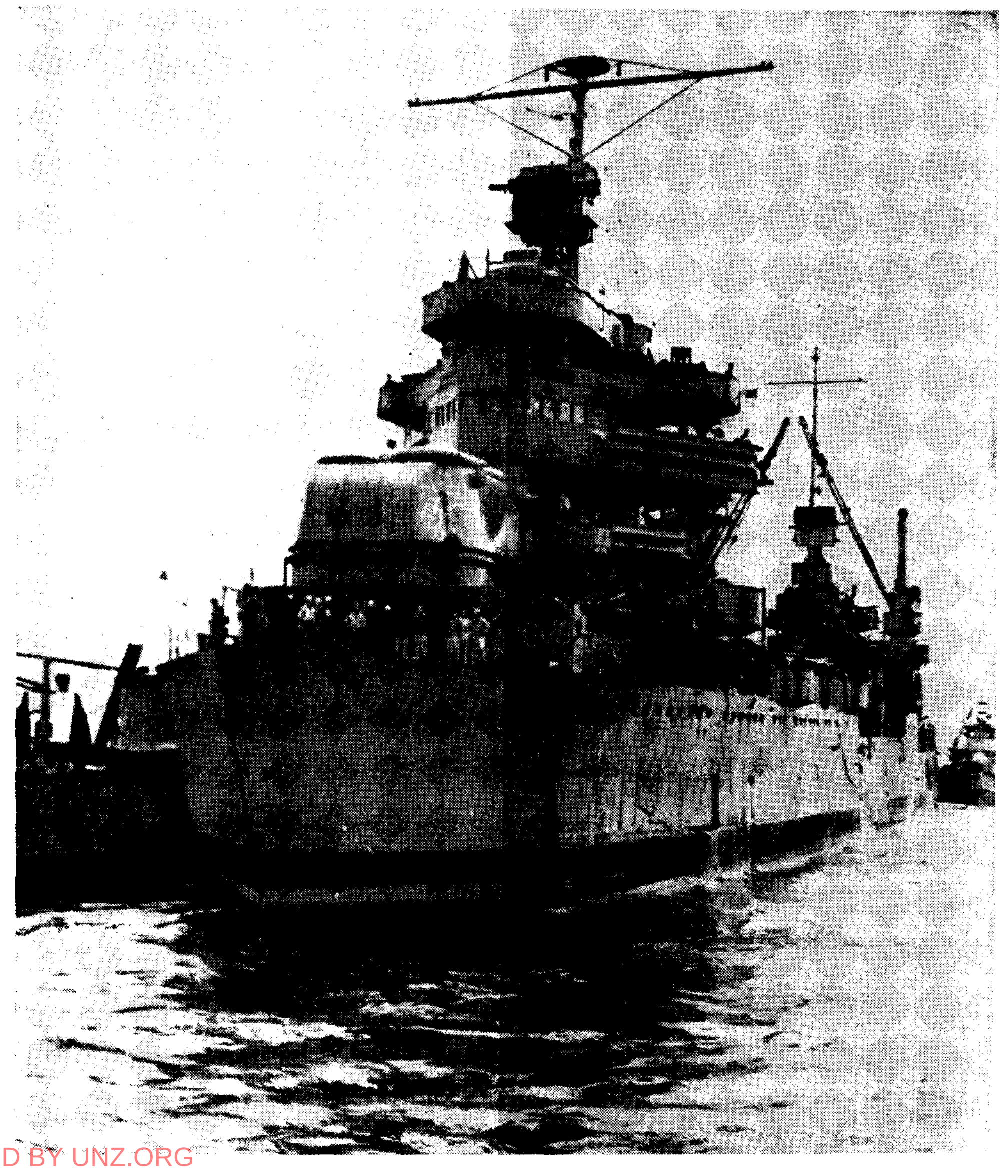
The ship had been in action a few minutes, firing salvo after salvo from her big battery. In the next few seconds, this is what happened:

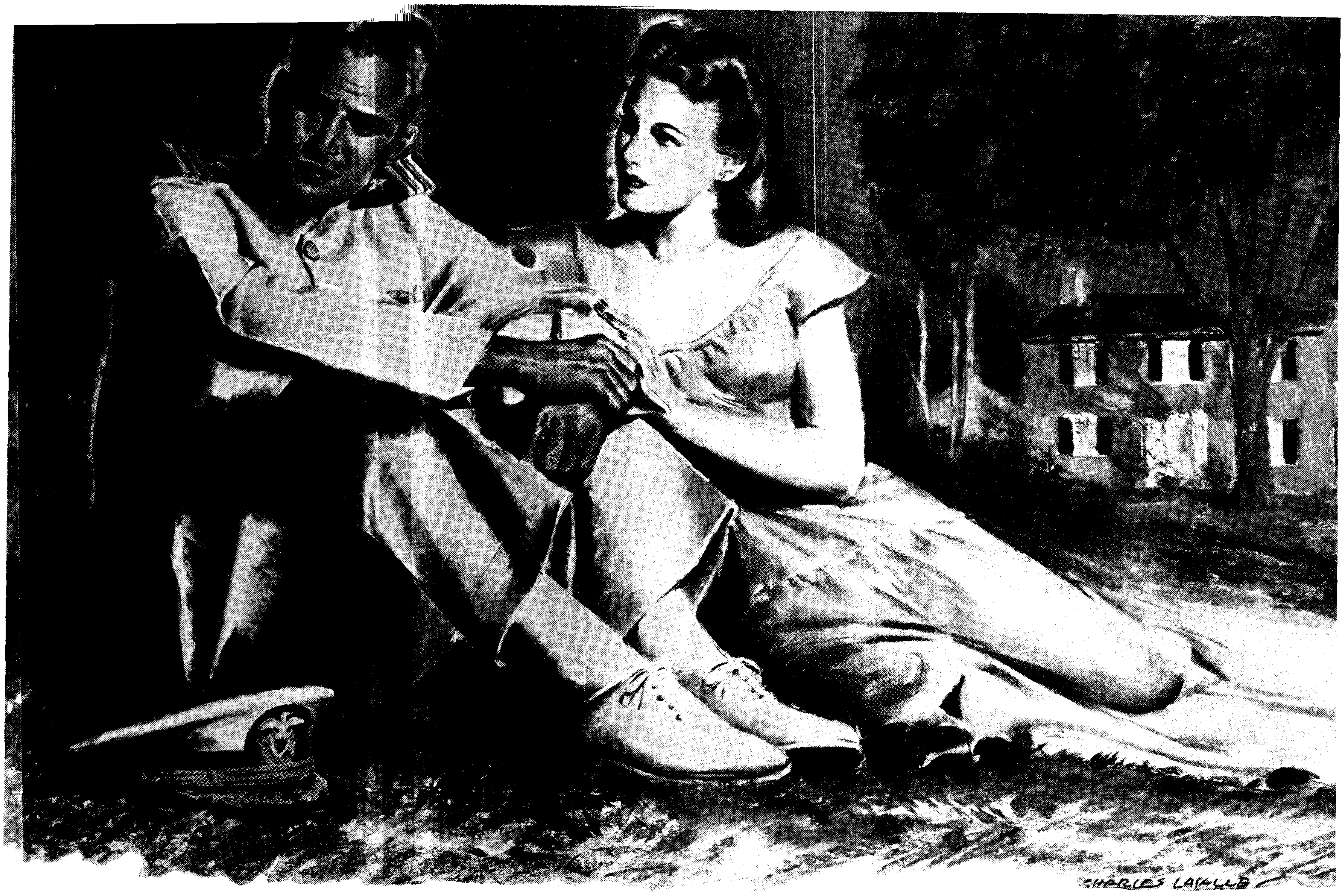
The torpedo exploded on the port side, between Turrets One and Two. This explosion detonated the magazines; the magazines set off seven thousand gallons of aviation gasoline. The triple blast—all three explosions merged into one—blew off the entire bow, about a quarter of the ship's length. Turret Two, just aft the break, jammed with its guns outboard; all its men died instantly. Steering and engine controls from the pilothouse went dead. The after control station took over.

The dismembered bow still floated and, as the ship still swung, its momentum carried it aft, its three guns pointing skyward. Seconds later, the bow crashed into the port quarter of the NO, denting the plates and crippling the inboard propeller.

(Continued on page 57)




After the run-in with a Jap torpedo: The New Orleans with her bow sheared off. **The torpedo explosion on her port side detonated the magazines, which in turn set off 7,000 tons of aviation gasoline. This triple explosion severed the bow completely and prevented it from dragging the rest of the ship to the bottom. Below: Fitted with a temporary bow in Sydney, Australia, the New Orleans arrives at Puget Sound** Navy Yard. Now modernized and with a new bow, **she is faster and deadlier than ever**



"Listen, Steve," Susannah said, "whatever happened, it was not the fault of your ship. If there's some conflict in your heart, some unwillingness—"

Beyond [illegible]

BY GRACE FLANDRAU

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASALLE

Concerning a man who tried to put fear out of his mind, only to learn the terror lay not in his mind, but in his heart

IT WAS late afternoon when Steven Gwynne, wearing on his shoulder boards the three bars—they were bright and new—of a commander, and on his breast the gold-embroidered dolphins—old and tarnished—of a submarine officer, came through one of the gates of the Navy Yard, suitcase in hand.

A number of cars waited along the curb, but the green convertible with the white top he had expected to see was not there. He put down the bag and, taking out his handkerchief, wiped his forehead and the palms of his hands. He felt cold although the sweat poured from him. His face was thin and the look in his eyes was in some way wrong. Yet he did not have the appearance of a sick man; he was physically too alert and valid.

It was some time before an empty taxi came along. As he waited, passers-by, seeing the dolphins, glanced at him with interest and admiration, or, noticing the three bars on his shoulders, found him young, perhaps, for the rank he held. It was the look he had, of a manly little boy, grown to a boyish man, with trusting eyes and stubbornly jutting chin.

Waiting had a bad effect upon his nerves, and when he got into the cab he had to sit close to the window not to feel the roof too low over his head. He realized, too, in spite of his disappointment, that he was relieved Kathe had not come to meet him. Any emotion now, pleasant as well as unpleasant, was more than he could bear. Even the news of his promotion had been, in this way, too much.

The driver was an elderly man and had, or so he said, two sons in the Armed Forces. He kept looking over his shoulder to talk about them, leaving his fare shattered with anxiety.

"Careful!" Gwynne once shouted, his voice uncontrollably shrill. So that the man turned around farther than before, to laugh and say he never thought a fella that'd go down in one of these here subs would be bothered by a little thing like traffic.

Steve could have wrung his neck, considered paying him off and walking, except that now they had turned into a quiet residence district. But when they entered his own street, Gwynne saw a line of cars parked in front of his house. A party! He couldn't, he simply could not face that today! He'd go to a hotel. But he knew, too, that he would not—the need to see Kathe was too great.

HE PAID the driver and got out. Heads on the porch turned and he did not, at first, recognize anyone. Then the screen door opened and a girl ran down the steps.

"Sandy, you precious thing!" It was Susannah Pride. "Kathe said she was expecting you but didn't know what time you'd get here."

The knot tightened at the pit of his stomach. How could that be true when he'd written her the hour?

"And, Steve, haven't you got thin or something?" But it was his eyes she was looking at. "Is anything the matter?"

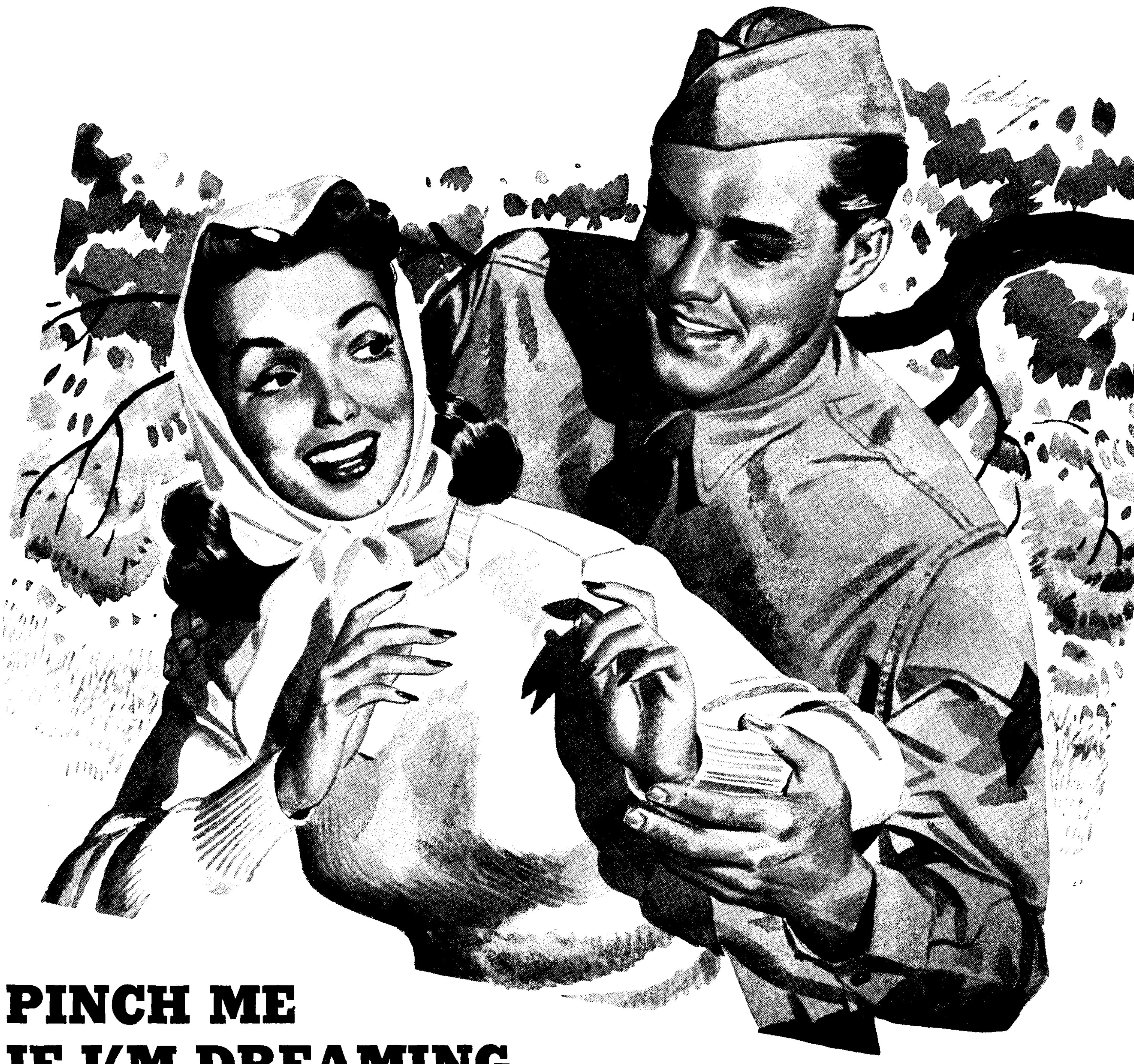
People were now calling to him. Luther Pride, Susannah's brother who had gone through the academy with him, took his bag as he went in, slapped him on the back, said something he did not hear, because at that moment Kathe came out onto the porch.

Unthinkingly he stepped back a pace, perhaps to miss no detail of her beauty. She was not one of your emaciated fashion plates, but a full-blown, golden kind of girl, tall, deep-breasted, with red blond hair and a sprinkling of freckles on the bridge of her short nose. Her half-smile always seemed to rise from some secret source, mysteriously lovely and her own.

"Steve, darling, if you'd let me know in time, I would have met you. But, as you see, I'd asked these people." She offered him her lips, briefly, and added: "Of course you remember Jim Hosford?"

He had not noticed, until then, what man stood beside her. And, oddly, it seemed to him he had not remembered Hosford. As if the fellow's long body, handsome, laughing eyes set under high brows, his charming smile, had simply vanished from his mind, and only the sense

(Continued on page 66)



Marianne sprang away, laughing. "Why, Sergeant," she said, "a man doesn't kiss a girl the first time he goes bicycling with her." "When does he?" Bill asked

PINCH ME IF I'M DREAMING

BY FREDERICK LAING

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

A newly acquired beauty, Sergeant Bill learned, is only skin-deep, but what it does to you goes deeper—not to mention what it does to your love life

AS THE train pulled into the station the window darkened and became a mirror, and for the tenth time he was startled at the sight of his own face. He grinned, and wondered once more what Margie would think when she saw him. She was probably meeting him at the station.

Well, he'd written her what to expect. The fellows in their gang couldn't call him Battle Nose any more. He had a schnozzle on him like one of those Greeks in the history books he and Margie used to look at together in high school. He'd told her that. It was a laugh. But when they'd first brought him into the base hospital and he'd learned what the butt end of a rifle had done to him it hadn't been funny, and he'd been glad he hadn't asked her to marry him at the last minute. He almost had.

And now as it turned out, it would have been okay. He was as good as new. Better, in fact, with the new straight nose, instead of the broken one he'd had ever since he'd bumped into some big kid's knee when he was playing football on the back lots. He'd grown up with it, a nose blunted like a prize fighter's, and they'd called him Battle Nose Bill.

Not that he'd ever really minded the name. When you know people like you. It was the guys he liked who'd called him that. Even Margie . . . she'd called him Battle Nose just once, and as long as he lived, he was never going to forget how she'd looked, holding onto his shoulders, her misty eyes searching his face. It was the day he'd left for camp. She'd gone to the train with him and there were a lot of guys and their girls standing around and the girls were trying not to cry. Right up to the last minute he hadn't been sure whether he and Margie shouldn't have gotten married while they had a chance.

"Maybe you'll forget me," he'd said. "A homely potato like me. Maybe some good-looking guy will come along . . ."

SHE hadn't said anything for a moment. She'd stood looking up at him like that, blinking, and biting her lower lip.

"Battle Nose," she'd said finally, as though it were the most beautiful name in the world. "You great big . . . Oh, Bill, if I could only tell you how you look to me."

So anyway, that was one thing he was going to get settled during his three weeks' leave. He wasn't going to waste any time about asking her to marry him. Not if she still loved him, as she said in her last letter.

The train jerked, stopped, and rolled forward a little. He got up and pulled a suitcase down off the rack, holding it very carefully while it was over his head so it wouldn't slip and . . . He still couldn't get over the idea that a nose was as breakable as a light bulb.

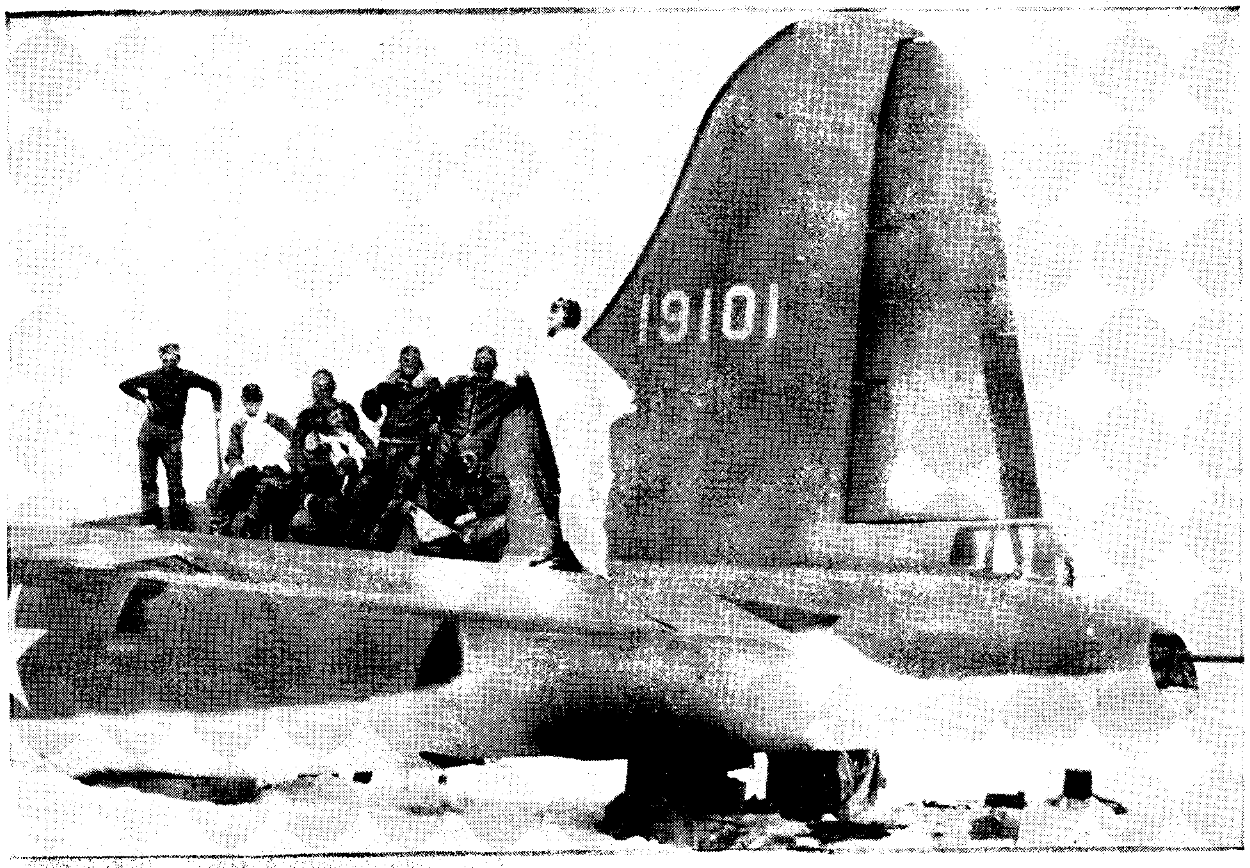
He saw her as he stepped off the train. She was probably still the only girl in town who had hair that color. Like corn silk with a touch of red in it. And it had been a long time since he'd seen a girl with cheeks like that, like milk and peaches.

She was looking vaguely in his direction. She didn't smile until he called her name a second time, then she came running to meet him halfway.

When she got up close to him she stopped dead still. He wanted to kiss her. In a town like this you didn't usually kiss a girl at the railroad station unless . . . He put his arms around her and kissed

(Continued on page 61)

Unhurt after his crash landing on the Greenland Icecap, Lt. McManus grins from a wing of his overturned P-38. (Right) Beneath a B-17's horizontal stabilizer, Lt. Staples, Sgt. Speilman and Pvt. Watkins make D-ration hot chocolate over a makeshift stove. These pictures were taken by crews of the wrecked planes



Wearing a torn parachute, Lt. Rudder stages an impromptu strip-tease on a Fortress wing while awaiting the rescue party. (Below) The dogs arrived, the stranded men load gear eagerly onto sleds made of engine cowling strips and P-38 canopy covers. Note that 10 P.M. in July is still bright daylight in the Arctic

ARMY AIR FORCES

WAR BELOW ZERO

BY BERNT BALCHEN
AND COREY FORD

The Last of the Vikings continues his saga of our grim, ice-locked battle for control of Greenland, key to European invasion

II

I ENDED the first chapter of this account of our battle for Greenland with the failure of our first attempt to rescue Lieutenant Stinson and the crew of a crash-landed Fortress, down on the Icecap 125 miles from the American base.

For our second attempt, Sergeant Healy and I avoided the hazardous coastal area and made for the better ice in the interior. Swollen glacial rivers were running down over the Cap, and we had to wade them knee-deep, linking arms together and fighting to keep our balance on the slippery-smooth bottom. Occasionally we would have to detour miles upstream before we could cross.

Altogether we covered over fifty miles between noon that day and 9 A.M. the next, crawling and sliding and now and then plunging over our heads into hidden potholes filled with slush. At last, toward morning, we made out the low throb of a motor. We reached the plane, soaked and exhausted, after twenty hours of steady traveling; but there was no time to sleep. A PBY, flying over the wrecked ship with additional snowshoes and provisions, had dropped a warning. Another storm was on its way.

We made hasty preparations all that day for our trek back to the lake by night; the surface then is drier and more firm, due to lowered temperature when the sun is low in the north, and the glacial streams are less formidable. The thirteen men in the Fortress crew put on the new polar clothing, adjusted snowshoes, and packed sleeping bags for the long march.

They could take only a day's rations; nothing else. They had no idea of the ordeal ahead and smuggled into their bags various personal belongings they wanted to salvage.

We started out single file across the ice; I led the way, and Healy, like a loyal sheep dog, brought up the rear to herd any stragglers along. For the first couple of miles, the men were enthusiastic; but after they had waded waist-deep through a couple of rivers of ice water, and hauled themselves by ropes over an endless series of fissures, their ardor began to cool. Presently our trail was marked by cameras, electric razors, fountain pens, wallets, uniform caps, a pair of officer's dress shoes, a $75 trench coat, a girl's picture in a leather frame.

By midnight, most of them wanted to drop their sleeping bags as well; but this was a risk we could not take. The wind was building fast, the storm warnings were increasingly apparent. I tried to urge them along a little faster: "See that hill over there? The lake's just behind it." But they could only shuffle, faces set, eyes half closed in utter weariness.

Our rescue had been none too soon. Two days later I flew over the same area. In vain I looked for the lake on which we had landed. A large fissure had opened in the ice; the lake had disappeared overnight. . . .

It was a constant miracle, as the flow of traffic increased over this new and shortest air route to Europe, that the number of accidents remained so few. As the weather improved, more and more bombers roared overhead across the top of the world, bound for the fighting fronts. Mediums and fighters, en route to our Eighth Air Force in Britain, now were breaking their ocean hop

AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND

In the eerie light of the Arctic, Army bombers wait on the snow-packed runway for their big hop from Greenland to Britain

halfway, in order to avoid burning out their motors. Greenland had become a vital link in the chain of victory.

Our six-month-old base on Greenland's west coast was growing fast. Construction crews labored tirelessly to enlarge our landing field and increase our housing facilities in order to accommodate the growing air traffic over the North Atlantic. Ground-crew mechanics of the Air Force worked day and night, often at forty or fifty below zero, to service the transient aircraft and send them on their way. Meteorologists in isolated stations at the heads of lonely fiords, or along the rim of the Icecap itself, sent out daily weather observations that cut to a minimum the danger of forced landings.

The feasibility of emergency airfields on the Cap itself has been discussed. It is my conclusion, after years of operations in Greenland, that they would not be practicable for modern aircraft. When you fly over the Icecap in winter, the low sun throws long shadows which etch the innumerable rolls and ridges beneath you; the surface is not really flat, but undulates like a restless ocean, deep green and blue and purple.

Flying low, you are aware of the hard ridges of broken crust, called *sastrugi*, which corduroy much of the ice and make landings hazardous. The snow itself shifts like desert sands after each severe blow, drifting deep over any runway; it is never firm enough to land an airplane on wheels, and operations would have to be restricted to aircraft with skis or floats tough enough to stand the gaff. Storms over the Icecap are unpredictable and violent; gales have been measured up to 174 miles an hour and they shift with incredible speed. I have seen an 80-knot wind move around a circle in a minute and a half.

All that summer, the possibility of enemy attack was never out of our minds. Since the outbreak of the war, long-range Nazi planes—Focke-Wulfs, Junkers 88s and Blohm and Voss 135s—had been patrolling Greenland's east coast; more than once they had flown directly over our base. So far, no enemy installations had been discovered in Greenland; but we knew that on several previous occasions enemy operators, hiding on small sealing vessels, had been picked up offshore by cutters of the U. S. Coast Guard's valiant and little-known Greenland Patrol.

As long ago as the spring of 1941, Lieutenant Commander McCluskey of the Coast Guard cutter Northland had halted a dubious-looking Danish ice-breaking vessel, the Buskoe, and learned from the crew that a group of alleged hunters—with guns and radio equipment—had been set ashore at a cabin several hundred miles south.

Commandos Strike at Midnight

Proceeding to the suspected site, Commander McCluskey and a dozen heavily armed Coast Guard commandos had landed in a midnight blizzard, raided the shack and captured some twenty Nazi troopers in army uniforms, who were asleep in their bunks; the men are interned in England today. In July we suspected that the Germans had made another attempt to establish themselves somewhere on Greenland's undefended east coast.

On the fifteenth of July, a group of two B-17s and four P-38s were being ferried across Greenland en route to England. It was their second try in a week; an earlier attempt had nearly ended in disaster when they had run into bad weather over the Icecap and for several hours had wandered, lost in the fog, the smaller peashooters hugging the wings of the bigger bombers like a flock of frightened chicks as they dived and climbed again in search of a break. The clouds dripped freezing moisture, the P-38s loaded with ice, the pilots bent back the throttles and fought to maintain formation; if they ever became separated it would mean curtains. With their gas down to the last teacupful, they managed to land at my base, where they waited a week for the weather to clear.

Bad luck seemed to dog them, however; on their next attempt to fly the Cap, they ran into a solid front between Greenland and Iceland, their heaters and Pitot tubes froze as they climbed to get above the clouds. At last they asked, in secret code, for a weather report on an auxiliary field in southern Greenland. The reply come—also in secret code—that this field was socked in solid, with visibility zero, but that another field to the north was open to receive them. As they headed north, the bad weather increased; again *(Continued on page 76)*

AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND

Sleet-crusted ground crew mechanics, the unsung heroes of our Arctic war, pile into Army trucks and head for the line in fifty-below-zero cold

THE FRENCH FIGHT FOR ROME

BY FRANK GERVASI

RADIOED FROM ALGIERS

On the Italian front, something new has been added. Along the Rapido River, French native troops, newly formed, fought hard to force the Germans to pull reinforcements south. This made the landing near Rome that much easier, as Collier's correspondent found out

INTERNATIONAL

Gen. Mark Clark, in Naples, exchanges pleasant words with French Generals Juin (left) and Carpentier. Below, two Goumiers of the French force. One wears a French helmet; one, a British. The shoes are pure picture propaganda. The sheathed knives are for whittling—either wood or throats

INTERNATIONAL

WAR is an unreasonable, dirty, repulsive business. But it has its aspects of exquisite justice. The presence in the dirty, dusty streets of Caserta, of unkempt and slightly bizarre Goumiers and other Arab troops before they moved up into the line with the French was an instance of ultimate rightness in this chaos of men, weapons and cold.

Caserta is remarkable chiefly for its royal palace, a vast Italianite structure built by the crass Bourbons in the latter quarter of the 18th century at a cost of 6,000,000 gold ducats in a heavy-handed Spanish effort to make the near-by Naples court as lovely as that of Versailles. Esthetically the effort was a flop, but it gave Italia its largest palace. On one façade alone, there are 243 enormous windows.

The laborers used in constructing this monument to the kings were jailbirds and slaves. The slaves were Arabs taken in piratical Spanish raids on the North African coast, west and east of Tripoli, and indubitably some were the ancestors of the strange men I saw in Caserta's streets the other day on the way to the front.

A Story Best Forgotten

It is probably just as well that the French commanders haven't told the Goums, and others, the story of how the palace—which, by the way, could comfortably house the entire miserable population of Caserta—was built. If they knew, they might not be as friendly to the Italians as they seem to be while they bargain shrewdly for eggs, peppers, greens, charcoal, fruit and corn.

But here is what is so eminently just about the whole business: The descendants of the slaves who built the Palazzo are now served by the people for whose robber kings the costly buildings were constructed. The Italians wash and iron for a dubious line of Arab soldiery. On the sidewalk of the city a jeep jolted past, and I saw a small, scrawny, former Italian soldier shining the shoes of a tall bandoliered Goum. In the doorway, another Arab was getting the best of the bargaining with a sharp-voiced woman of Caserta concerning the price of an armful of pale greens. Farther along, ragged Italian boys begged Arabs for candy, and an old man stopped to borrow a light from a shaved-headed, turbaned great-great grandson of a slave.

A lot of nonsense has been written about the Goums. They have been painted as bloodthirsty supermen, fierce in battle. They are good, but not quite that good. They are excellent troops for certain operations, particularly those requiring stealth and fearlessness in close contact combat. One of their great virtues is patience and another is endurance. Night raids require an excess of both. Goums can crawl on elbows and bellies to within a few yards of an enemy position, knife the outposts and attack with grenades before the defenders are aware of their presence.

They are proficient with grenades. They revel in grenades. They keep mule packs busy bringing the lethal pineapples up. And they are good with the bayonet—long, polished weapons that gleam coldly on rifles slung over their shoulders as they move silently up the narrow, rocky, frozen defiles of the Apennines front. But in spite of a fine press agency which has attended the Goums, these Berbers aren't particularly good for carefully timed, cohesive assaults. The burden of this war still rests with the Anglo-Saxons, those Britons and Americans who know how to employ the complex weapons of this war.

Admittedly, it takes considerable skill to wrap one of those turbans the Goums wear when they are not wearing iron hats. But they don't have a high degree of mechanical skill, and beyond tossing grenades, pigsticking the Huns and manning tommy guns, they are relatively helpless. An internal combustion engine, the telemetric devices of gun sights, and the mathematics of modern warfare baffle the Berbers. They are almost completely officered by Frenchmen.

The Goums are irregulars who wear an assortment of British, French and American apparel, the whole covered by homespun galabias mistakenly called burnooses. These are striped lengthwise in two shades of brown-gray and black, and blend well with any topographical color scheme.

Few are shod. They prefer sandals to shoes, and when the cold is beyond endurance, they wrap their leathery blue-gray feet in rags and are happy enough, although ordinary men get chilblains in those mountains.

Much as they love to fight, the Goums are really a docile lot. French officers love them. They tell that the Goum is happiest just sitting on a log holding the tether of a mule for hours without end, singing his diatonic tribal songs softly to himself, slapping his feet on the ground, and clapping his hands in rhythm.

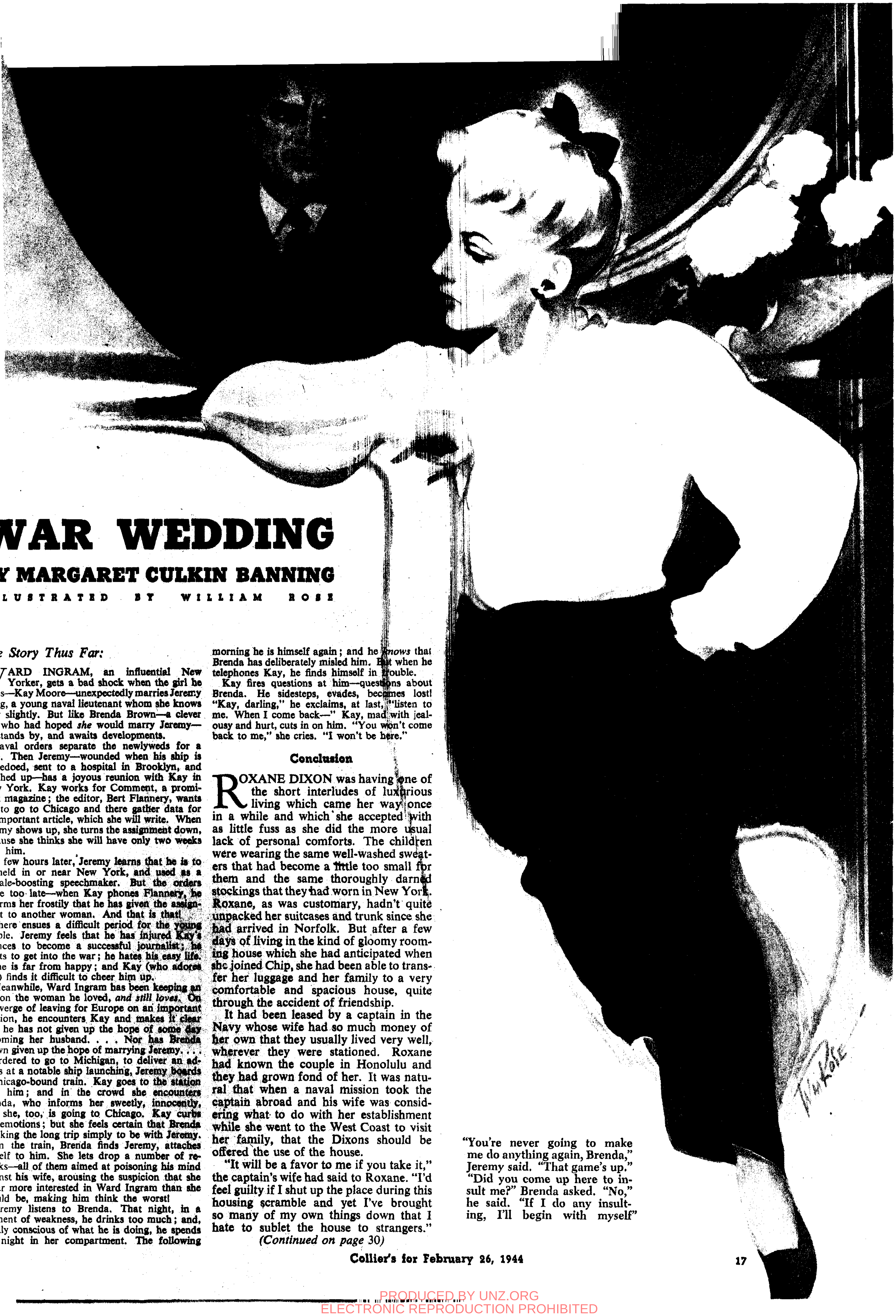
K.P. Raised to an Art

The presence of the French has given this front a certain oomph it lacked. A dash of Gallic was just what the Fifth Army needed. They can make Spam into something Oscar of the Waldorf would sniff with respect.

Their officers' mess made up what it lacked in comfort with food that was simple but satisfyingly seasoned. There was a soup course and a meat course with potatoes, and there was good white bread and wine. Then we had fruit—invariably oranges. Before we sat to eat, the mess sergeant announced the bill of fare and wound up with *"Bon apetit, messieurs! Bon apetit!"*

The French were assigned one of the

(Continued on page 72)



"You're never going to make me do anything again, Brenda," Jeremy said. "That game's up." "Did you come up here to insult me?" Brenda asked. "No," he said. "If I do any insulting, I'll begin with myself"

WAR WEDDING

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM ROSE

The Story Thus Far:

WARD INGRAM, an influential New Yorker, gets a bad shock when the girl he loves—Kay Moore—unexpectedly marries Jeremy Wing, a young naval lieutenant whom she knows only slightly. But like Brenda Brown—a clever girl who had hoped *she* would marry Jeremy—he stands by, and awaits developments.

Naval orders separate the newlyweds for a time. Then Jeremy—wounded when his ship is torpedoed, sent to a hospital in Brooklyn, and patched up—has a joyous reunion with Kay in New York. Kay works for Comment, a prominent magazine; the editor, Bert Flannery, wants her to go to Chicago and there gather data for an important article, which she will write. When Jeremy shows up, she turns the assignment down, because she thinks she will have only two weeks with him.

A few hours later, Jeremy learns that he is to be held in or near New York, and used as a morale-boosting speechmaker. But the orders come too late—when Kay phones Flannery, he informs her frostily that he has given the assignment to another woman. And that is that!

There ensues a difficult period for the young couple. Jeremy feels that he has injured Kay's chances to become a successful journalist; he wants to get into the war; he hates his easy life. So he is far from happy; and Kay (who adores him) finds it difficult to cheer him up.

Meanwhile, Ward Ingram has been keeping an eye on the woman he loved, *and still loves.* On the verge of leaving for Europe on an important mission, he encounters Kay and makes it clear that he has not given up the hope of some day becoming her husband. . . . Nor has Brenda Brown given up the hope of marrying Jeremy. . . .

Ordered to go to Michigan, to deliver an address at a notable ship launching, Jeremy boards a Chicago-bound train. Kay goes to the station with him; and in the crowd she encounters Brenda, who informs her sweetly, innocently, that she, too, is going to Chicago. Kay curbs her emotions; but she feels certain that Brenda is taking the long trip simply to be with Jeremy.

On the train, Brenda finds Jeremy, attaches herself to him. She lets drop a number of remarks—all of them aimed at poisoning his mind against his wife, arousing the suspicion that she is far more interested in Ward Ingram than she should be, making him think the worst!

Jeremy listens to Brenda. That night, in a moment of weakness, he drinks too much; and, hardly conscious of what he is doing, he spends the night in her compartment. The following morning he is himself again; and he *knows* that Brenda has deliberately misled him. But when he telephones Kay, he finds himself in trouble.

Kay fires questions at him—questions about Brenda. He sidesteps, evades, becomes lost! "Kay, darling," he exclaims, at last, "listen to me. When I come back—" Kay, mad with jealousy and hurt, cuts in on him. "You won't come back to me," she cries. "I won't be here."

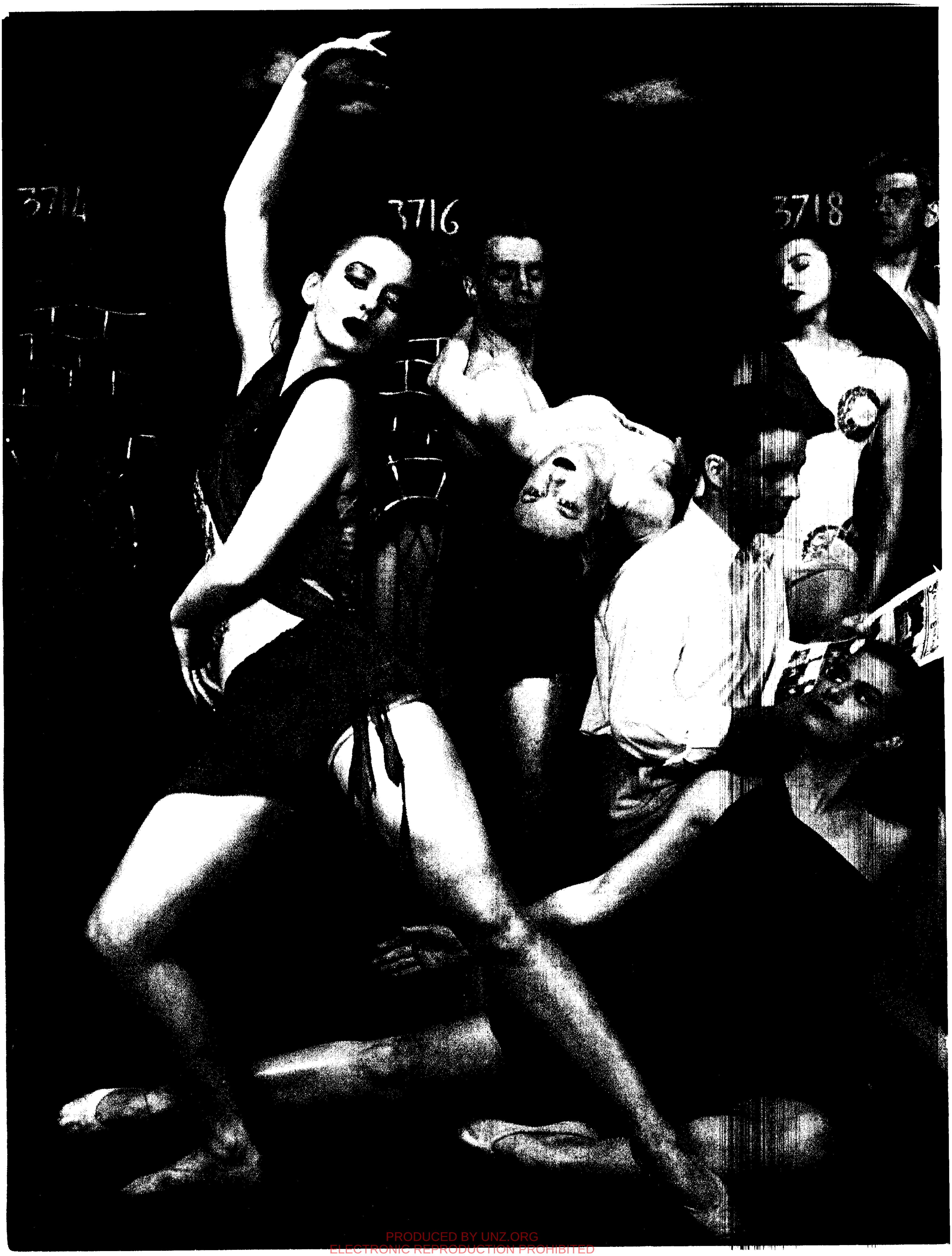
Conclusion

ROXANE DIXON was having one of the short interludes of luxurious living which came her way once in a while and which she accepted with as little fuss as she did the more usual lack of personal comforts. The children were wearing the same well-washed sweaters that had become a little too small for them and the same thoroughly darned stockings that they had worn in New York. Roxane, as was customary, hadn't quite unpacked her suitcases and trunk since she had arrived in Norfolk. But after a few days of living in the kind of gloomy rooming house which she had anticipated when she joined Chip, she had been able to transfer her luggage and her family to a very comfortable and spacious house, quite through the accident of friendship.

It had been leased by a captain in the Navy whose wife had so much money of her own that they usually lived very well, wherever they were stationed. Roxane had known the couple in Honolulu and they had grown fond of her. It was natural that when a naval mission took the captain abroad and his wife was considering what to do with her establishment while she went to the West Coast to visit her family, that the Dixons should be offered the use of the house.

"It will be a favor to me if you take it," the captain's wife had said to Roxane. "I'd feel guilty if I shut up the place during this housing scramble and yet I've brought so many of my own things down that I hate to sublet the house to strangers."

(Continued on page 30)


3714
3716
3718

JUST LOOK AT AGNES

BY AMY PORTER

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KARGER-PIX

When Agnes de Mille began dancing even her family looked the other way. Now she's the biggest news in the ballet business

BALKIN-PIX

Agnes de Mille as she appeared in Rodeo

AMERICAN theatergoers had begun to think that most toe dancers turned into dying swans, and that most swans didn't die soon enough; but this winter they're learning it's not necessarily so. The new kind of ballet that's sweeping the country is full of fire—even funny—and entirely free of swans.

An intrepid young woman named Agnes de Mille had a lot to do with killing off the old bird. She gets a big share of credit for the boom in ballet, a boom so great that people in show business estimate that before the season is out, five million people will have paid their money to see ballet—either straight or mixed into musical shows—an all-time high in ballet popularity.

You may not know about Miss de Mille unless you're a balletomane—that is, a nut about ballet, but show producers know her well. She's the one they call on when they want sure-fire dances. As choregrapher, she figures out the pattern of a dance, deciding that now the women will bow, now the men will raise their arms and so on. She designed the dances for the hit show, One Touch of Venus, and for the still greater hit, Oklahoma!, which, with one company on Broadway and another on the road, looks as if it would run forever. She staged Rodeo, the two-year-old all-dance production still going strong in big and little cities everywhere.

Through these dances, Miss de Mille has removed the stuffed-shirt, culture-for-culture's-sake stigma from ballet and transformed it into something as understandable as hot dogs. Her dances combine the technical elegance of formal ballet with the horsy humor of America's West, and they tell a story. In One Touch of Venus, it's the de Mille ballet that tells you how and why the goddess of beauty is getting sick and tired of her experiment in earthly living. In Oklahoma!, a de Mille ballet shows the heroine's successful struggle against the insidious influence of the villain.

These dances aren't just stuck into a show to look pretty. They advance the plot. The customers seem to like them every bit as well as the mechanical gyrations of high-kicking, tap-dancing chorus girls.

"It's gratifying," says Miss de Mille; "I mean it's wonderful. I'm actually making a living."

A living was something Miss de Mille didn't make much of during ten years of struggling to convince people that her kind of dancing was just as good or maybe better than the dying-swan variety.

One reason for her difficulties, Miss de Mille thinks, was that she was no swan herself. She was, she insists, decidedly on the ugly-duckling side. "I had a heavy, soggy body," she says, "and short legs instead of the graceful long ones that are such an asset to a dancer."

From the age of six up, she wanted to dance, but nobody encouraged her much. Her father, Playwright William C. de Mille, asked why she didn't try to be a writer or else a champion tennis player, and her uncle, Movie Producer Cecil B. de Mille, said, "Just look at Agnes. She isn't the dancer type."

All the same, she worked in a few ballet lessons and a lot of practice through high school and, some years later when she achieved great success in London, she felt justified and thought maybe she wasn't such an ugly duckling, after all. Her Uncle Cecil, hearing she was a sensation in England, sent for her to dance in one of his Hollywood productions, and she thought: Oh, I have arrived! But as rehearsals progressed, Uncle Cecil grew critical.

"Don't turn your profile to the camera, Agnes," he said. "Your nose is bad, you know. Why you haven't had it fixed with plastic surgery, I can't imagine." And then: "Oh, Agnes, don't smile, please! Your teeth are hardly photogenic."

It started out to be a sexy number.

"My uncle thought," says Agnes, "that if you could get a nearly nude girl doing a stomach dance on the back of a black bull, you'd have something. As indeed you would. But—"

"Agnes," said her Uncle Cecil, "your figure is such that in order to simulate any appeal at all, we are going to have to strap you up with adhesive tape."

Agnes stood still while they wound her round and round with adhesive.

The final blow fell after Agnes insisted on designing her own dance, and not on the back of a black bull. Uncle Cecil turned to the Hays office representative. "Would that dance arouse you, sir?" he asked.

The Hays man said, "No."

Then Uncle Cecil really told his little niece off about what she didn't have in the way of charm, sex appeal and dancing ability. She wasn't fired. She resigned. "I was unnerved," she says.

Now that she's successful in a big way, with substantial hits behind her and plenty of promising work ahead (she'll do a movie for Twentieth Century-Fox as soon as she has finished a new Ballet Theater production), Miss de Mille can be philosophical about the black-bull episode.

"I realize that my attitude was wrong," she says. "It was Uncle Cecil's show. He was the boss, he had his own style, he was successful. I made the mistake of trying to put something over on him. I tried to pollute his show with stark good taste—my taste, of course. I was wrong."

Miss de Mille guesses she always was a stubborn kind of person. You had to be to hold your own in her family, with famous theater people on one side, and on the other, a famous economist, Henry George, for a grandfather. The theater side of the family put Agnes to studying piano at the age of six, while the economic side filled her ears with single-tax talk and had her standing on street corners at the age of eight, distributing economic tracts. At ten, she could explain what initiative and referendum meant. "And I did explain it, and it didn't make me popular with the kids at school."

The Inspiration to a Career

Then she saw Pavlova dance, and her fate was sealed. "I was so excited I cried, and I begged the family to let me study dancing, but they wouldn't let me, not then."

For her first dancing lessons, Agnes is indebted to her sister Margaret. Margaret had weak arches, and the doctor recommended ballet to strengthen them, so the family let the two girls go to dancing class.

But even Agnes' prodigious energy couldn't support all the activities she'd undertaken by the time she was in high school. She was captain of the tennis team, she edited the paper, practiced the piano two hours a day, and danced at least one hour a day.

"You have to drop something," her mother said, and the thing that was dropped was dancing.

It stayed dropped through four years at the University of California at Los Angeles, while Agnes tried to please her father by studying hard to be a writer.

She still danced in school *(Continued on page 47)*

Left: The Venus in Ozone Heights ballet, featuring the sensational Sono Osato (left), tells the story of a goddess who is disappointed in earthly living and in her disinterested husband (Kenny Baker, seated)

In Oklahoma! Katya Sergava (foreground) fights off the insidious Jud, darling of the dance-hall girls

Easy Does it

BY EVERETT AND OLGA WEBBER

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

Pop wasn't afraid of work. He could look a job straight in the eye and walk off without so much as a tremor. But the war effort—that was another barrel of mash

I COULD feel it coming on for two or three days, ever since old Pete, our fighting cock, got loose and killed all of Aunt Minnie's Dominecker roosters, that our welcome was kind of wearing thin around the edges. Sure enough, on Monday morning Uncle Eph kept looking sort of sideways at Pop all during breakfast and starting to say something and then not doing it. But finally as he wiped his mouth on his sleeve and got out his smoking and papers, he said, sort of embarrassed-like, "Chad, if you've made out your breakfast, I'd like a word with you."

Mom and me and Nevallion and the baby had got full and moseyed away from the table along with Aunt Minnie, but that didn't bother Pop. He generally eats as long as anything is left. He took the last of the rooster stew we had been having since Thursday and said, "Sure. Sure, Eph. They another drop or two of coffee in that pot?"

Uncle Eph drained it into his cup and said, "Well, I got to get to the field. But what I was aiming to say: Our garden is going to be a sight too little for me and Minnie and you all, too, this summer, and I thought maybe you and your boys could grub out them sprouts in that patch back of the barn and get it plowed today."

We hadn't meant to stay all summer—just till the season was too late to plant tomatoes, so Mr. Tucket, that we rent our place from back home, wouldn't be pestering us to put in a patch for his canning factory.

Pop set there, sort of thinking to himself as he put some gravy on a biscuit and gave it to old Lily down by his chair. Then he said, "Well now, Eph, I'd love to help you out, but facts is we'd kind of aimed on gettin' away today, on account of tomorrow is time for old Lily to find her pups, and they's nothing she hates and despises like findin' 'em away from home. Only I just doubt if I got the gas to make it right now, and both my front tars is flat and I'm out of patchin', so if you want me to plow—"

Aunt Minnie turned from the range and looked at Uncle Eph real quick, and he said, "Well, it ain't no use rushin' off, but if you feel like you got to go, why, I can sipher you some gas out of the truck, and I got plenty patchin' you can have. Shovel that grub down while I go yank them tars off for you."

AS WE chugged along, Mom said it made her feel bad, her own brother kind of hurryin' us off. She just comes up to Pop's shoulder, he's so long and stringy, and her eyes stand out big and dark because she's thin from not having the heart to wean the baby, and she looked mighty hurt. But Pop said that was the way of the world, and that what Uncle Eph needed to learn him a few manners was a good dose of letting alone till next year.

"We got plenty other kin we can visit," he said. "Far as that goes, they're goin' to be awful lonesome at Uncle Elrod's when Hubert goes to camp, and we'd ought to go over there a while soon as Lily and the pups can travel."

When Lily heard her name, she thumped her tail against old Pete's cage there in the back seat between me and Nevallion and opened one eye a little and then went back to sleep again.

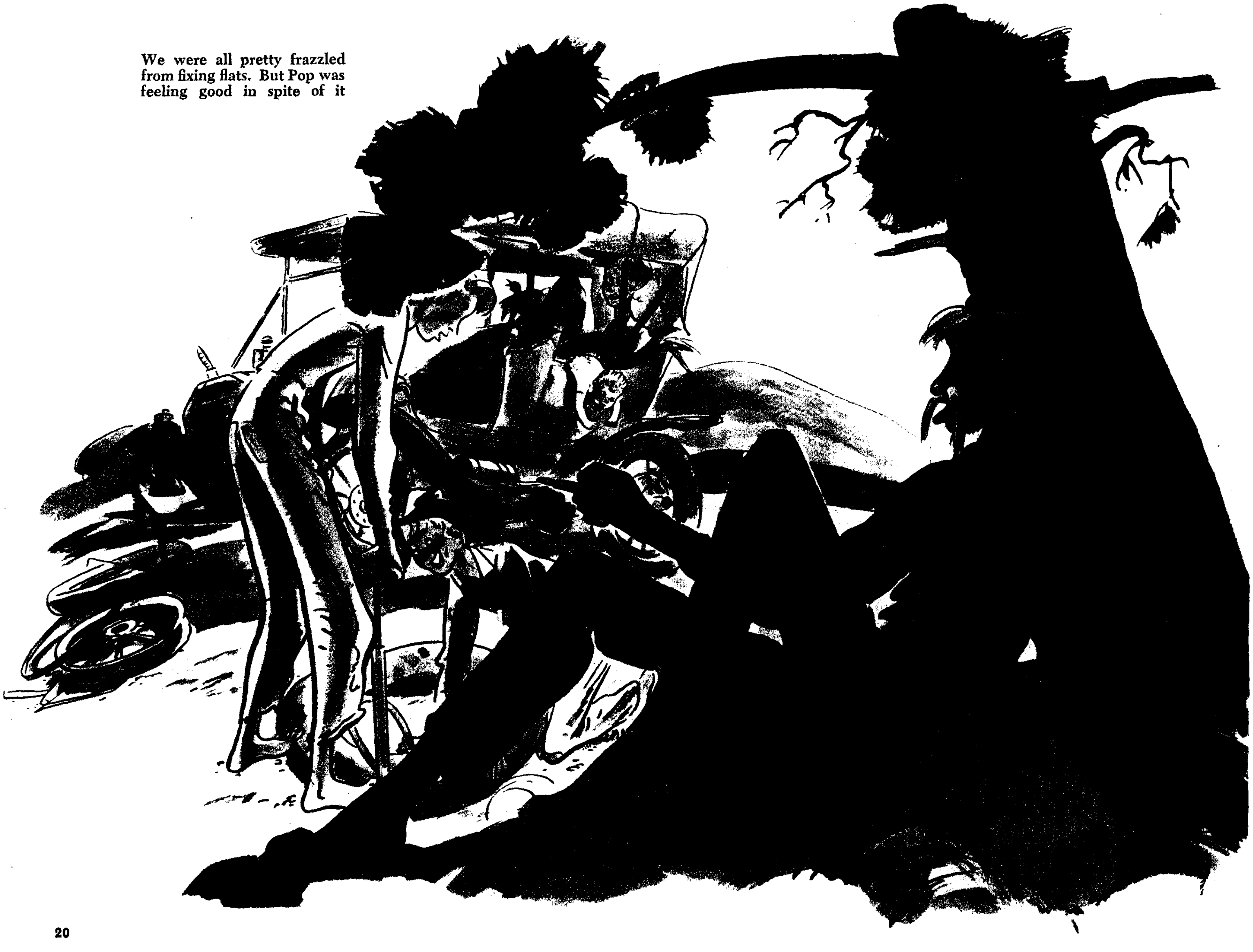
It was nearly dark as we growled up Breakneck that our house is up on top of, and we were all pretty frazzled from fixing flats. But Pop was feeling good in spite of it because he had been the one to think of circling around town on the Wolf Creek road, so Mr. Tucket wouldn't know we had got back and be after us again to plant tomatoes. He takes his pick of Lily's pups for rent on the place, and Pop told him he wouldn't mind share-cropping for him if it didn't tie a body down so or if we needed the money.

He had worried us all spring. Every day or two, he came out, and Mom would blow the hunting horn like Pop and us boys were down in the woods instead of just at work in the barn, and we would slip out the back and come around through the brush with the axes we kept hid out there. But finally the barrel was full and set to ripen and Pop said we wouldn't put up with Mr. Tucket any longer, so Mom made a new dress for the baby out of a pretty pink flour sack she was saving, and we lit out for Uncle Eph's instead of waiting for his early peaches, like we generally do.

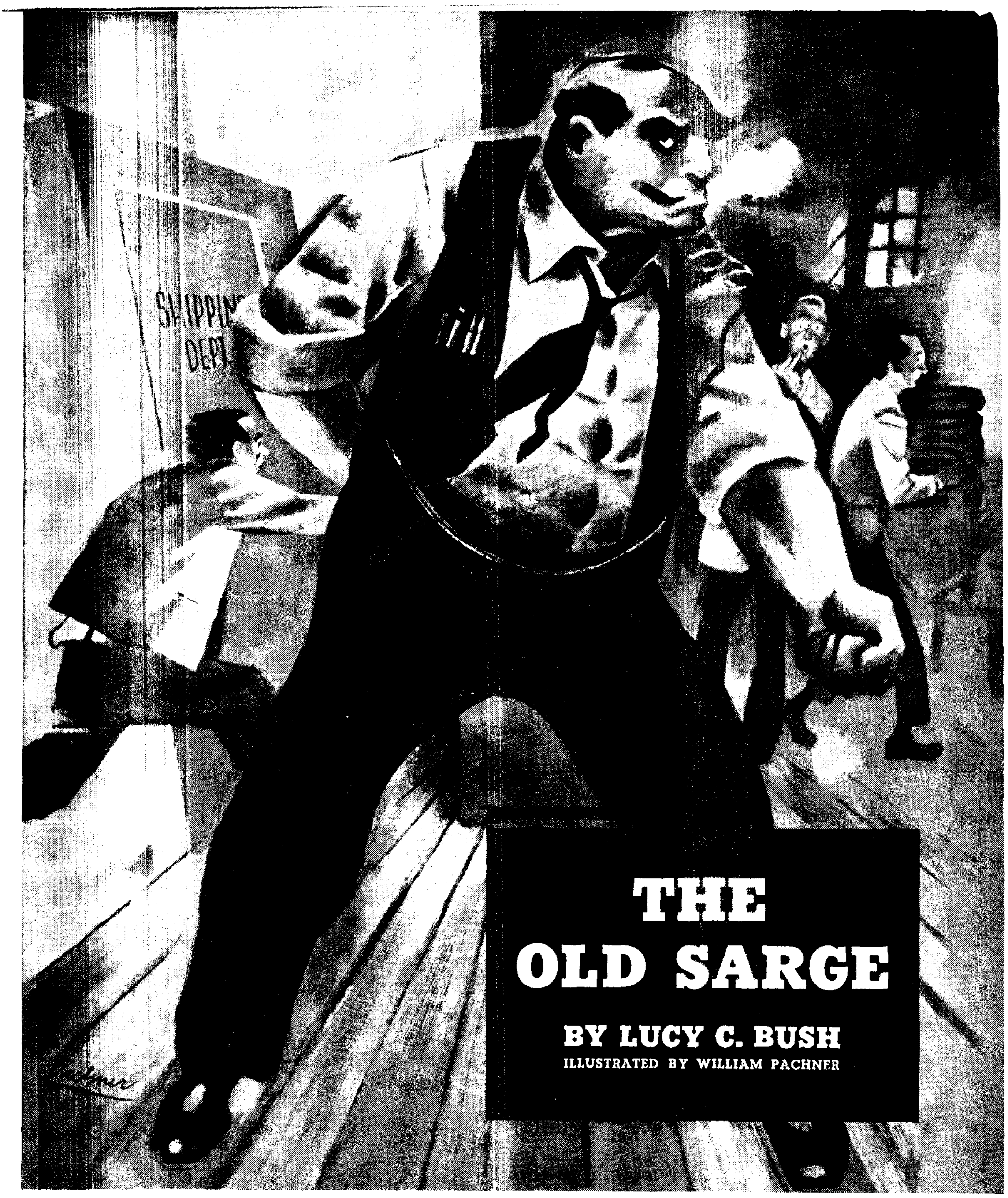
Lily started barking at Mr. Tucket's car there by the washpot as we got to the top of Breakneck and turned in through where our gate used to be.

Pop just stared at it a minute, and finally he said, "We might 'a' knowed it." And then as Mr. Tucket waddled out of the barn, wiping

(Continued on page 83)



We were all pretty frazzled from fixing flats. But Pop was feeling good in spite of it



THE OLD SARGE

BY LUCY C. BUSH

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

"I wish it was the last war and me going to work on you. Wait'll you come up against one of them sergeants"

SAM BERG'S sarcasm was heavy and humorless. "Heh! You! Joe College. Sure. I know it's your last day. I could bust into tears." He lowered his voice in mock plaintiveness: "Say, why don't you make an old man happy and let me see you do a little work without me having to yell my lungs out at you? Just this once?"

Mal Ryan did not answer. It was far wiser, he'd learned, not to argue with Berg. Very slowly, he put aside the tabloid.

Berg took his cigar from his mouth. "Gee," he said, "I wish it was the last war, and me going to work on you. Wait'll you come up against one of them sergeants." His voice rose to a bellow: "Listen, you campus Charley horse! You're working in this here shipping department until six, and this one day you're going to work, if it kills you—and me, both! Them coats are going out. So—move. And fast!"

Mal glanced about the room. The other boys were self-consciously absorbed in their work. Their faces told him nothing, except what he had felt for the two months he had worked there. They didn't like him. They thought him soft and a quitter. He'd griped about overtime, about errands, about packing coats, about the boss, about Sam Berg. As he looked at the set, stony faces of the boys, he wished he'd done a little less complaining. They didn't like Sam Berg, either, but they respected and were afraid of him. Mal, they just didn't like—and it hurt; he swore that some day he was going to get even with Sam Berg for his part in it.

About five, the boss called Mal down to his office. He gave him an envelope with twenty dollars in it, collected from the girls in the office, the models and the gang in the factory. There was a check for another twenty from the firm. The boss shook hands with him. "Well, good luck, Mal," he said. "Come in and see us when you have a furlough." He didn't offer Mal a drink or ask him to be sure to come back after the war.

Mal went into the office. He shook hands with all the girls. "Good luck, Mal," they said. "Drop us a post card." None of them tried to kiss him. He went upstairs to get his things. He shook hands with the boys. Sol gave him a couple of cartons of cigarettes from the shipping department.

They said, "Well, good luck, Mal." They didn't suggest a couple of beers over at the bar after work. It was a generous send-off—and about as friendly and warm as an iceberg.

He had to pass Sam Berg on the way to the elevator. Sam held out his hand. "Well, so long, Private Ryan. Good luck. You'll need it. Fighting's a lot tougher than packing coats." Sam cackled.

Mal flushed and walked by. Berg's voice followed after him: "Yeah, and you'll be Private Ryan when you come back—or I'll eat one of them coats."

WELL, old Sam had been right about one thing, Sergeant Ryan thought, as he leaned over the railing of the Staten Island ferry. It had been plenty tough. He'd learned, the hard way, that sergeants were rough on rookies. They were as rough in this war as they were said to have been in the last one—Sam Berg's war.

All those letters from the firm had helped him, given him sort of a boost. He hadn't expected to hear from any of them, and it was a surprise, a nice one, that they all wrote him. Almost every day at the training center, there'd be a letter. Maybe a few scribbled words across the back of an invoice from one of the kids in the shipping. Or a note from the model on her baby-blue personal stationery. Or a letter from the boss' secretary, typed on the office stationery, or even from the boss himself. They were friendly notes, giving him news about the office, the new boys in the shipping, the latest gossip in the market. They'd sent cigarettes, packages of cookies and candy, clippings from Women's Wear.

When he was shipped to Africa, the letters came all at once, a batch of them, after a period of about six or seven weeks, but they came. He was a corporal by that time. There was one penciled note from Sam Berg: "Hear you are a corporal. Must be a shortage of real guys in this war. Wait until them bullets begin to wham by. You'll be Private Ryan again."

For some reason, that note had come to his mind when they made the landing on the beaches of Sicily. It made him boiling mad, and he wasn't as frightened as he might have been. He'd kept going, firing away as if he'd gone crazy, thinking of Sam Berg instead of Germans and Italians. Even when the shrapnel stung into his left arm, he'd kept going.

They shipped him back home and made him a sergeant and sent him to a hospital and gave him a Purple Heart. . . . And now, he was going up to the place, to make Sam Berg eat that coat. It was a pleasant thought, and Mal gloated.

It wasn't going to be necessary to say much to Sam Berg. The sergeant's stripes would speak for themselves. The overseas ribbon and the Purple Heart would rile old Berg plenty, too. Mal remembered that Sam had never got "over there." He was always a little apologetic and embarrassed about it. He would bluster, "Yeah, I had to stay the whole damn' time up there in Pelham Bay. And you know why? Because I was the only sergeant in the whole damn' place that could pound any guts into the kids. Sure, they kept firing them at me—truckloads of mewling, sniffling babies, not even dry behind the ears. I'd toughen 'em up, and ask for a chance to take a shot at them Huns. But, no! In comes another truck, and I gotta start the job all over again. And there I stuck, a regular wet nurse."

All Mal was going to do was to pick up one of the coats, hand it to Sam and say, "Here's your coat. You lose. Now eat it, Sergeant Berg, and like it." Mal could hardly wait to see Sam's face.

He decided not to go up the front way. He'd go up on the freight elevator straight to the shipping department and get that business with Sam Berg over with, first thing. The sound of Sam's bellowing met him as he stepped off the elevator into the hall in back of the shipping department.

"Listen, you kids. You muscle-bound? Come on, get a move on!"

Mal grinned. In just about two minutes flat, he was going to change Sam's bellow to a whimper.

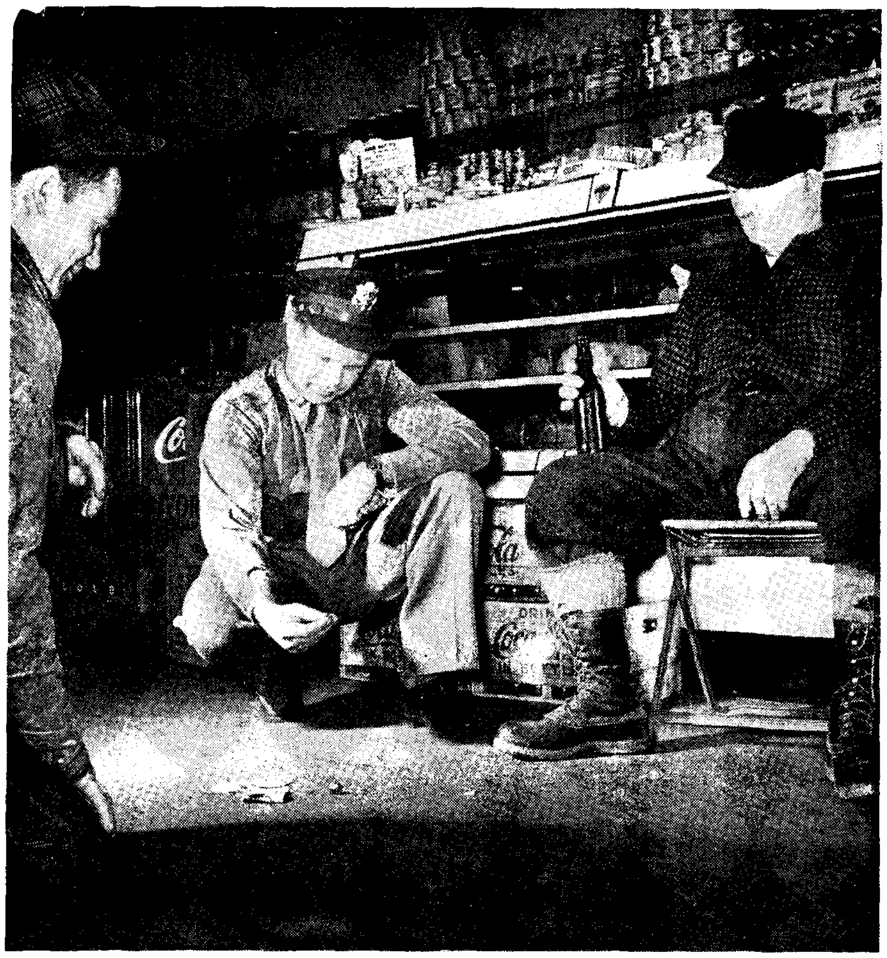
Sam's shouting went on: "Heh! You, Joe. Don't you know how to spell? Sergeant is s-e not s-a. That's a word I do know. Mal's a college man. It might be nice to show him you've been through fourth grade. Yeah, and put it where maybe he can see it. . . . And you, Slobbermouth, keep away from them schnapps and cakes. This is a party for Mal. . . . Leave them coats until tomorrow, Sol. You've been sitting on your hands all day. Now you get the brilliant idea into that bird brain of yours to go to work. Well, leave it. Go on down and tell the girls to stop primping and get on up here. Tell the boss, too. Mal'll be here any minute.

"Now remember, the bunch of you, make plenty fuss over Mal. He's had a tough time. He knows now that fighting ain't like packing coats. He's got guts. I ain't seen any sign of them yet in any of you. Gee, you got no appreciation at all. I got to do everything. It'd never come to your thick heads that you got to give a guy an even break. I got to make you write letters, cough up a couple of pennies for cigarettes. If it wasn't for me, you'd forgotten all about Mal. Sure, let him and the other guys go and be blown to bits for you. And you'd sit here on your fat fannies, praying you got punctures in your ears, and the Army don't get you!

"You give Mal one swell party, or I'll have the lot of you fired tomorrow. I'm going home. Parties give me a pain in the neck. I never had none given for me when I was a sergeant. Sergeants were tougher then. It was a tougher war."

Mal listened as he heard Sam Berg walk, with his heavy shuffling tread, across the floor and out to the front. He waited until he heard the elevator open and close. It was just as well he had gone home. Mal didn't have anything to say to Sam now. He couldn't even say "Thanks." He opened the door and walked in, and the boys crowded around him.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



Strictly local color, for Captain Bong is no more a gambler than he is an orator. Charley Smith, on the right, sees through it

POPLAR HARDWARE CO
STANDARD SERVICE

It's been a bad year for snow in northern Wisconsin but the temperature was down around ten below at this juncture and the walking was brisk for Dickie and the kids

Scene in Mrs. Grymala's combined grocery, notions, beer emporium, restaurant and drugstore. The children have come in at recess and are given a few sparse words from the reticent captain about the weather. He never talks war

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY KNOPF-PIX

CAPTAIN BONG COMES HOME

BY KYLE CRICHTON

A small-town boy returns from the fighting fronts—a hero. In his homecoming, there is a glimpse of America's strength and hope

IT WAS nine below zero, and the road leading out of Superior, Wisconsin, was a sheet of ice. The man driving the coupé was an Army captain and his name was Bong and he was scaring two strangers from New York pie-eyed. Sixty miles an hour on straight stretches of ice was bad enough, but forty on the curves was murder.

"Biggest ore docks in the world," commented Captain Bong, nodding over his left shoulder and shooting more gas to the coupé when the rear end showed signs of preceding him.

By this time, the road had cleared and the speedometer was up to seventy and Captain Bong had stopped talking for the day, unless somebody talked first. The car careened along until it came to a small white road sign which read: Poplar, Population 461. The car dashed up to a building and stopped within a foot of the plate-glass window.

Stranger to These Parts

"Is this it?" asked the stranger from New York, with both relief and surprise.

Captain Bong grinned and got out. Six little white buildings sat along the left side of the highway, with a few houses and a small brick school behind. Across, the road was a lumber company and a tiny railroad station, now boarded up.

This is the home town of Captain Richard Ira Bong, who has downed twenty-one Jap planes in New Guinea (six probables).

What makes Bong's story engrossing is his own personality and the town of Poplar. He lives on a farm two miles outside of Poplar with his father and mother, his grandmother, five sisters and two brothers. Probably no quieter man has ever flown a fighting plane, and in all the world, it

Captain Bong tootling his clarinet for Grandmother Bryce. He does best on jiggly tunes

The captain watches his young lady, Marjorie Vattendahl, with interest, admiring her bowling form

Picture or no picture, the hungry stranger on the left is going to get the last of his venison, killed by the captain

This is what makes soldiers want to get back to war: A speech before the Legion at Superior, Wis. Captain Bong speaks reluctantly but sensibly and bonds are sold

This is one of the fastest parades in history. The bands march but only the drums beat because it is now fifteen below and the horns would freeze to the players' lips

would be hard to find a man who looked and acted less like a "hot" pilot.

Bong is a blond, chunky fellow of twenty-three, with a turned-up nose and rosy cheeks that puff out in a cherubic sort of way.

He is companionable with people he knows, but even with friends, he is reticent. He talked very little as a boy and he talks even less now.

When he went into the hardware store in front of which he had stopped the car, Bong was met with a cry from a husky-looking fellow behind the counter: "How fast you make it back in?"

"Twenty-five minutes," said Bong.

The young fellow behind the counter whistled. "Twenty-two miles," he commented to the strangers. "And my car, too."

"Couldn't get it over seventy," said Bong.

"Oh, yeah? Well, I've had it up to eighty-five."

The hardware fellow came out from behind the counter, grinning, and aimed a poke at Bong's shoulder. He got one in return, and for the rest of the afternoon they kept up a running battle of affectionate boffs, the sort of thing two admiring young animals provide for each other. The hardware man was Marvin Peterson, who is Dick Bong's best friend in Poplar and, in addition, is "going steady" with Geraldine Bong, Dick's sister.

The store was beginning to fill up with Poplar residents, not only because they are always anxious to see Dickie Bong but because the photographer had set up his equipment, and Poplar was going to be immortalized some more.

It was an old story for Dick Bong, because ever since he got home during Thanksgiving week, he had been facing cameras and microphones and welcoming committees. His sixty-day leave would soon be up and he was going back to the South Pacific.

The photographer had gathered the group together and now suggested that Captain Bong say something to the others that might bring a response suggesting that somebody was alive.

"Pretty cold today," said the captain to Earl Nevin, a tall man who was leaned over the wrapping-paper roller, looking at him.

"A damn' sight colder in Alaska," said Mr. Nevin promptly. "I've just come down from the Canol job."

The Center of Attraction

That seemed to amuse everybody but the animation died down before the photographer could make his arrangements and not even he had the heart to make Dick Bong go through it again. There were pictures at the hardware store and more at Mrs. Grymala's combination grocery, drugstore, notions and restaurant. There were soft drinks for Marvin Peterson and Dick Bong (because neither of them drank hard stuff), and beer for the more daring burghers. When kids started coming in at recess for a lollipop or a bottle of sarsaparilla, Mrs. Grymala captured them for the pictures.

"We'll be late for school," said the kids.

"Go back and get the teacher," ordered Mrs. Grymala, a young woman who somehow managed to keep her store going and at the same time handle her four-year-old son, Alex, who was addicted to climbing.

The teacher came along in due course, a very pretty young woman who decided that nothing much would be lost in education if the children got their faces in Collier's.

More people kept coming in, and everybody was bundled to the ears now because the thermometer was falling steadily. The most noteworthy arrival was Ernest Ellison, the constable. It turned out that there was no jail, no justice of the peace, and that there had been no arrest since 1922.

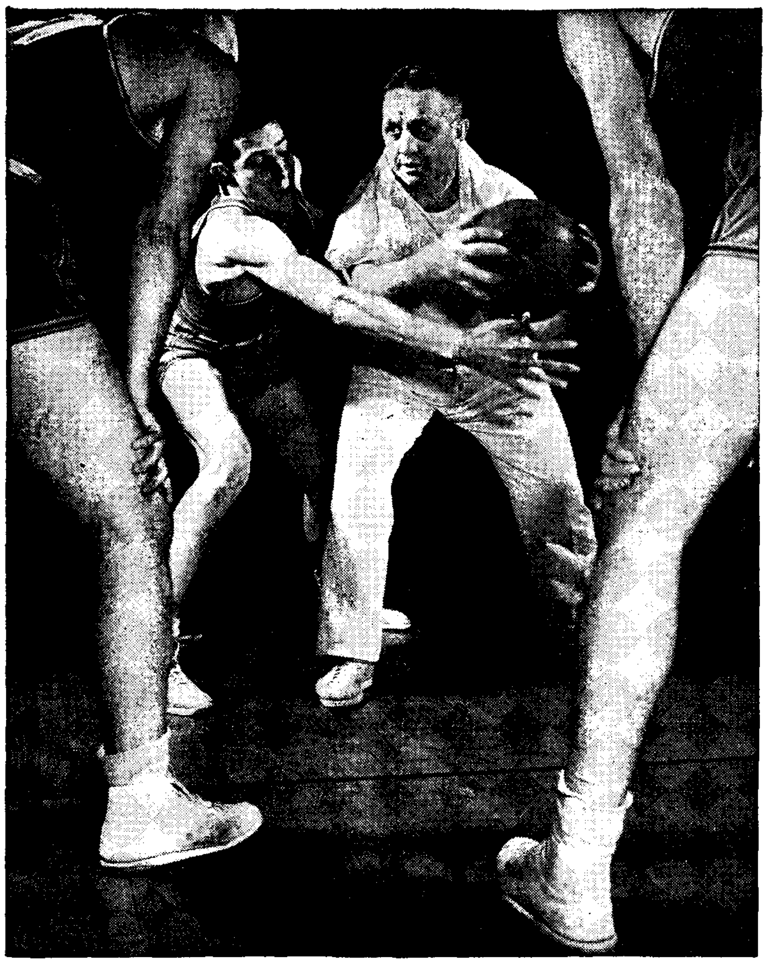
(Continued on page 54)

CALAMITY FROM KENTUCKY

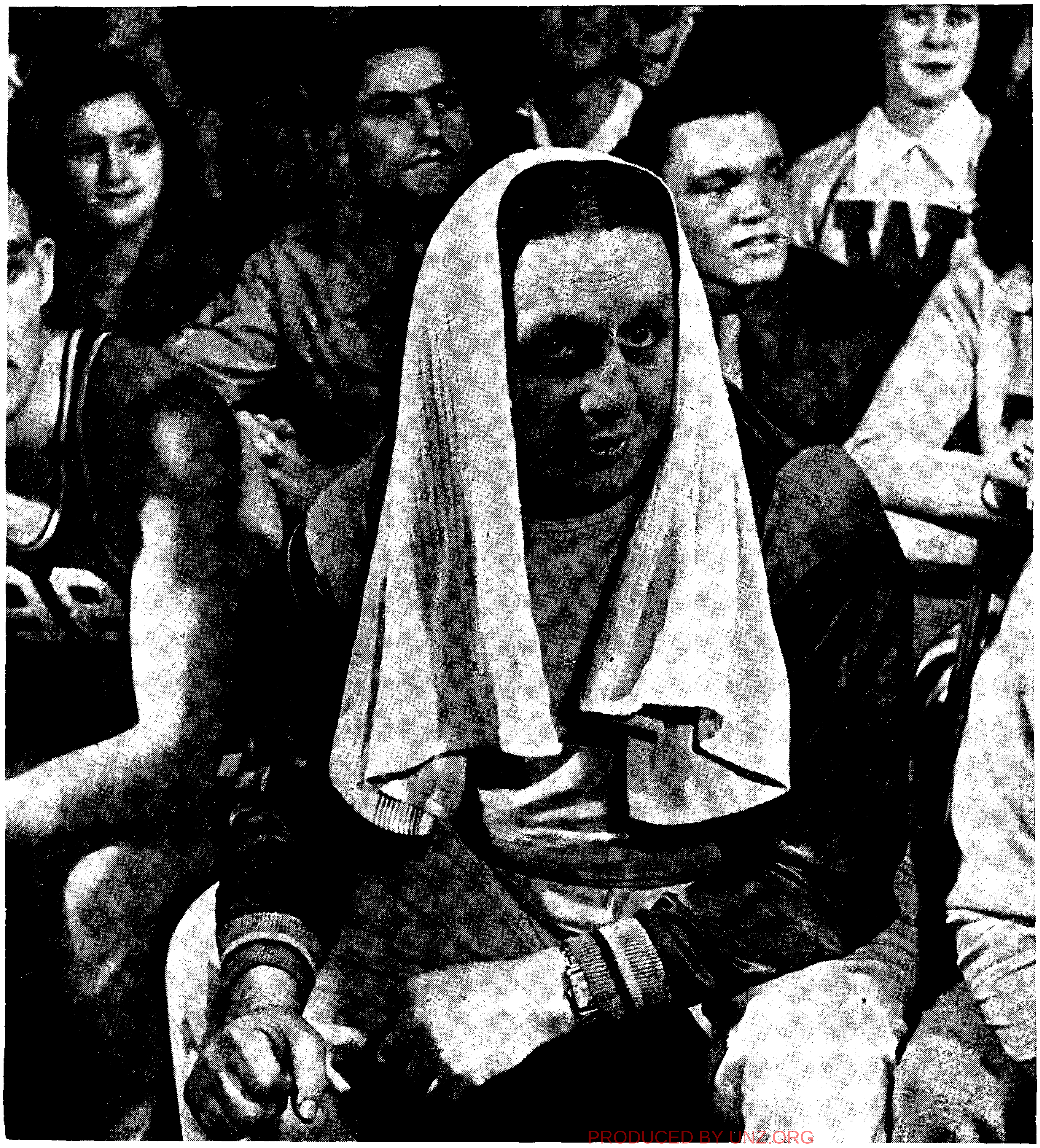
BY ROBERT ANDREWS

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE-PIX

The life and the times of Edgar A. Diddle, Kentucky's gift to basketball



Big-time class marks all Diddle-coached teams. He is working this year with a crop of sixteen- and seventeen-year-olds



Mr. Diddle and towel, in repose. Diddle fans can follow Kentucky's games by watching the towel as its owner alternately chews on it, cries into it or tosses it into the rafters

MR. EDGAR ALLAN DIDDLE has won a sort of molecular fame by throwing a towel ecstatically into the air when pleased. The fact that Mr. Diddle can throw the towel and escape assault by hostile spectators is an indication that, behind his eccentricity, is achievement. He is coach of the Western Kentucky State Teachers basketball team, and his young men have become nationally famous in the last few years. The result is that Mr. Diddle often reaches the end of an evening in a complete state of debility.

If further proof were needed that basketball is the most democratic of sports, Mr. Diddle has provided it. Not properly subdued by the circumstance that he is teaching a normal-school team, Mr. Diddle has vaunting ambitions. He longs to joust with the high and mighty, and three years ago he had his opportunity in the famous Madison Square Garden tournament in New York City. Not only did his team appear but it toppled City College of New York and Creighton University of Omaha and entered the finals against West Virginia.

"I am ahead two points with forty-three seconds to play and besides I have possession of the ball," says Mr. Diddle, who always speaks in that way about his team, "and then the Fates decide that I have had enough fun for a small-town boy, and a series of awful things happen and I lose by two points."

He shakes his head dolefully at the memory, being a man who wins with the delight of a boy who finds a ten-dollar bill under an old tomato can and loses with all the wry pleasure of one who steps on a rake in the dark.

Hard Work and Athletics

Mr. Diddle was halfback on the famous Centre College team with Bo McMillin, Red Roberts and Red Weaver, but had graduated before Centre startled the world by beating Harvard. In 1920, he was captain of the Centre basketball team. He swept the gymnasium and fired a furnace for his room rent and waited on tables at Mrs. Rice's for his board. During the summers he picked up $18 a week putting up tents for the White-Myers Chautauqua, the Myers being also a coach at Centre at the time.

"I never saw the shows because as soon as the tent was up we went on to the next town, but I understand that we were a high-class outfit—cultural," says our man.

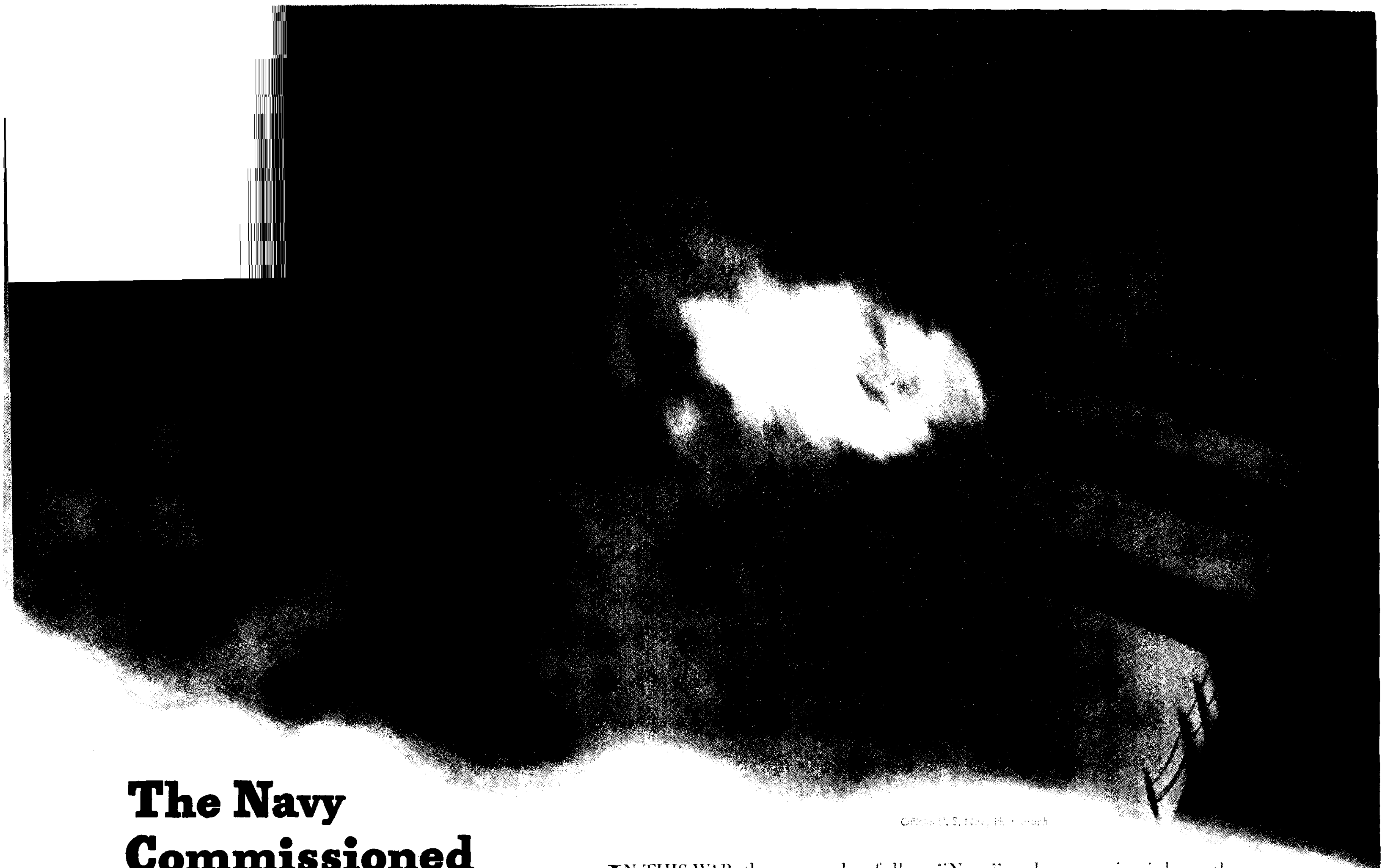
When the Chautauqua season ended in the fall after he graduated, he found himself in Colorado without a job. "I wasn't just discouraged," reports the famous Diddle. "I was frantic. I was pretty sure I was going to starve."

At that moment, a telegram arrived from Greenville, Kentucky, which read: "Would you accept job as coach of high school and secretary of Community House? Doctor William Smock."

This made a profound impression on our hero because Doctor Smock turned out to be a former young medical student to whom Diddle had once given two seats to a Centre game, refusing to accept payment.

"We were supposed to sell those two tickets and get a little spending money for ourselves, but I would never do it, and now I get this job at Greenville because I am a good fellow and this proves to me that kindness pays. It is a moral lesson."

His Greenville team was supposed to play at the regional tournament at Owensboro, but a storm had swollen the river to such a stage that they couldn't get to



Official U. S. Navy Photograph

The Navy Commissioned Kodak Medalist "as is"

IN THIS WAR, the camera has full military status. From Admirals down, Navy men carry a Kodak Medalist as casually as binoculars. It is the impartial fact-gatherer and reporter of action. You have seen plenty of Medalist shots among the terrific pictures released to newspapers and magazines. But you've only seen a fraction.

* * *

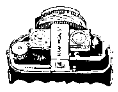
When the war broke, the Medalist had just been created—for civilian camera enthusiasts. Navy experts tried it out. It looked and acted "Navy"—clean, precise, inherently fine—structurally as sound as a battle wagon, compact as a submarine.

The Navy bought every Medalist available "as is," ordered production stepped up. Since then, wherever units of our fleet have operated—from PT boats to capital ships and aircraft—the Medalist has seen action. Twice as many were on duty the second year as the first.

After the war, the battle-conditioned Medalist will be at your service in civilian life. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.

A fistful of efficiency, the compact Medalist produces full-scale pictures—2¼ x 3¼ inches. The lens, Kodak Ektar *f*/3.5—incorporating Kodak's revolutionary new optical glass—assures pictures of incomparable clarity and brilliance, either in black and white or full color.

Lens and Kodak Supermatic Shutter are mounted in a unique helical gear focusing tube which provides hairline focusing, with unequaled rigidity. All operating controls, in "shooting" position, are at the fingertips. The eyepiece of the split-field range finder is directly below the view finder.

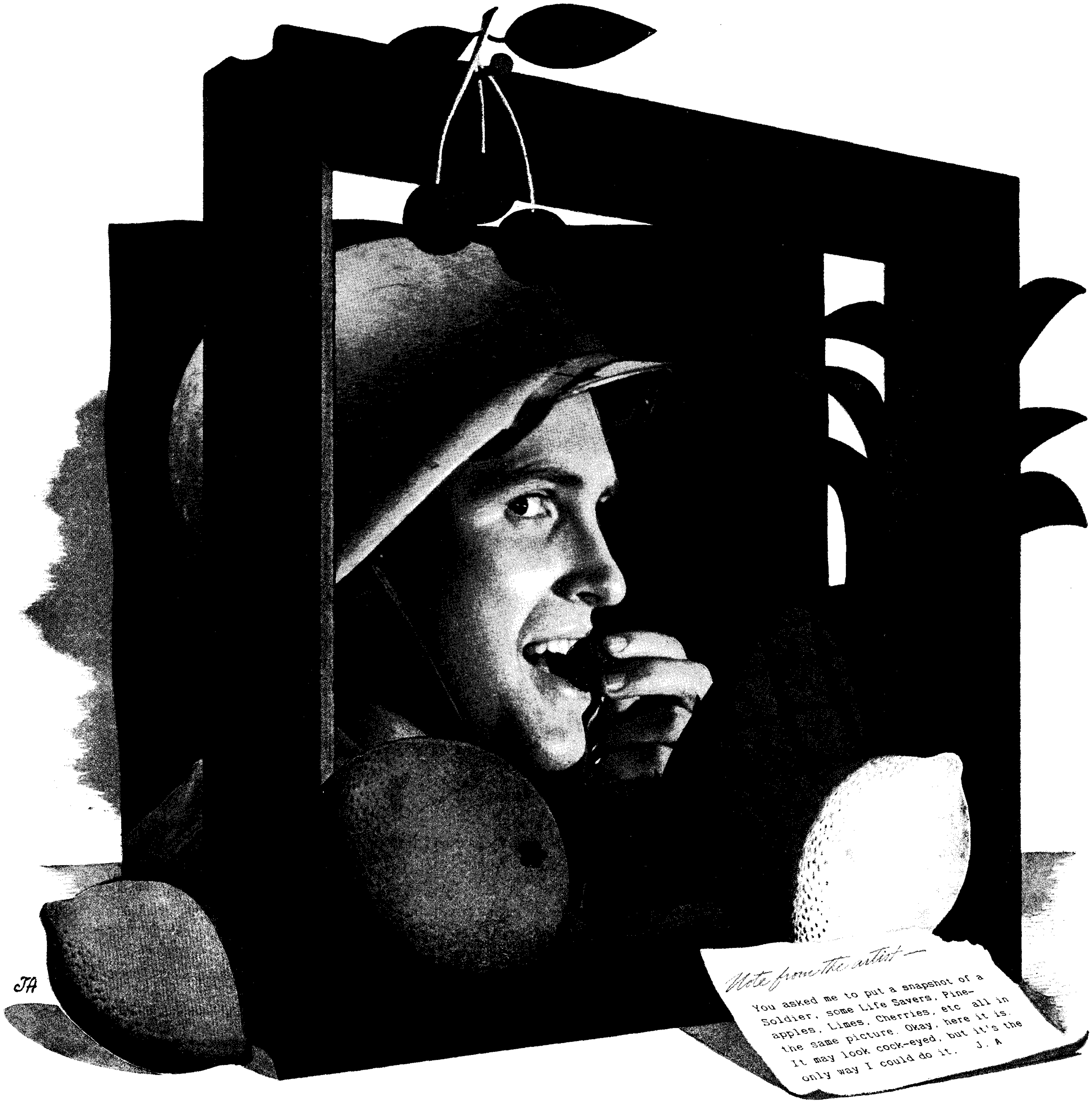


The Medalist, optically and mechanically, is an achievement of the Kodak experts responsible for the latest gunfire control apparatus used by our armed forces.

REMEMBER "TAKE HER DOWN"? *. . . how the wounded submarine skipper, Commander Howard W. Gilmore, U. S. N., ordered his men to "Take her down"—leaving him outside the conning tower? His was a stern example to us at home.* ***BUY MORE WAR BONDS***

KODAK MEDALIST

Serving human progress through Photography



Note from the artist —

You asked me to put a snapshot of a
Soldier, some Life Savers, Pine-
apples, Limes, Cherries, etc all in
the same picture. Okay, here it is.
It may look cock-eyed, but it's the
only way I could do it. J. A

Dear Mom.

In this picture I am eating what is now a native delicacy around here. It is called Five-flavor Life Savers and we buy it at the Post Exchange. The natives are crazy about it because it saves them the trouble of climbing trees for limes and oranges and things. Love, Tom.

FIVE FLAVOR
LIFE SAVERS

Only 5¢

their destination and asked instead to be allowed to play at the tournament in Bowling Green, where Western Kentucky State is located. This was Fate at work anew, because his team made a good impression and was sailing along toward the finals when one of the other coaches protested the presence of this outsider and began pulling a few wires to have Greenville eliminated. Ed Diddle approached this villain and suggested that they go down to the locker room to discuss the matter.

Once in the room, Diddle locked the door, placed the key on top of a locker and said, "The one that gets out of here alive takes the key and opens the door. Put up your dukes."

Beating His Way to a Job

The resultant clamor was so horrendous that onlookers broke down the door and pulled Mr. Diddle away before mayhem was done. It solidified his reputation and got him the job as coach at Western Kentucky State. That was twenty-two years ago, and there is every indication that Mr. Diddle will leave Bowling Green only when he is lugged out in a box.

He began by coaching both boys' and girls' basketball and boys' track, football and baseball. That lasted till 1927, when Carl Anderson came in to take over football. That left basketball and baseball for Diddle because he also sneaked out on his job with the girls before many years had departed. The track just sort of disappeared by the wayside.

By 1932, he had produced his first K.I.A.C. champion and he finished last season by winning it for the seventh consecutive time, which is said to be a record. During his twenty-two seasons as a coach, he has won 283 regularly scheduled games and lost 93. In tournament play (Kentucky Conference, Southern Intercollegiate Conference, National Collegiate and Madison Square Invitational), he has won 80 games and lost 14. In the last 76 tournament games, his team has won 70 times.

He started the towel-throwing almost immediately, and now it is his trade-mark. In moments of elation he is apt to throw the towel to the rafters or beat the floor with it in wild jubilation. In moments of depression he gnaws on it, mops his brow with it or buries his head in it and cries.

Getting his team into big time has been a hard job, and such schools as the University of Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama will have none of him. Very rightly, they figure that they have nothing to win and everything to lose. It took years before Kelly Thompson, Western Kentucky publicity man, could convince Ned Irish that the team was good enough for Madison Square Garden. Kelly wired Irish—the generalissimo of big-time basketball in the East—after each Western Kentucky victory and sent along the clippings by mail next day. That went on for years and almost broke Diddle's heart.

"It was a shame we couldn't get up there when we had Carlisle (Big Boy) Towrey. He was six feet five and weighed 209 and was so fast you couldn't keep an eye on him. He was the greatest college player that ever lived, and all those poor New York people missed him."

There was also Harry Sadler, who made all his baskets by holding the ball high over his head, leaping about four feet in the air and letting go. It was Sadler who cured all big Southern colleges of monkeying with Diddle's boys. Sewanee took them on early one season as a "breather," and Western Kentucky walloped them something like 75-18.

"Sadler opened that game by taking nine shots and making nine baskets," says Mr. Diddle sadly. "I couldn't get him out of there quick enough. We've never been back to Sewanee since."

The game that Diddle best likes to remember is the second struggle with Cumberland College. The first had been played at Cumberland in an old church, with wire netting protecting the sacred premises and making a fine background into which the Western Kentucky boys could be pushed. They came away scratched, mauled and sore. When the return game at Bowling Green neared, Mr. Diddle scouted around for a referee and finally found his man.

"I'll pay you fifteen dollars for the game," said Ed. "I only ask one favor."

"What's that?" asked the referee.

"Don't blow your whistle," said Ed. "Don't blow it even once. Just let the boys play."

The contest is remembered in Kentucky along with the Hatfield-McCoy feuds and the doings in Harlan County.

A Lesson for a Critic

There was another game in which Diddle's boys performed very miserably in the first half and went off to the dressing room with the knowledge that they would get one of Ed's better blisterings, a thing he is never reluctant to furnish. However, they were rather let down when Mr. Diddle failed to appear and they sent one of their number off to see what was detaining the master. What was detaining Ed was a spectator who had made the mistake of reflecting upon the quality of the Western Kentucky play, which Mr. Diddle himself considered below par. So he had gone up into the stands and plastered the offender very prettily.

"I can say they stink, but nobody else can," declared Mr. Diddle stoutly, as he came away dusting his hands.

Mr. Diddle now has almost five hundred of his boys coaching in Kentucky schools, which gives him an edge on recruiting material. He keeps away from big high schools because he feels that such players are burned out in scholastic play and never improve in college. Some of his best recent players, such as Red McCrockland, Tip Downing and Johnny Hackett never played ball in high school.

"If they can shoot and if they have big hands and big feet, I take 'em," says Diddle.

Basketball practice starts with the opening of college in September and soon becomes sort of a religious rite. The team live together all year around in a house on the campus called the Village, where they have their own rules and are governed by their own council. In that setting, strict training rules are kept, with the result that Diddle's boys win half their games by running the opposition ragged in the last five minutes. His teams have been in two Madison Square Garden tournaments, reaching the finals in their first attempt and being eliminated in the first round last season by Fordham, 60-58.

Something to Worry About

"That little bomb went off prematurely," explains Ed ruefully. "We were worrying about meeting St. John's the second night and sort of forgot about Fordham the first night."

Diddle gets on an average of a thousand towels a year, sent him either affectionately or sardonically by basketball enthusiasts. Last year at Murray Teachers, traditional rival in Kentucky, the home-town Murray crowd welcomed Ed by a shower of hundreds of towels that buried him under.

"They weren't kiddin' either," says Ed. "I think they were trying to kill me."

New Yorkers who were close to the Western Kentucky bench at Madison Square Garden in one game will never forget the ecstatic Diddle on one play when Downing stood about in the middle of the court and decided to shoot. Diddle rose with a scream that sounded like a fire-engine siren in torture. He swung his towel and screeched in pain:

"If you ever do that again, I'll kill . . . Did you ever *see* such a shot!"

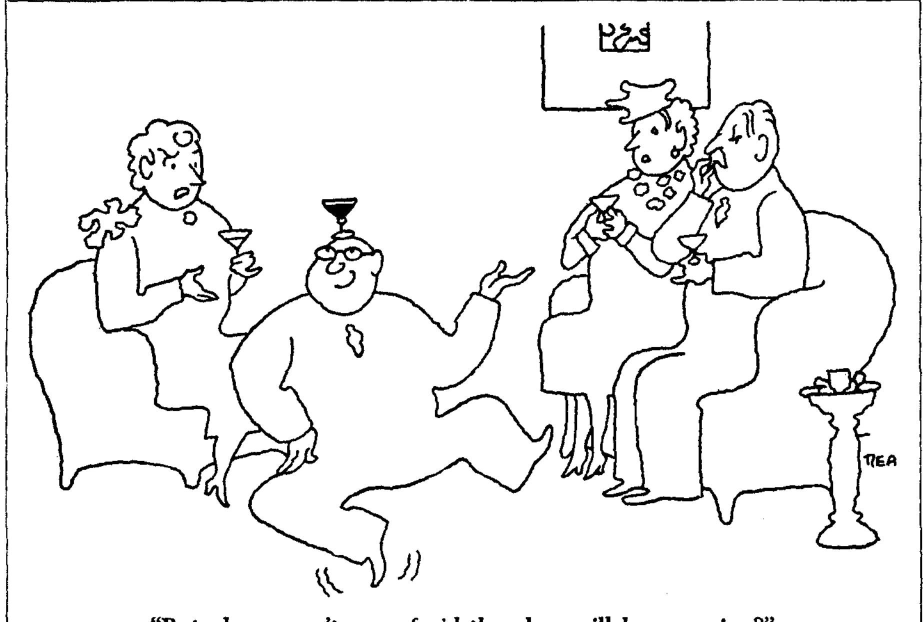
The break in that sentence came as the shot popped through the hoop without touching the rim. Ed's mood ended with throwing the towel a mile in the air, doubling over with joy and yowling: "Who-o-o-*yee!*"

Mr. Diddle's personality may be on the ebullient side, but his virtues are real. His teams are well coached and they play with big-time class. What he will do this year with a crop of sixteen- and seventeen-year-olds is a matter for history, but it will be a good-looking and hard-fighting outfit even when it loses. Diddle has been given automobiles, watches, traveling bags, wearing apparel and money gifts by the proud citizenry of Bowling Green and if he has a good year this season may even come up with a few ration books from admirers.

A New York writer was pressing Kelly Thompson for an explanation of why Diddle stayed at Bowling Green when he could get better offers elsewhere. To all replies by Thompson, the writer was skeptical. He wanted to know the real reason and wouldn't be satisfied with anything else. Why did Diddle stay there? Why didn't he leave for something better?

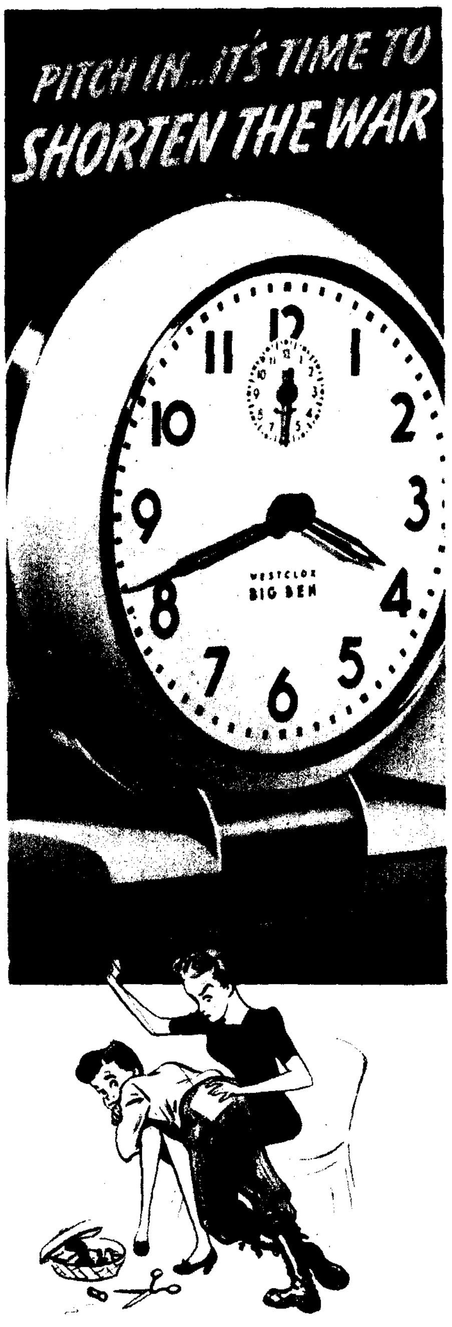
"Brother," said Kelly tenderly, "you're looking at things from the wrong angle. If Ed was to leave down there, it wouldn't be a departure; it'd be an abdication. He's czar in those parts."

THE END



"But, dear, aren't you afraid the glass will leave a ring?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA



Use it up—wear it out—
Make it do—or do without

A patriotic lady
Is Mrs. Thomas Cady
She's as helpful to the war
As she can be

For she patches and she stitches
On her Jimmy's old school britches
Does her bit to hasten
Vic-tor-y

So remember, all you ladies
When it's time for papa's paydays
And you're tempted to buy
Something you don't need . . .

Don't forget that patching britches
Is as important as our blitzes
When it comes to hast'nin'
Vic-tor-y!

Big Ben

BIG BEN*
Keeps America On Time
WESTCLOX*

*Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Because Westclox craftsmen and facilities are devoted to vital war work, Big Ben and other Westclox are not being made until further notice. WESTCLOX, Division of General Time Instruments Corp., La Salle-Peru, Illinois.

Hello Darling

BY JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

In theatrical legend, the Broadway producer is a heel who breaks aspiring actresses' hearts—here's the low-down on how a heel gets that way

THE escallopine of veal had been excellent. Monte Small opened his gold-crested cigar case and offered a Havana Special Blend to Lou Callan of Premier Pictures.

Callan took one. "Look, Monte—" he began earnestly.

"Dessert or coffee?" Small inquired. "A liqueur?"

His companion shook his head. "Look, Monte," he went on, pulling his chair closer to the table. "You know darn' well neither Metro nor Warner's is going to top any hundred twenty-five thousand."

Small lighted his cigar and contemplated the thick blue curls of smoke. "I've got no idea at all," he said gently, "what Metro or Warner's or anybody is going to do. All I know is, the picture rights of Forever Yours are going to cost somebody one hundred and fifty grand." He called for the check, signed it and tipped the waiter and headwaiter a dollar each. "Got to get back to the office, Lou," he explained, rising.

Callan stood up reluctantly. "I'll have to talk to the Coast about it, Monte. I'll call you later."

"Sure. Sure, Lou," said Small amiably. "Glad to hear from you any time."

It took him the better part of a half hour to get out of Sardi's. The tables were filled with acquaintances—fellow producers, theater operators, playwrights, a scattering of solvent actors and press agents—and his progress was interrupted every few feet by greetings and handshakings. When at last he reached the door he favored Renée, the hat-check girl, with a "How're you, honey?" and another dollar. He pretended not to hear a round-eyed girl standing near by whisper to her companion, "There's Monte Small, the producer."

Monte Small, the producer, walked slowly east on Forty-fourth Street and turned up Broadway. There was, it seemed to him, a snap and glitter in the October sunlight that gave a sheen even to the drab prospect of Times Square at midday. His escallopine of veal sat well on his stomach and his new double-breasted pin-stripe did things to his figure that only a two hundred dollar suit can do. A few blocks away a huge electric sign filled half the heavens. The sign said:

MONTE SMALL
presents
LORETTA LYNN
in
FOREVER YOURS
Royal Theater
**** — News

In the four blocks between Sardi's and his office he had to pause perhaps a dozen times to acknowledge the greetings of passers-by. He nodded and waved affably, and a warm, almost purring, sensation of well-being enveloped him. So they said Broadway was tough, did they? A hard, brassy trollop with a pebble for a heart. Some people's Broadway, maybe, but not Monte Small's! It might be crazy, all right, but it was friendly, human, alive. Where else in the world (ruminated Monte Small) could one see such pretty faces, hear such friendly greetings, meet such intelligent, charming people? A hundred and fifty thousand dollars! Whew!

SMALL let himself into his private office. It was a luxurious room with dark, heavy furnishings, paneled with hundreds of signed photographs. He sat down at his desk and rang for Miss Josephs.

"Any calls?" he inquired.

Miss Josephs looked at her pad. She was forty-five and tired looking, and Small had hired her because she was the only woman he had ever met who didn't want to go on the stage. "Mr. Fadiman of Metro. Mr. Wilk of Warners. And Acme Agency about the fight tickets."

"Have they got them?"

"They said four in the third row ringside."

Small frowned. "I told them first row or nothing. Call them back."

"How about Mr. Fadiman and Mr. Wilk?"

"Don't bother." Small smiled a little. "They'll call again."

Miss Josephs nodded. "And Miss Lynn is here."

Small looked up in surprise. He had not been expecting a visit from the star of Forever Yours. "What's she steamed up about now?" he asked.

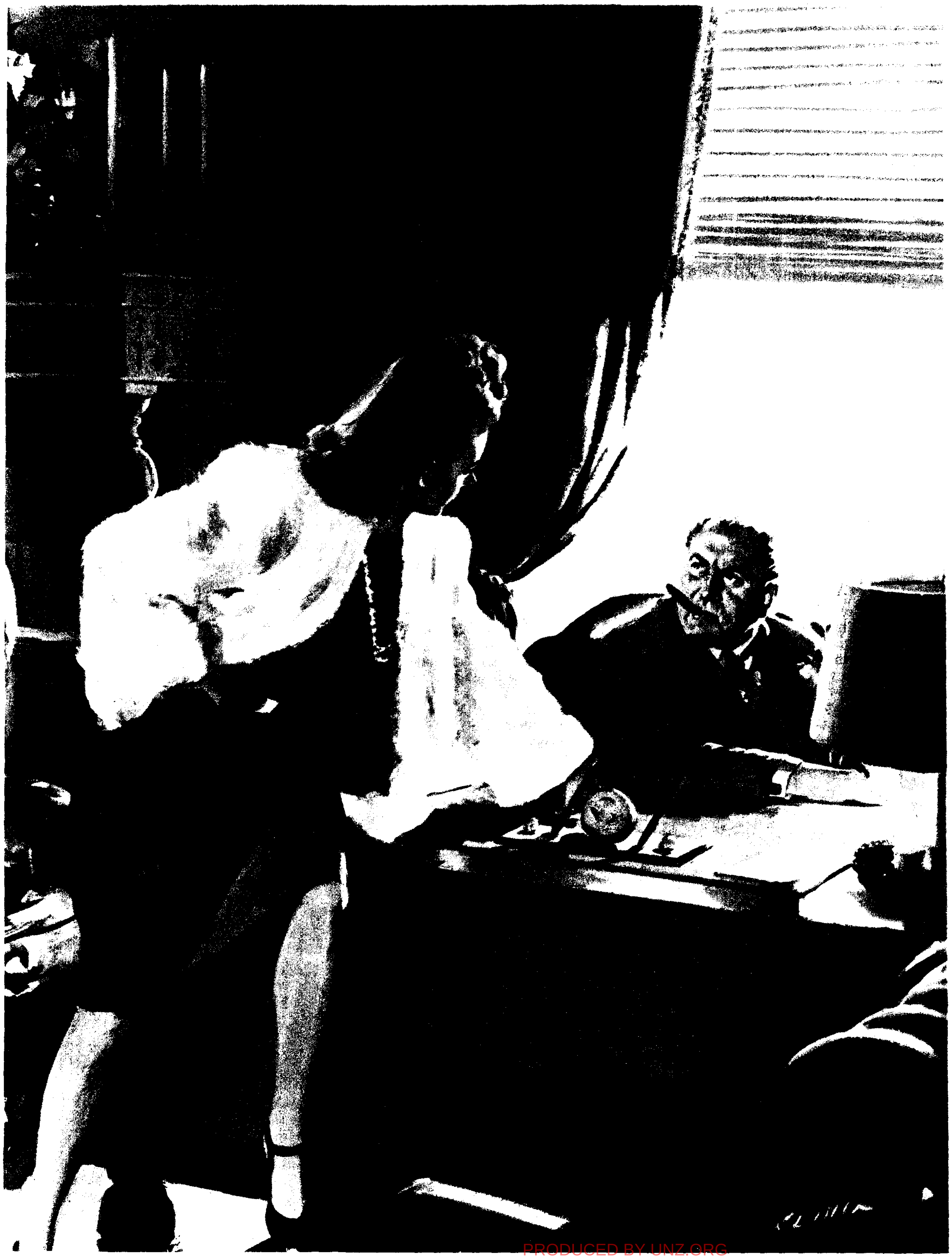
"I don't know. She arrived just a moment before you rang."

"Humph. Anyone else?"

"Miss Walters is here, and that young girl about the understudy part. They've both been waiting about an hour."

"Tell Miss Lynn to come in," Small said. Miss Josephs crossed to the door. "And tell those muzzlers over at Acme," he called after her, "that if I don't get first

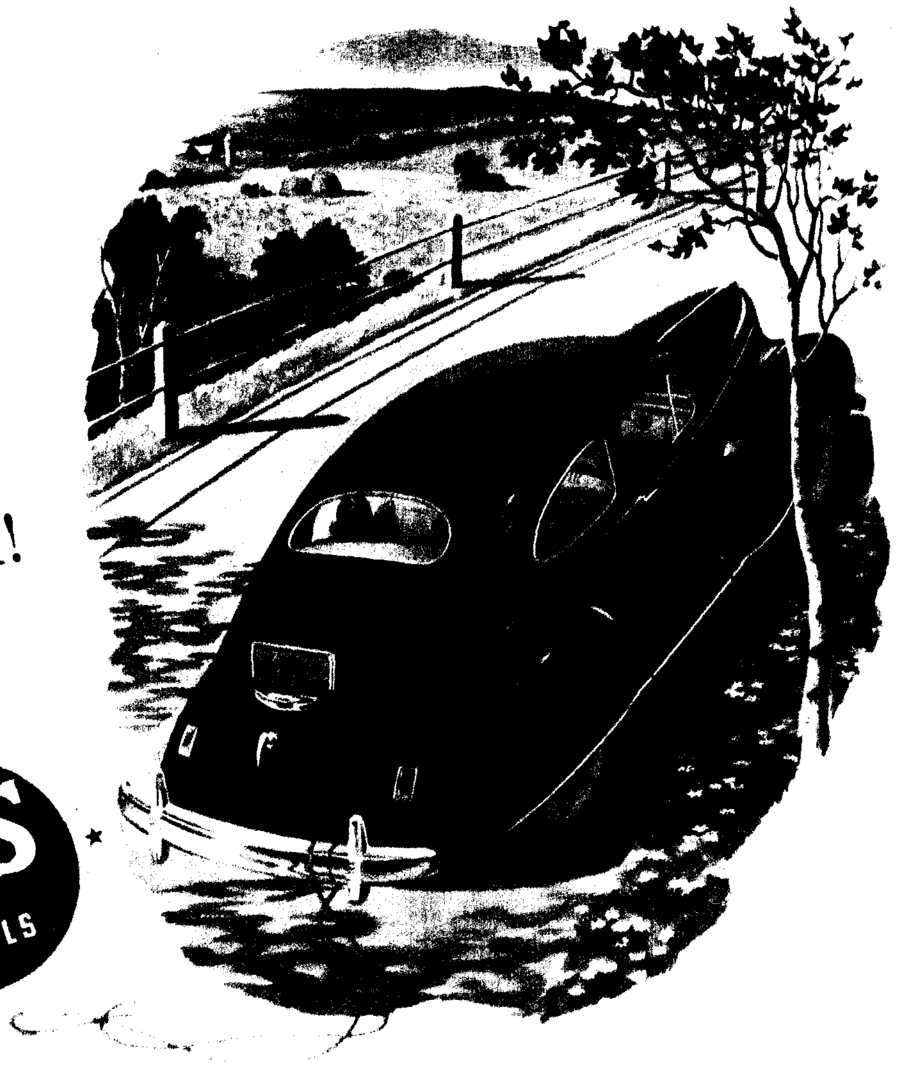
(Continued on page 48)



"You heard me." Miss Lynn emphasized her words with a sharp rapping of her nails. "Either you give that woman notice before tonight's performance or I give you mine"

Why do they make helmets out of STEEL?

Because you can't beat STEEL for protection!



Protection is nothing to gamble with. You know what it means in war. Steel provides it. Steel will provide it in peacetime products too. New cars, planes, refrigerators, tools, all will benefit from the new better wartime steels . . . many of them born in 174 United States Steel laboratories. You will find the U·S·S label on these better steels. That is *your* protection when buying.

UNITED STATES STEEL

AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY · AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY · CARNEGIE-ILLINOIS STEEL CORPORATION · COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY · CYCLONE FENCE DIVISION · FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING & DRY DOCK COMPANY · NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY · TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY TUBULAR ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION · UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY · UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY COMPANY · UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY · VIRGINIA BRIDGE COMPANY

She's the Sergeant Who Blighted My Life!
I GET ALL SQUARED AWAY TO SIGN UP FOR THE LONG HITCH WITH HER— AN' SHE QUITS ME COLD!
BILL, WHAT YOU WANNA SQUARE AWAY IS THAT BREATH OF YOURS! YEP! ASK YOUR DENTIST!
BILL ASKS HIS DENTIST!
TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH— HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS— REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
CONGRATULATIONS, BILL! SURE LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND!
YEP! THANKS TO YOUR TIP-OFF, ANDY—SHE'S NOW THE SERGEANT WHO'S ALSO MY WIFE!
COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS? Saturday Night—NBC Network

War Wedding

Continued from page 17

"But we couldn't afford to run it."

"Most of the expense has to go on anyway and is my business. If I let the cook go, I'd never get her back. Just look after everything for me and I'll be eternally grateful. And please treat the house as your own if you want to entertain or to have anyone stay with you. It will be a satisfaction to me to have someone using it."

Whichever way the favor tipped the scales, it had been settled. So Commander Dixon was enjoying the rather unusual opportunity of having a home to which he could bring young officers who needed a break or a boost. Sally was losing her hospital pallor, and Roxane wished often that Kay could see how well everything was working out for the present. She had written her sister, urging her to come down to visit her at any time it might be possible. She and Chip would love to see Kay and Jeremy, and it wasn't even necessary to send word in advance, she wrote. There was plenty of room.

KAY did not send word that she was coming. She arrived one night, alone, after Chip had gone back to headquarters to do some extra work. Roxane was sitting before a small coal fire, listening to Celia read aloud to her and Sally. She was doing some sewing for the sailors and listening carelessly because she knew the story well. Her mind was gratefully conscious of the pleasant, safe hour and her own good luck during a war, when the doorbell rang.

"You go, Sally," she said, "but turn on the outside lights before you open the door. It's probably someone with a message for your father."

She halted her work for a moment, waiting to see who had been ringing. Then Sally called, in tremendous excitement, "Mother, here's Kay!"

Kay came in, a brilliant smile on her face because of the little girls, but Roxane felt almost instantly that was the only reason for it. Her coat with the fur lining was slung over her shoulders and she looked smartly dressed, deliberately dramatized, a girl who expected to be stared at. That, too, seemed false to Roxane. Kay's smile and her clothes were trying to create an effect that the dark shadows around her eyes didn't bear out. The blue eyes were the color of a sea in a storm tonight, dark without brilliance.

"Why, how wonderful!" exclaimed Roxane, seeing it all in one glance and dropping everything in a heap as she welcomed her sister.

"I hope you meant what you said when you asked me to come, Roxie. You said I didn't have to let you know."

"I never meant anything more. I've been so hoping you'd manage it. Is Jeremy here, too?"

"No. He's in Chicago." Kay took off her hat, opened her bag and took out a package of lemon drops. "Not much of a present, but all I could get in the station. I decided to come in a hurry."

"How did it happen? A vacation?"

"In a way." She seemed to choose her words or her story, for she hesitated as if deciding what to tell. "There's a complete upset on Comment. It wasn't any surprise to me. I'd had wind of it some time ago. But Flannery himself called me in a few days ago and told me the whole thing."

"Is it something you don't like?"

"I don't know yet. The magazine will probably be quite different, for a new crowd takes over next month and Flannery is going to Hollywood. He was grand to me about it. He said that he was sure I'd be kept on and even said that he might find a spot for me in Hollywood."

"Are you going in the movies, Kay?" asked Celia breathlessly.

"Would you?" countered Kay. "I don't think he had exactly that in mind. But you never can tell. I'm certainly footloose." She explained to Roxane further. "Anyway, Flannery said that it was a good time to take a couple of weeks off right now because he was still boss and could let me have them. And I wanted to get out of New York."

The last sentence was in a different key. The children didn't notice but Roxane did.

"I'm so glad you came here."

Kay said, "It's surprising how few places there are to go to. I thought at first that I might go out home to Midland and see the folks. But Wisconsin's so far off and I didn't want to upset them, anyway."

Why would you upset them, wondered Roxane?

"Anyway, it would have taken weeks to get any reservation. In normal times," said Kay, "it was always easy to get places. And people wanted you to come to see them and kept asking you. It's funny—when you look around now there's hardly anywhere to go, hardly anyone who wants you."

She said it quite lightly, as if she were trying to make a joke.

"And Jerry's in Chicago? I'm surprised that he didn't take you along with him."

"There was no chance he'd do that on this trip," said Kay and the sentence sounded harsh and bitter. She seemed aware of it for she added, quickly, "He'd gone anyway before Flannery told me about the shift. And his plans couldn't—include me. What a lovely house this is, Roxie! You certainly landed on your feet for once."

"It's wonderful, if it doesn't spoil us."

"It won't. You'll walk out of it when the time comes, without looking back. I know the Dixons."

"Girls," asked Roxane, "which room shall we give to Kay?"

"Then I can stay?" Kay asked trying to laugh again. "It won't be very long. Just until I've had time to think a few things out."

ROXANE didn't probe. They went upstairs and let the little girls show off the bedrooms and baths, and then they all had hot cocoa before Sally and Celia went to bed. Even after that Roxane did not try to force her sister's confidence and Kay told her nothing more. But when Chip came home to the pleasant surprise of finding Kay there, questions about Jeremy were inevitable.

"This Michigan trip isn't a change of duty?"

"No. It's part of the same thing. Public relations for the Navy."

"Jerry's still restless, I suppose."

"Yes. More restless than I guessed, I think."

Chip mixed himself a drink and came back to the fire to talk it over. He had a wise, ugly, kind face with ears that stuck out as if he had washed behind them with too much pressure.

"Just the same, this present experience may be good for him," he said. "It may be just what he needs."

Kay stood up suddenly, throwing her cigarette on the coals as if she had to do something. She'd hardly begun to smoke it. Chip went on evenly, explaining what he meant.

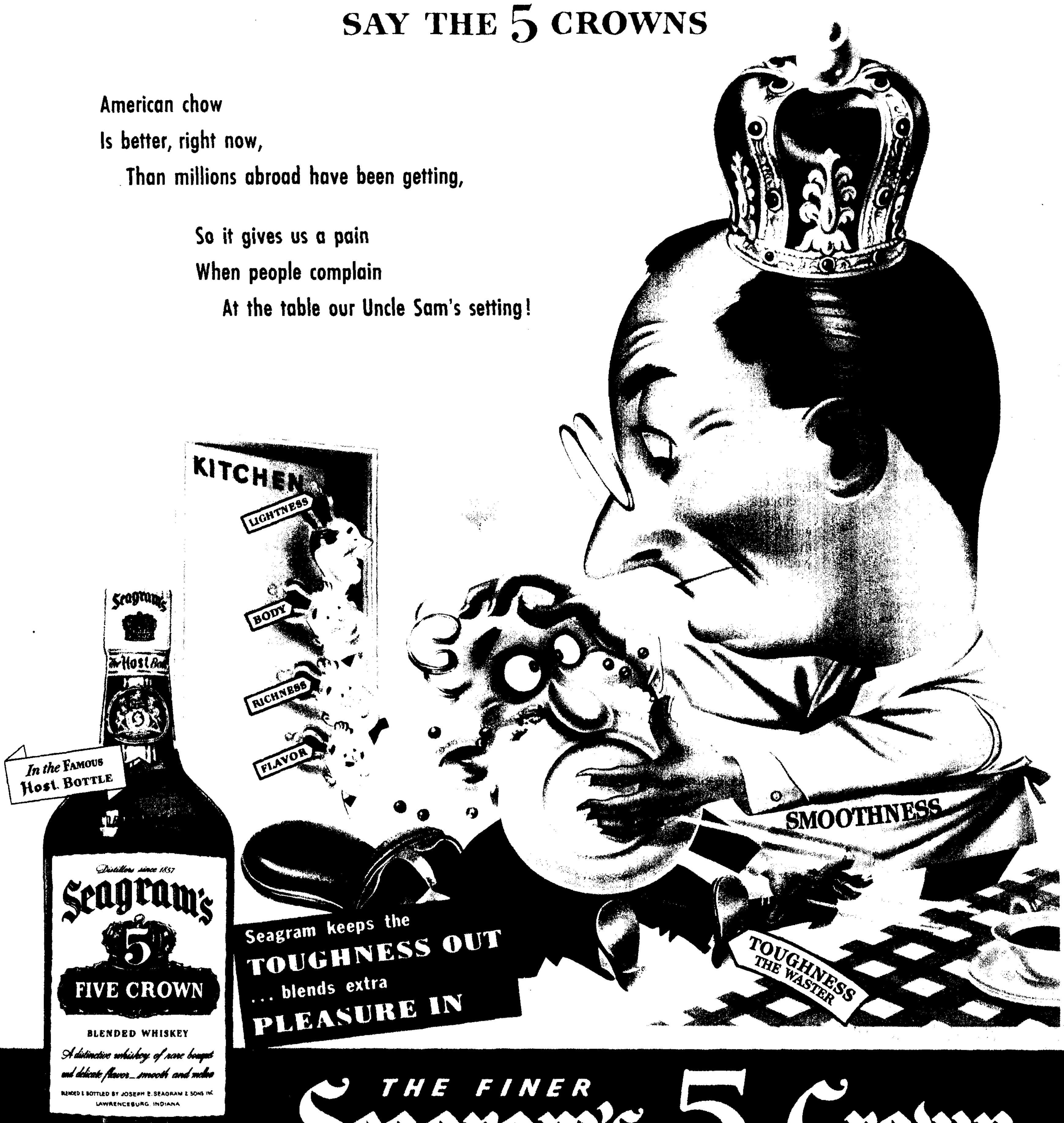
"You see, these fellows who've been in action aren't always the best judges of themselves or their condition. They didn't hospitalize Jerry, because there was nothing physically wrong with him and nothing nervously definite like combat fatigue

"BE GRATEFUL FOR THAT PLATEFUL!"

SAY THE 5 CROWNS

American chow
Is better, right now,
Than millions abroad have been getting,

So it gives us a pain
When people complain
At the table our Uncle Sam's setting!


KITCHEN
LIGHTNESS
BODY
RICHNESS
FLAVOR
SMOOTHNESS
TOUGHNESS THE WASTER
In the Famous Host Bottle
Seagram's
The Host Bottle
Distillers since 1857
Seagram's
5
FIVE CROWN
BLENDED WHISKEY
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and delicate flavor—smooth and mellow
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS INC. LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA
Seagram keeps the TOUGHNESS OUT ... blends extra PLEASURE IN

THE FINER

Seagram's 5 Crown

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

$1

You're Lucky

PIONEER

PLASTIC*

BRACES & BELTS

are Back Again!

Yes, these easy-stretch, softly pliable Pioneer *Plastic* Braces and Belts of pre-war days are obtainable once more at your favorite men's wear counter! . . . The Braces are the original, famous Pioneer Streamlox that clip on or off in a jiffy. The Belts have just enough give to be supremely comfortable. Smartly styled, these fine quality accessories are a compliment to your good taste.

$1

*Made of "Vinylite" brand resin T.M.C. & CCC.

PIONEER

PHILADELPHIA

BELTS . . . BRACES . . . GARTERS . . . WALLETS

"For Men Who Care What They Wear"

or shell shock. But somewhere along the line the word may have been passed that he was to have a kind of rest, whether he thought he needed it or not."

"You think so?"

"I don't know. Who's going to tell me what goes through the Bureau of Navy Personnel? But there are good men attending to officer distribution, and they must have their ears to the ground and be trying to do the best job possible. My own guess is that relaxation even against his will and maybe even a little boredom hasn't been a bad thing for that husband of yours."

Kay sat there listening. As if she very much wanted to hear this. Chip talked on, for it was pleasant to stand before this fireplace just as if it were his own and to talk a little after a hard day's concentration.

"Active service of the sort that Jeremy's been on, for instance—and I know something about it—hits men different ways. I don't think the average civilian understands that. He's been going to the office every day and he knows what's happening from the newspapers and maybe he takes it seriously enough. He chews it over with his friends. But he's got a different attitude from that of a man who's been fighting for his life and been up against primitive conditions and savages. It makes a change in a man, especially if he's not a regular soldier or sailor and has had to absorb a lot of experience very quickly."

"How does it change a man?" asked Kay.

"Oh, you can't always tell. It works differently. But I've known men to come back from service who couldn't take up their old lives at all. I mean they'd broken certain habits and couldn't pick them up again. They wanted to get away from people, sometimes people they'd liked before. They want a new stimulus, new excitement. You can't blame them."

Roxane was sewing but she also could watch Kay's face. Chip's saying the wrong thing, she thought. She's taking that the wrong way. He doesn't mean it personally.

"No, you shouldn't blame them," Kay agreed.

"Jerry'll get his break when the time comes. Unless the war ends sooner than we think possible."

Hastily Roxane drew the subject in that direction. "The news looks awfully good, doesn't it?"

"When the war ends you'll have to give up this house, Mamma," said Chip. "You'll have to get out of the lap of luxury."

"What do I care?" his wife answered. "I felt almost guilty tonight thinking of how cozy we are while people are being blown to bits and fighting for corners to survive in."

"Jerry often talks like that," said Kay.

SHE thought: The war means more to them than it has to me, in spite of all the writing and talking I've done about it. And lately all I've cared about has been my own happiness, my own love. It's been more important to me than peace coming closer to the world. That shows how I'm slipping, what a cheat I am. I must try to see things as they are, straight and in proportion. Perhaps I had my share of love. Some people don't get any or have it torn away from them even more quickly than I did. If he's tired of me and wants someone else I must try to be fair about it. Perhaps Brenda makes him more stimulated. But I know he was happy with me—I thought so. Maybe he was pretending after he came back. It may even have been Brenda he wanted from the beginning. What if I always was the casual person in Jerry's life? Even though I was the one he married, that could have been true.

The thoughts fought with one another furiously. She was their battleground and she felt worn and ravaged. It had been going on like that for what seemed a very long time. But was it only last night that she had talked to Jeremy? And only this morning that she had known she must leave New York before he came back?

What was Chip saying? Something about the strength of the Japanese fleet. She tried to listen and involuntarily her hand went to her forehead as if to force attention.

"Kay, you're tired. You're worn out," said Roxane. "I'm going to send everybody to bed."

"I'm on a vacation," protested Kay, but when she stood up she swayed with sudden dizziness.

"If you ask me," Roxane told Chip when they were alone in their room, "I think that girl is going to have a baby."

"Did she say so?"

"No, and I didn't ask her. She didn't seem to want to talk. But there's a certain strain in her face that comes at a time like that. It's a haunted look."

"You never had it," said Chip.

"Yes, I did. But you were away a good deal of the time. And when you were home you never noticed. Men don't," said Roxane, "unless a woman is actively sick or as big as a house."

"What are you so cross about?"

"I'm not," answered his wife. "Go to sleep." But she was for the moment annoyed with men, though not on her own account. Roxane fell asleep wondering how far she should go in minding her own business. She had decided that she could at least advise Kay to see a doctor.

KAY took the suggestion well next morning.

"I was thinking about doing that," she said, "even before."

"Before what?"

"I mean before things happened—the Comment shake-up."

"There's no time like the present."

"I know. I have the name of the doctor that Betsy Totten saw when she was here. I didn't tell her why I wanted it but I called her yesterday and worked around to it."

"How's Betsy?"

"Happy as a lark and very competent. The way she always was and always will be."

"Her husband's at sea now, isn't he?"

"Yes, but she has plenty to think about. And Betsy isn't the kind of person who has dreadful things happen to her."

"What kind of person is that," asked Roxane, "and how can you get that way?"

Kay laughed. "By being Betsy and very orderly, I guess."

She was not in the house when Jerry telephoned from New York. Roxane took the call and his voice fitted in with the way her sister had looked when she came in last night. It sounded as if there had been trouble.

"Hello, Roxane. How are you?" he asked hastily, and then, "I wanted to find out if Kay is there."

"Why, yes, she got here last night. Where are you, Jerry? In Chicago?"

"No, I'm back in New York." He fumbled with an explanation of why he didn't know where his wife was. "I haven't had time to see if Kay left a message for me."

That was not true. He was at the apartment and he had been searching for any note or word. There was none.

"Well, she's here, but just now she's not in the house. She's in town. Can't you come down and see us, too, Jerry? Kay's crazy about this house we've been handed on a silver platter. You should see Chip as lord of the manor."

"I've no leave coming to me," said Jerry, "not right now. Sorry. Is Kay all right?"

"Why, she looks a little tired, I thought. I suppose it may be because of that excitement on the magazine. Anyway, the two weeks' vacation is what she should have and I'm so glad she came to us."

Jeremy was learning things he didn't know. It never occurred to him that perhaps Roxane was deliberately arranging the pattern for him to see, just in case Kay had walked out. "Take care of her, will you, Roxane?" he asked.

Roxane wondered if she should say anything about Kay's visit to the doctor. She decided against it. That was one of the boundary lines of minding one's own business.

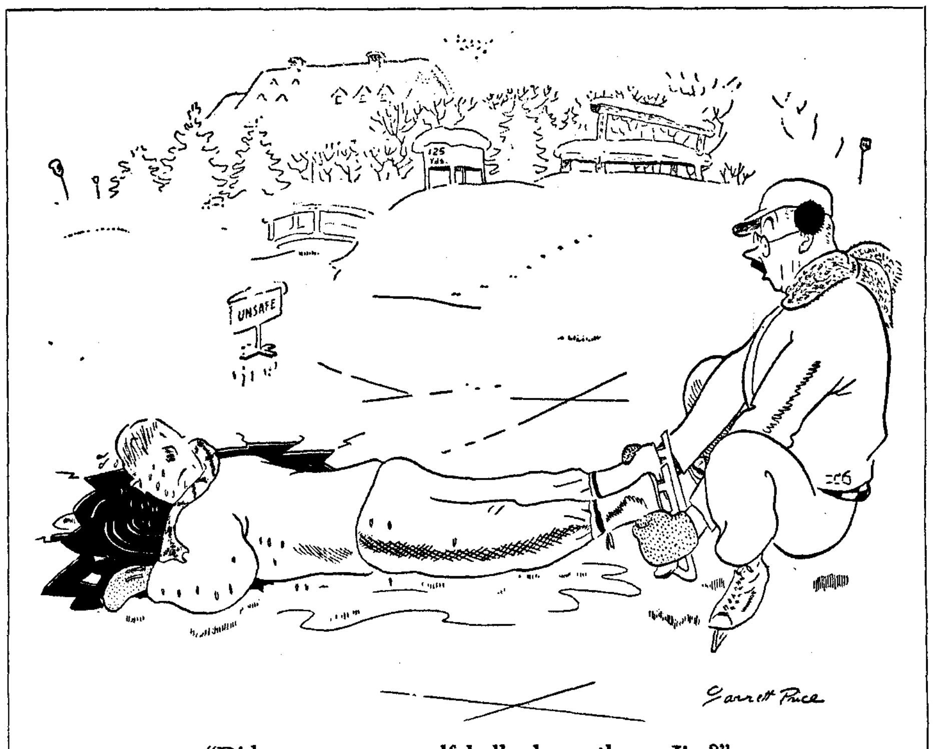
"I'll tell her you're back and that you called. Shall I say you want her to call back?"

"Will you? No, don't ask her to do it unless she wants to. Unless it's convenient, I mean. What I mean to say is that she knows how to reach me. I don't want her to be bothering about me. She's got a right to get away for a while. I just wanted to be sure she got there."

It sounded all wrong, like trouble. It wasn't even very quotable conversation, as Roxane discovered when she tried to relay it to her sister.

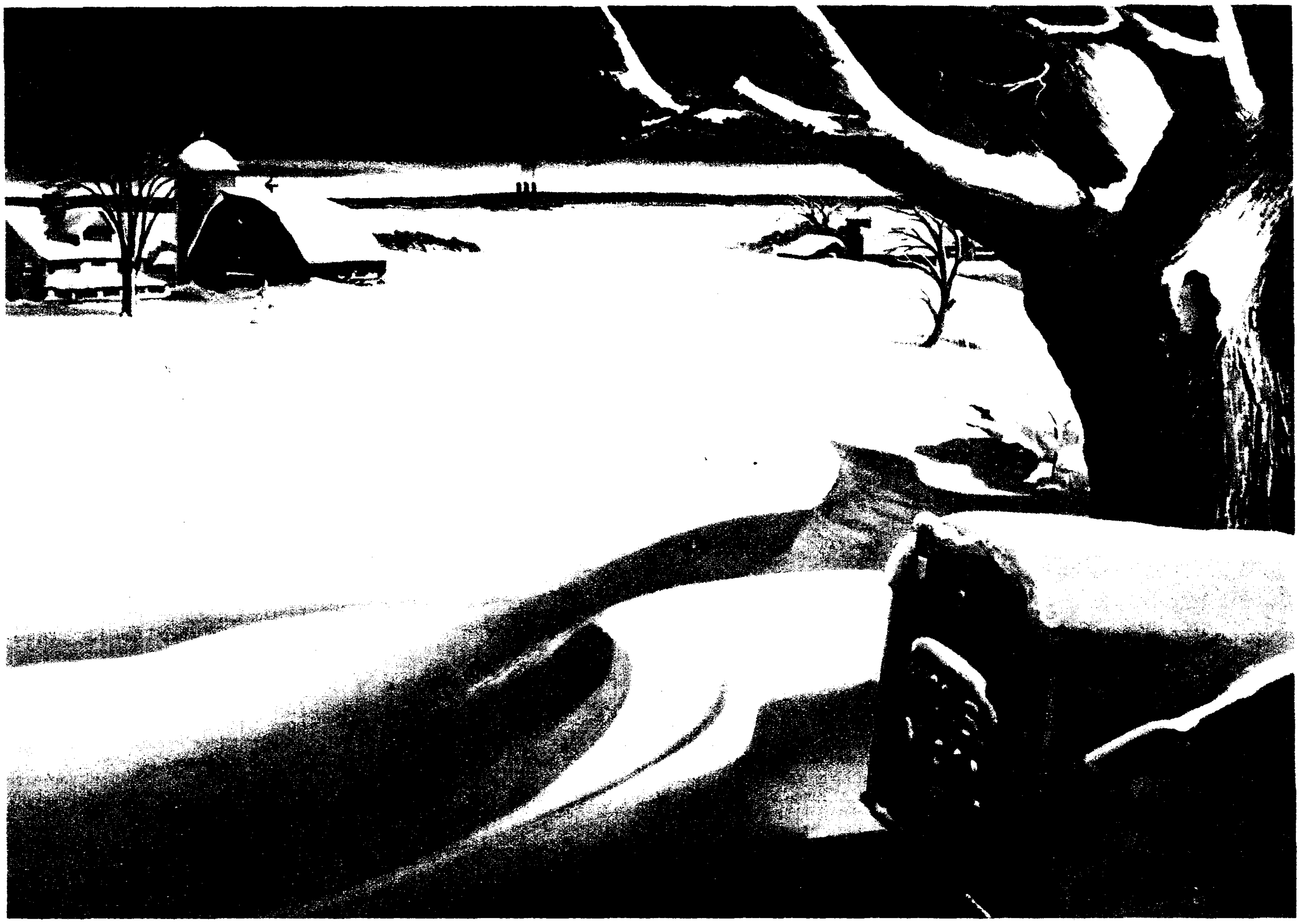
"While you were out, Kay, Jerry called up."

Kay said, "Yes? Was it for anything special?"

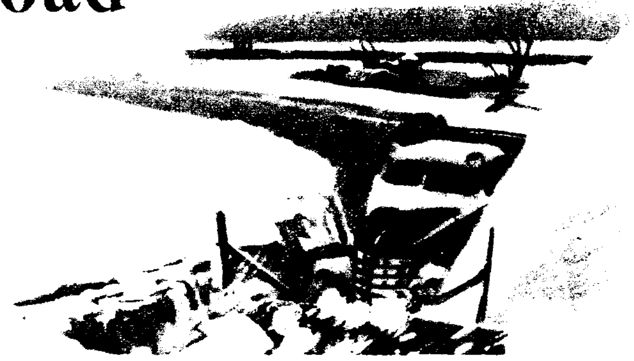


COLLIER'S "Did you see any golf balls down there, Jim?" GARRETT PRICE

HIGHWAY TRANSPORT . . . VITAL TO VICTORY AND THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE



Somewhere There's a Road



Somewhere under this blanket of snow, there's a highway . . . a vital artery of commerce serving rich farm lands and important industrial areas.

In a few moments, truck-driven snowplows and sand spreaders will prepare the way for scores of other trucks to follow . . . trucks carrying milk and munitions, cattle and cannon, farm and factory products of every description . . . trucks that must get through regardless of the weather.

Multiply this picture a thousandfold and you'll get some idea of the huge job performed by highway maintenance trucks on almost any winter day. And snow removal is only a small part of the story.

Throughout the country, 170,000 to 200,000 trucks are regularly engaged in road maintenance, construction and repair . . . in order that the rest of our nation's 4,000,000 trucks can continue to help America out-produce and out-transport the Axis on the home front.

Joseph B. Eastman, director of the Office of Defense Transportation, recently stated: *"Automotive Transportation is absolutely essential to the winning of the War. Goods must reach their destinations and workers must get to their jobs . . . on time."* Join the U. S. Truck Conservation Corps and keep your trucks in best possible condition. Your GMC truck dealer is pledged to help you.

Pledged U.S. TRUCK CONSERVATION CORPS

INVEST IN VICTORY . . . BUY MORE WAR BONDS

GMC TRUCK & COACH DIVISION

General Motors Corporation

Home of Commercial GMC Trucks and GM Coaches . . . Volume Producer of GMC Army Trucks and Amphibian "Ducks"

"THE FINEST COLA I EVER TASTED!"
CANADA DRY
Spur
TRADE MARK REG.
Spur

The COLA drink with Canada Dry Quality

Bottled and Distributed by Licensees of Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

"He said he'd just got back to New York and wanted to know if you'd got here all right."

Kay seemed to be waiting.

"He said you know where to reach him. But that you didn't have to bother about him."

"I knew that," she said.

"What did the doctor say?"

"I'm going to have a baby."

"Oh, Kay—how grand—do call Jerry and tell him!"

Kay turned and faced her sister. She looked as if one ordeal had been laid on another. Her face seemed sharpened, her eyes enormous.

"Roxie," she said, "don't ask me questions and please don't let me bother you or Chip. There's a war and Chip's in it, and Jerry's in it, too. I'm just one more of a million women who's going to have a baby and I'm glad of it. More glad than I could tell you. It's something that I can still do. But I don't want Jerry to know about this. Not now. Just let me have a few days to think things out and make plans and then I can go back to New York and face everything. You see, there have to be new plans. And I have to make them."

"I can't help, you poor child?"

"If you just won't ask me anything, that would help."

"I won't," promised Roxane.

THEY were easier together after that conversation, even with its blockade. Roxane kept her word. She found other things to do for her sister, like having officers for dinner who made the conversation important and interesting. She asked Kay to take the children shopping and to a movie, knowing that companionship with Celia and Sally would be a comfort and perhaps set up a dream for the future in Kay's mind. At lunch on the third day of Kay's visit, she handed over a letter to Kay which had just been forwarded from the Comment office and when Kay looked at the handwriting she didn't either open it or finish her lunch. Roxane left her sister alone for the rest of the afternoon.

The letter was from Brenda. Kay opened it in her own room after she had locked the door even against the children. It began: "My dear Kay, Jerry has told me how disturbed you are. About us. I really don't know what to say—"

But that was another lie. Brenda knew exactly what to say, how to confirm the last suspicion, turn the knife and crumble any faith that might be lingering.

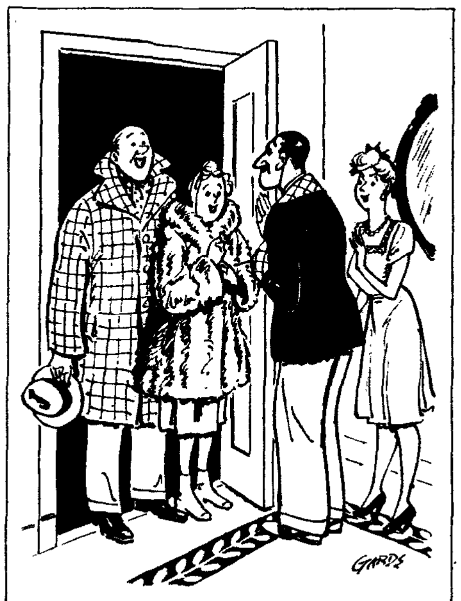
She wrote: "Jerry says that he told you what happened because you asked him point-blank, and he couldn't lie to you. I think I might have asked him not to tell you but I'm glad now that you do know, even though poor Jerry suffers so terribly because he's hurt you. Please believe him if he tells you that he didn't mean to let this happen. I know that to be true. I suppose some things are inevitable. I don't know and I'm quite willing to face the consequences along with Jerry. My only defense is that it seemed right because we were so happy, and I can't conceive of happiness as being wrong. But, of course, you may not see it that way. Nor may the rest of the world. That doesn't matter very much to me.

"I told Jerry I knew you would probably hate me but I hope you will remember one thing. I've known Jerry for quite a long time. I've known him longer than you have and he's been first with me all that time. I stepped out of the picture when I thought you were the one who could make him happy. Perhaps you will remember that now. He's had a hard time in this dreadful war, and nobody knows what's coming next, and I think that insofar as it's possible, whatever we do ought to be made as easy as possible for him and for his family, who are such grand people, as you know, and who have been so good to me. We're all pretty much at your mercy, Kay, but since you're the kind of person you are that doesn't frighten me. Please forgive me for hurting you. Brenda."

Kay read it, twisted it into a rag with contempt and then spread it out and read it again, its wrinkled surface mocking her as if she could not destroy the cruelty of the words.

She put on her hat and coat and went out for a walk by herself. Just as women always do when they get word that their husbands are through with them, Kay thought bitterly. But what else can we do? I suppose many times in New York I have passed women who were carrying personal horrors in their minds and I never looked twice at them. It isn't important. It is just one more human relation falsified, gone sour. No one has died. No one has been killed. To Jerry, who's seen so much raw death, this probably doesn't seem very important, not nearly so much so as getting a change of duty. It's certainly a kind of change of duty.

Hours passed before she went back to Roxane's house. She made herself go sight-seeing in the interval, to look at the city through the windows of busses. She made a few notes, projected an article she would write when she went back to Comment. There was no choice about going back there now. She would go back and earn all she could. She'd ask for a raise and save every cent and then when the baby's birth was quite close, perhaps she could go out to her mother until it was over. Or, if that would embarrass them, there must be a country town where things would be cheap.



"I smell coal gas. You lucky dog!"

COLLIER'S GARDE

She went over her clothes mentally, figuring out which ones could be altered to suit her condition. She saw a thousand sailors in the streets and for each she would feel tenderness, as if they all were related to her, all part of her branch of the service. Then she would remember that that wasn't true any more.

It was a long afternoon, a kind of practice for other afternoons, she told herself, but when she opened Roxane's door again there was more color in her cheeks and light in her eyes than her sister had seen there since Kay had arrived. Roxane was in the living room and she had company for she was talking to some man. Kay tried to go upstairs quietly but Roxane was watching for her.

She called, "Kay, there's someone here to see you."

Jeremy, thought Kay, and every nerve grew taut. She thought: I won't see him, but she turned and went into the pretty drawing room. It was not Jeremy. Ward Ingram was coming toward her.

"Hello, Kay. I hope you don't mind my barging in on you like this. Your sister has certainly been kind."

"I'm kind, too. I take after her. Of course, I'm glad to see you. But how do you happen to be here?"

"I came from New York."

Without any pretense, Roxane said, "You two want to talk. I know you do. Ward says he's going back on the six-o'clock. I'll be down again after a while."

Ward asked, as if he knew there had been trouble, "Are you really all right?"

"Yes—but did you come all this way just to find that out?"

"Distance doesn't matter much sometimes. Time's more important but I was lucky. Kay, I'm not going to beat about the bush. I got to New York yesterday. It's the last lap, for I'm going to take the Clipper tomorrow."

"Where to?"

"Lisbon, then Italy for a while. France is in view. I expect I'll be a kind of camp follower in my own line."

"What lots you're going to see and do!"

"Plenty of things. I don't know where it will lead but it's bound to be useful. If I'm going to be in the political end of war, I'm going to do a good job. And there may not be any campaign stripes given out but the diplomatic end of the war doesn't come when they stop shooting. The duration for me may be a long time."

"I'm going to miss you awfully."

"Don't miss me. Wait for me. Let me send for you when I can, Kay. Please let me talk for a minute before you say the old things over again. Last night when I got to New York I went to the Plaza and I met Brenda there. Waiting for somebody in the English Room."

"Waiting for Jeremy, you mean? Don't sidestep it. There's no need."

"So she told me. She said you weren't in town, when I asked about you. I didn't try to get anything out of her, you understand?"

"You wouldn't have to. She was dying to tell you about it, I suppose."

"That was certainly the way she acted, though she put up a kind of front about not being able to tell me what had happened."

"WELL—then what else?" asked Kay. "What did she actually tell you, Ward? You can't hurt my feelings."

"She didn't come right out with anything, but she intimated that you and Jeremy Wing are through. Look here, Kay, I've said goodby to you more than once and I've let you go and meant it. Because I had to. But I couldn't go to Europe, if anything like this has happened, without seeing you first. So when I couldn't find you at your apartment I contacted Flannery. He said you had said you'd be in Norfolk with your sister, and I canceled a couple of appointments and got the first train."

"Important appointments?" she asked.

"Never mind. They aren't as important as this. How true is it, Kay? Is there anything to what Brenda was hinting at?"

She said, "Why didn't you ask Jerry?"

"He didn't come in while I was there. But I wouldn't have asked him anyway. What I want to know has to come from you and nobody else."

He waited and finally she spoke with difficulty.

"It's extraordinarily hard to say, Ward."

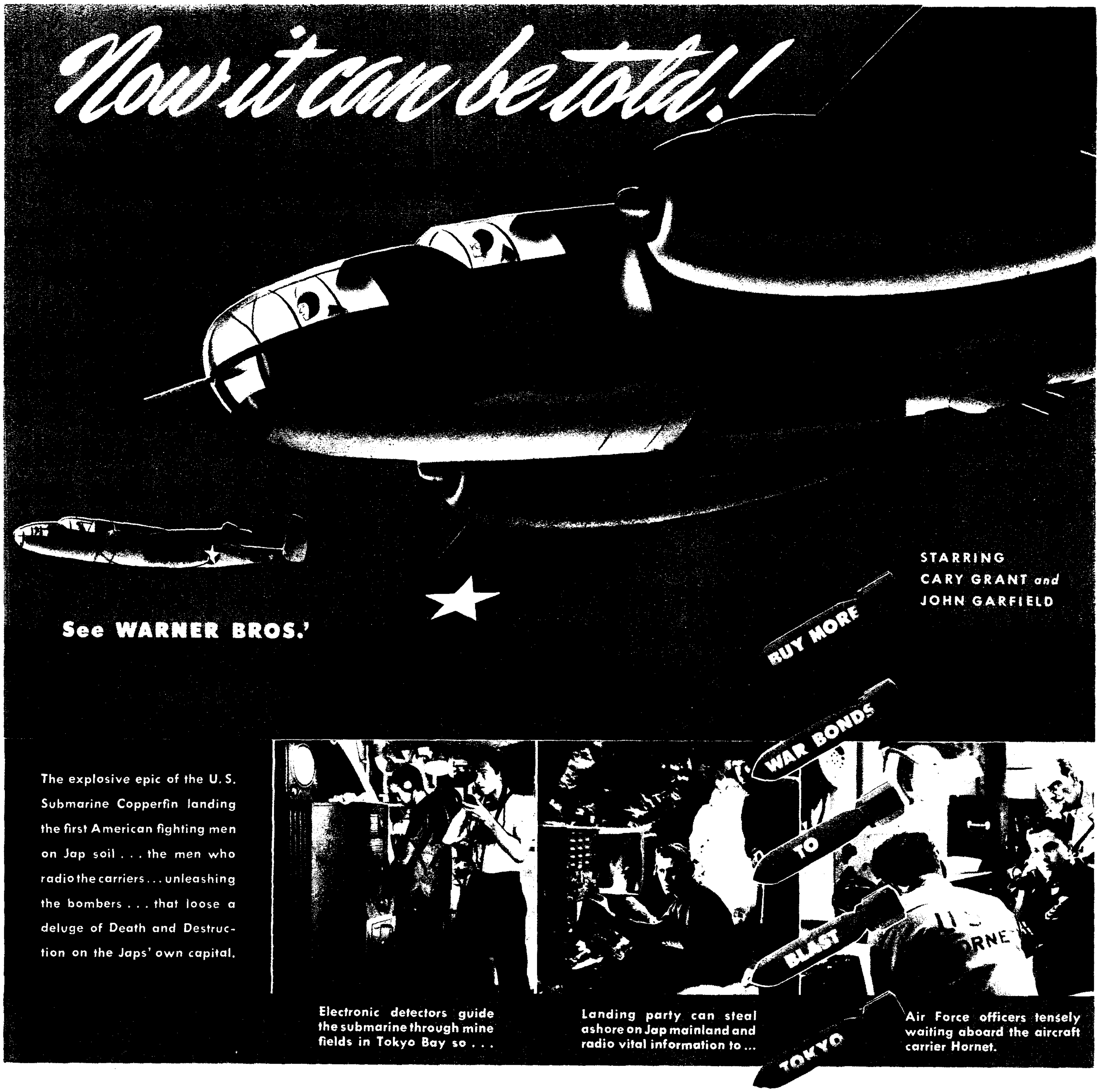
"But it's true? You've left him?"

"I thought I'd better. I guess perhaps I walked in between him and Brenda in the first place. I didn't realize it but she seems to have wanted him before I did. And Jerry seems to like her, too."

"The darned fool," said Ingram.

"No," said Kay. "She's very pretty and lots of fun and terribly feminine and maybe she can make a man happier than I ever could."

"What she can make him is his look-



The explosive epic of the U. S. Submarine Copperfin landing the first American fighting men on Jap soil . . . the men who radio the carriers . . . unleashing the bombers . . . that loose a deluge of Death and Destruction on the Japs' own capital.

Electronic detectors guide the submarine through mine fields in Tokyo Bay so . . .

Landing party can steal ashore on Jap mainland and radio vital information to . . .

Air Force officers tensely waiting aboard the aircraft carrier Hornet.

Radio—such as Admiral builds—is serving America's fighting men wherever invasion forces are on the move—on land, in the air, on and under the sea. Military secrecy forbids telling what Admiral is building, or of the great strides that have been made in electronic equipment. But seeing "Destination TOKYO" will give a better understanding of radio's importance to war.

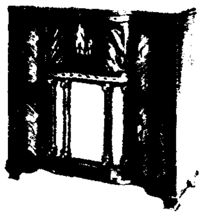
The experience gained and the advancements perfected by Admiral in serving our nation will help in building a new and better post-war radio.

TUNE IN—CBS, Sundays, 2:30 P.M., EWT, for Admiral's "World News Today"

Admiral

RADIO

AMERICA'S SMART SET



World's Largest Manufacturer of Radio-Phonograph Combinations with Automatic Record Changers

HE DRIVES A WEAPON

HERE'S A FIGHTER . . . the man in the cab of the truck. A fighter. On wheels. Through dismal days and storm-tossed nights he keeps his cargo rolling, whether it's two tons or twenty.

He's at it from dawn to dark and back again. More miles. More hours. More tonnage. More work than ever before. Proving, day after day on the highway, that a truck line is the shortest distance between two points!

He speeds food to market . . . he rushes vital war material from mine to mill, from sub-contractor to assembler, from factory to ordnance depot.

More than fifty thousand American communities would be stranded without the man in the cab of the truck. They would have no other way to get their goods out, no way to get goods in.

The truck he drives is two years old, at least. More likely it's six. But he carries on, in spite of shortages—of trucks, of repair parts, of gasoline, of tires, of manpower—shortages of nearly everything he needs in his business except the will to win. He drives a weapon. For his business is the same as the business of the man in uniform . . . it is the business of Victory.

A good share of the trucks which keep America's highways alive with the essential traffic of war are Internationals. Performance made them the *largest-selling heavy-duty trucks on the market.* And the same toughness, the same dependability, the same economy of operation that put them in the lead in the days of peace keeps them there in these days of war.

INTERNATIONAL
HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Avenue,
Chicago 1, Illinois

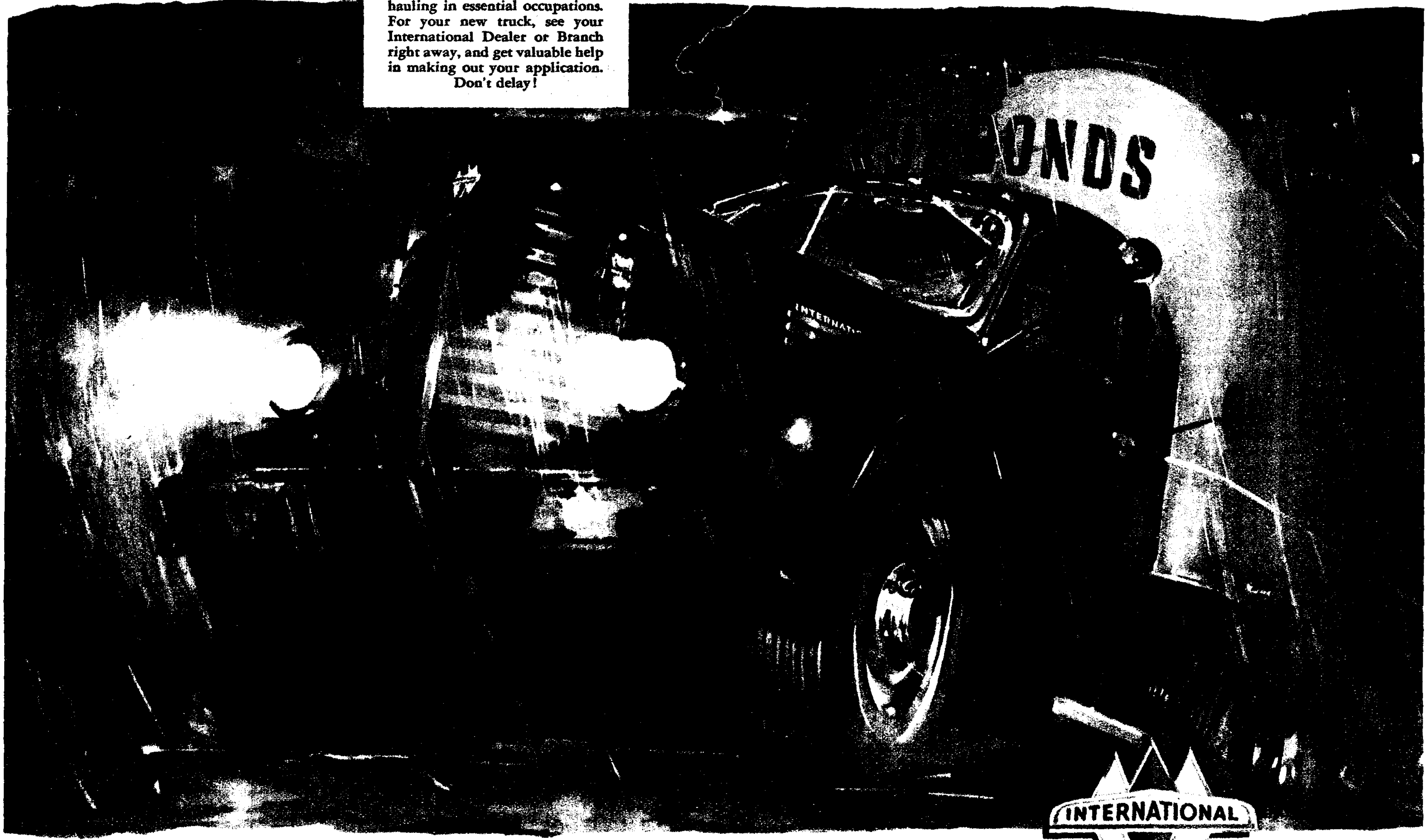
KEEP YOUR OLD TRUCKS ROLLING

It's a big job trucks are doing—a job they must keep on doing. That means *your* trucks must be maintained, must be kept in tip-top shape. International civilian truck service—the nation's *largest company-owned truck service organization*—is now a wartime service, more alert than ever. No matter what your make or model of truck, let International Dealers and Branches keep your trucks rolling on the war-path to Victory.

And boost *highway maintenance* in your community!

NEW TRUCKS—LIMITED!

The government has authorized the manufacture of a limited quantity of trucks for civilian hauling in essential occupations. For your new truck, see your International Dealer or Branch right away, and get valuable help in making out your application. Don't delay!



INTERNATIONAL *Trucks*

LA FREE PUBL
LIBRARY

out. I saw the play she was making that night at her apartment. But, after all, if she can put it over, that's the answer. That's where you are finding out, what you should have guessed before you married Wing. You hardly knew the fellow."

"Please don't say that again, Ward!"

"I'm sorry. I'll never mention it again. It doesn't matter about him anyway. What can I do to make this easy for you? Will you go to one of the lawyers in our office and let him handle the situation?"

"I'll have to figure it out, Ward. I don't want to go to your office."

"They could help. But maybe it's better not, after all. It might embarrass us later. I wish I didn't have to go right now."

"But you do."

"Yes, I can't do anything about the present plans. They're fixed, you see, by Washington. It's like any other service in war. You have to go when you're told to go. But, Kay, there's one thing we can do. We can settle our future now. When this is all cleared up, will you come to me as soon as you can? Will you promise me that? You know I've loved you for a long time. I don't want to be too late again."

"Poor Ward," she said, "dear Ward. You are too late. I'm going to have a baby in seven months. Jerry's baby."

SHE didn't have to hold him away from her now as she had had to before. Looking at his hands, she could see them clench in anger and frustration, and when she finally glanced at his face as he walked up and down the room she saw that it had lost all its usual control. He was muttering as he walked, cursing under his breath.

"I should have taken the situation in hand before," he said aloud.

"There was nothing to take."

He heard the clock strike. Five times. She remembered his train left at six. So, apparently, did Ward. He looked down quickly at his wrist and confirmed the time. There had to be decision. He came back to Kay.

"Well, what of it?" he said, trying to speak evenly and calmly. "That's something that was to be expected. I've always known you would probably have a child. I've refused to be godfather . . ."

"Oh, Ward dear . . ." her voice broke on that.

"But I'll be your husband and I'll be as much of a father to your child as a man can be under the circumstances. I'll take care of you both. If we have children, there'll never be any difference. You can count on that, Kay. On me. This is a hard spot now for both of us but we'll get through it. What you want to keep in mind is that there are lots of things we can do that you haven't dreamed of. You've got brains. I have brains. The world needs people like us as it never did before. I can do things for you that will give you the place you should have and can fill when you've had experience enough. It will all come. And I need you. All you have to say, Kay, is that you'll marry me when you can. And that you do love me a little."

"I can't. Don't go on, Ward. Don't talk any more. It's no use. It never would be of any use. I knew it on the day I married Jeremy and I know it now."

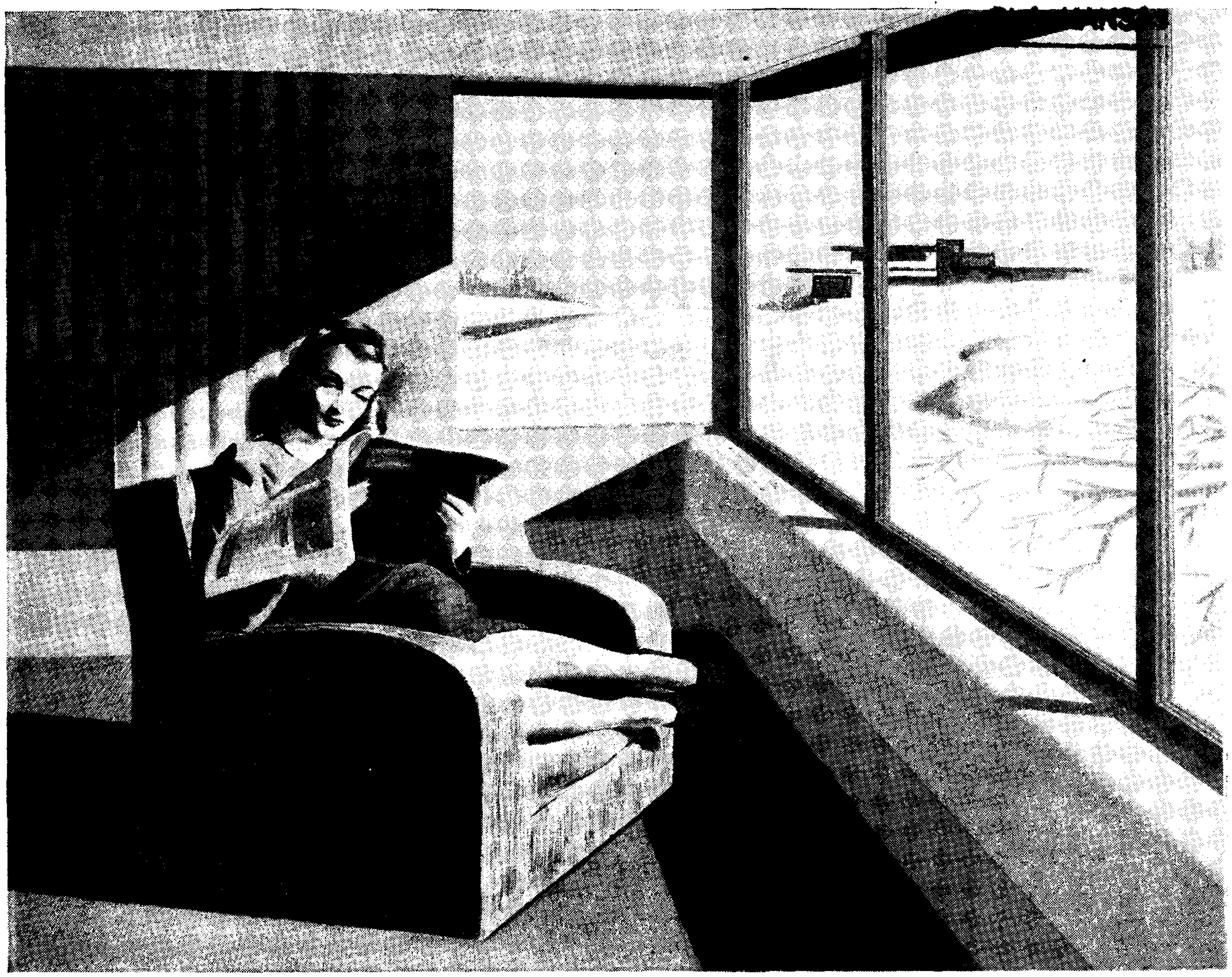
"That you couldn't love me?"

"That I love Jeremy," said Kay. "It doesn't matter whether I divorce him or not. As I shall. I couldn't marry you because you love me so much and because you care for me the way I do for him. Through anything. No matter what. Don't you understand that we can't make a bargain? Not you and I, of all people. You do really love me. And there it would always be. The baby will look like Jeremy, almost certainly."

"There would be other children."

"I can't imagine them," Kay said, for she knew she had to be final and cruel.

He stared at her. She had an odd, quick



KENNETH W. THOMPSON

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Windows to Beat the Cold

Rattling, misfitting storm windows, temporarily put in place for the winter and taken down again in the spring, are headed for the museum. Tomorrow's windows will all be double, permanently installed when the house is built. They will be glazed with plate glass panes sealed into the sash with indestructible cement, and will provide as good heat insulation as the walls themselves.

The secret will lie in the dead air trapped between the panes. This will be cleaned and dried when the window is made at the factory, and will never escape. So effectively will this principle work that the glass will never steam up or frost over, no matter how humid the house or how low the outdoor temperature. Two layers of glass will be ample in all medium climates, while three-layer panes will hold out the bitterest northern blast with the efficiency of a twelve-inch brick wall. But these windows will open as easily as present-day sash windows.

According to government studies, the dead-air window, used throughout the house, will save the home owner as much as thirty per cent on his fuel bills.

Phone Booths De Luxe

Your telephone booth tomorrow will be a sanitary and comfortable place indeed, if an invention being tested now is made available everywhere. The new booth will ventilate itself, so that each new occupant will find the air sweet and clean.

The present-day telephone booth, though often equipped with a fan, is not ventilated automatically. The booth of tomorrow will be. When the occupant before you closes the door, the fan will turn itself on and the usual lamp will light. When he is through with his call and opens the door, the lamp will go out, but the fan will continue to run for several minutes, controlled by a thermostatic metal strip heated by the lamp. When this metal finally cools, it will switch the motor off. By that time, the booth will have been swept clean of used air, tobacco smoke and, presumably, of lurking bacteria as well.

Home Tinkerer's Paradise

Millions of amateur mechanics of tomorrow will live in a paradise of new materials and supplies of endless variety and small cost. Home workbenches will be loaded with tools made of new alloys that never lose their cutting edges. Tiny lightweight electric motors will spin drills and power saws. The hobby of tinkering will become an art.

Light, easy-to-cut sheet aluminum and magnesium will be available for your metal work, with small welding outfits to fasten the pieces together. You will buy plywood in a score of grades and thicknesses, easy to bend and set in any shape. Glue will stick quicker and forever. New fast-drying paints and varnishes will be thinned with tap water instead of turpentine. Synthetic rubber sheets and tubes, glass piping and plastic screening will help solve your fix-it problems from cellar to garret.

If your home needs modernizing, plastic, glass or metal sheets will be available. There will be spun glass wool for insulating walls and new rubber paints for waterproofing floors.

And among the fascinating new gadgets you can install will be photoelectric door-openers and burglar alarms, room-to-room radio telephones, electronic control devices, luminous buttons to make dark stairs safe.

If you are an electrical experimenter, television kits will invite you; if your hobby is photography, high-speed infra-red films, improved glass and plastic lenses, and better finishing chemicals will mean hours of absorbing experiment.

Whatever your tastes in the home tinkering line, tomorrow's stores will be crammed with supplies to implement your ingenuity to the full.

More Pep for Your Bridge Game

A faster, more exciting game is in store for postwar bridge fans when the automatic shuffling and dealing machine becomes a standard piece of equipment for card players everywhere. Mathematicians have long known that the miserable hands frequently held in card games result from too little shuffling. Automatic shufflers have been invented, but they have usually been too complicated for home use.

Recent advances in electronic control promise a portable dealing machine that will scientifically distribute the hands so that all players will hold diversified cards. Alibis will be useless; it will take skill rather than luck to win.

With the machine installed on a side table the dealer will simply dump the pack into a hopper, press a button marked "Bridge" and draw out complete hands. Other buttons will produce poker hands or any kind of dealing desired. Stacked decks and aces-up-the-sleeve will be retired to the pages of Western fiction. ★★★

FOR YOUR FLOORS . . .

The Same Lasting Beauty so Famous for Cars!

CONTENTS ONE PINT U.S. MEASURE
Self-Polishing
SIMONIZ
FOR FLOORS
Shines as it Dries
LONGER WEARING BEAUTY

Self Polishing Simoniz . . . Shines as it Dries

Now you can "Simoniz" your floors . . . without rubbing or polishing. And when you "Simoniz" you get lasting, longer-wearing beauty. Not a here-today-gone-tomorrow shine! Think what a lot of time and tedious scrubbing that saves you. Dust and dirt wipe up from a "Simonized floor" with a damp cloth—and it gleams as brightly as ever. Easy to apply? You bet! Just pour on Self Polishing Simoniz. Spread and in twenty minutes your floors will be sparkling bright. So start using Self Polishing Simoniz on your floors right away. Nothing else even compares with it!

Get regular Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your furniture and car, too!

MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ
HOUSEWIVES DO LIKEWISE
Liquid
SIMONIZ
KLEENER
KLEENER
SIMONIZ

Self Polishing Simoniz as well as regular Simoniz and the Kleeners are sold by grocers, hardware, paint, drug and department stores. Also by filling stations and garages. Be sure you get the genuine.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY • CHICAGO (16), ILL.

thought that no matter how famous he might become she would always remember that once he had looked like this and filled her heart with an ache of pity that she could not release. His hands made a confused, futile gesture, as if to clutch at her, as if to give up.

She heard him in the hall and marveled at the controlled civility of the way he said goodby to Roxane, who was coming down the stairs and deploring the fact he had to go.

"It was too bad Ward Ingram couldn't stay for dinner," she said, reappearing.

"He's going to Europe tomorrow," Kay answered. "He's got a big job. And then there will be a bigger one. He's that kind of man."

"Poor fellow," said Roxane, surprisingly.

Kay was hiding her tears, the first hot tears that had come. She hadn't been able to shed them for her own misery and wreck of love. But she could imagine Ward walking down that street, blind with pain. Just as she had, a few hours ago.

Then Chip came in and brought a brother officer and they talked of strategy and spoke in a businesslike way of a naval disaster and its loss of life. They had dinner. With what was almost a sense of duty, Kay tried to keep her mind on what was being gravely said and to realize that the loss of such a ship was not only a calamity for the Navy but a tragedy for many women. This meant the loss of lovers and husbands, as well as the death of competent seamen. She tried to make the thought come alive.

"I haven't seen that news in the papers," Roxane said. "What did you say the name of the ship was?"

The officer repeated it. "I can mention it now. The news will be released tonight. Of course, our losses are small, nothing at all to what we're dishing out to the Japs."

Kay interrupted him. She had heard the name of the ship.

"Everyone lost?" she asked incredulously. "Did you say that?"

"It looks that way."

"But that ship," Kay said, turning to Roxane, "was the one Grant McClure was on. Do you suppose Betsy knows? Oh, it can't be true!"

No one answered her. The silence disagreed.

THE news of the loss of Grant's ship came to Jeremy on one of those days when he felt more trapped than ever. He had come back from Chicago to the deserted apartment but after he had talked to Roxane he had packed a few more clothes and left the place. If it had been possible, he would have left New York, but that was out of the question unless he was ordered elsewhere. Instead, there was a new flurry of public meetings, each of them requiring some representative of the Navy to be present. Jeremy shined his shoes, brushed his uniforms and went where he was told to go.

A week went by and then part of another week. The days had no distinct pattern. He had taken a cheap room in a big hotel so that he wouldn't be in Kay's way if she came back from Norfolk. He knew that if she wanted to reach him, if she had changed her mind, she could find him because he could not change his official address. But there was no message from her, no letter, no telephone call.

He followed the war news and he read all the sporting pages. Sometimes he had a short satisfaction or excitement in an advance by the Marines or a story of a bombing or the result of a prize fight. Sometimes a cup of coffee in the morning or a drink of whisky at some bar gave him a feeling that things weren't as bad as they looked, but that hope never lasted very long.

For some undefined reason he did the work assigned to him with more scrupulousness than before. Not that he liked it better, but it seemed in a vague way as if it were a kind of amendment or proof of something. At a public luncheon or dinner, he held his attention to what was going on around him and his own short speeches had meat in them and were more forceful. He didn't know exactly why he felt like doing things that way but he said to himself that if this was all he could do, all he was fit for, they could have all he could give the job.

He didn't allow himself to drink much, never to forgetfulness. That was partly because he wanted to be in good shape if he got a change of duty, though he had almost stopped expecting that. Also it was because he didn't want to be blurred or off guard until he had decided about things. Whatever might come later, he wanted to be clear when he made his decision about Brenda.

JEREMY was clear now about Kay and himself. He had gone back and forth over the situation from beginning to end. In the first place he had stampeded her. When he met her at Grant's wedding and had fallen in love as he had never known it was possible to do, with complete desire and certainty, he hadn't given her a chance to say no. Nor even to think it over. He'd played upon her sympathy, made their sudden marriage seem romantic and a good show. She hadn't really known what he was like. Well, she probably thought she knew now. For a few months he'd looked pretty good to her, while he was off on his ship and when she thought he was a hero. Then she got him back on her hands and since then he'd been pretty sour and not much fun. He knew that. Kay had been game. She'd been good to him. She hadn't done much complaining, though he must have been in her way a good deal of the time.

He would say to himself too that he hadn't known what Kay was like when they were married. She was beautiful of course. To him she was like a charge of electricity. From that first day he couldn't be near her without tingling. But he hadn't realized how seriously she took that job she had or how many things were running through her mind all the time. They were not just the things one expected to find in a girl's head, but ideas about the country and the government and the world and how they should be managed. They had good talks sometimes at night. Now that he looked back on it, those talks had been among the best things.

He hadn't known that she was so good at her job. They all told him she was. And he'd stood in her light. He'd been just a clumsy obstacle from the night he'd come back unexpectedly and gummed up her first big job. She could have been mean about that, thrown it in his teeth when he was stymied and it turned out that she might as well have gone. But she hadn't. It had galled him a good deal to remember that and Jeremy wondered how much he'd taken it out on Kay. It was a thing that got under a man's skin, too, to know that his wife might have more of a postwar job than he would, and one that would pay better.

She could have Ingram now and Ingram was going to be a sure-fire success. He was that kind of smart, cagey fellow, thought Jeremy with bitter justice. Ingram was up Kay's street, mentally, always trying to figure out how to move things on and do them better. But though he made an effort to be fair about it, Jeremy couldn't knuckle under to Ward Ingram, not even in his own secret thoughts. He's not the only one who'd like to see a better job done all around, or who has ideas how to do it, Jeremy said to himself. I'm not going to stay in the office of the Simmons organization when the war's over. I told Kay that. If she'd given me time, I could have shown her.

No, it wasn't her fault. She couldn't be expected to give him any more time or any more of a chance after the way he'd let her down. He couldn't ask anything and, if he did, she wouldn't give anything any more. She wanted her freedom back and the least he could do was not to put a straw in her way when she got around to the technicalities. If, after that, she wanted Ingram, there wasn't anything he could do about that either. But Jeremy got sour again whenever he thought of that.

He told himself he'd lost Kay. It served him right. But he had to figure out what to do about Brenda. If this mess had implicated Brenda, and especially since she said she felt the way she did about him, Jeremy didn't see how he could run out on her now. Sometimes Jeremy felt pretty definitely that he had been let in for what happened. But when Brenda got to talking to him, or when she was around, she always made him take that back. She hadn't said a word of blame, not at any point. He had to admit that. She'd been ready for anything. She was now.

Maybe, after a while, when things took their course and Kay was rid of him, he ought to marry Brenda. He would get to that point in his thoughts and then the sense of being trapped would come over him again.

HE HAD come back to his hotel at five o'clock that afternoon to clean up for a dinner which was to be a big one according to what he'd been told. He didn't have to make a speech but only to show up tonight so that the quota of naval officers would be sufficient for an occasion which was in honor of a foreign minister of information. In the lobby Jeremy bought a package of cigarettes and the evening paper. He read the headline as the elevator shot him upward.

The boy remembered his floor.

"Out here, Lieutenant?" he asked as Jeremy did not stir when the car stopped and the door opened. He was reading what was under the headline.

"Oh," said Jerry, "yes, thanks. I get off here."

Grant's ship was lost. He was gone. They all were, the crew and officers. The Navy Department wasn't holding out any hope at all. Too rough a sea, too icy cold in those waters for men to drift and hope and have a chance at least of survival. Grant was dead. Jeremy said it over to himself quite low, as if to see how it sounded.

He was used to knowing fellows who had been killed in this war one way or another by now. He was used to having known them, he corrected that thought. But this was bad. This hit him as if already there hadn't been Duckner, and Selby, and George Trade in that bomber, and plenty of others who had died, some of whom he knew about already, and many that he'd only find out about in course of time.

But Grant was such a good fellow. Always a good friend, not noisy about his loyalty at all, but it was there just the same. Jeremy remembered the day they'd come to New York for Grant's wedding. Both of them were on leave, which was an exceptionally good break, and the wedding was less than a week off. So was mine but I didn't even know it. I hadn't met Kay then, thought Jeremy. I met her that night.

This was going to be tough for Betsy. Especially now. Jeremy remembered suddenly a talk he and Grant had on the train to New York and what Grant had said. He always took things pretty seriously, though he could have a good time, too. Grant had said, "The thing I wonder about is whether marrying a girl right now is the fair thing to do."

Jeremy didn't recall what he'd answered. He could see Grant very clearly, trying to figure that one out. But he couldn't remember now even what he himself had thought about that at the time. For that night he had met Kay and in two days he wanted to have her forever, and on the fourth day, right after Betsy and Grant were married, there had been a second ceremony in the same room for Kay and himself. He hadn't worried about whether it was the fair thing to do or not. He wanted Kay too much and she had wanted him. She did then, anyway.

It's not even a year ago, he said to himself. I must go to see Betsy tomorrow. It will be too late tonight, when I'm free. I'll go tomorrow afternoon when I get uptown. What can I say to her? What is there to say?

He began to shine his shoes. He didn't have any too much time. The telephone rang and he looked at it doubtfully, but picked it up.

"Hello," he answered. "Oh, hello, Brenda."

"What are you doing?"

"I'm going out. A little chore. A dinner for a visiting Elk. A minister of information."

"Must you go?"

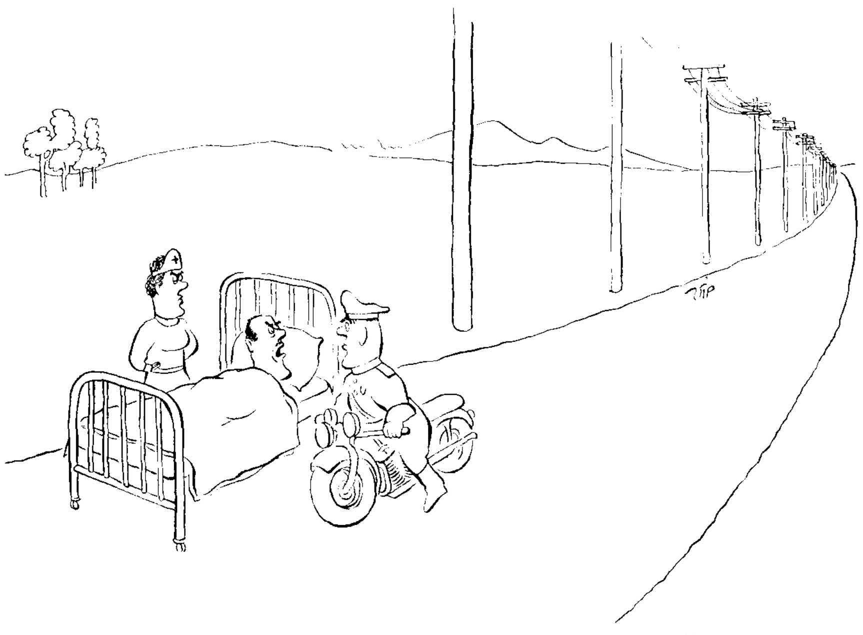
"Oh, yes. I have to carry a spear. Yes, it's in line of duty."

"I want awfully to see you. Can't you come around afterward?"

"It will be too late."

"No, it won't."

"I can't tonight, Brenda. I've just had



COLLIER'S "Well, if we weren't speeding, why this outrage?" VIRGIL PARTCH

MEDICAL AUTHORITIES RECOGNIZE PHILIP MORRIS

proved far less irritating to the smoker's nose and throat!

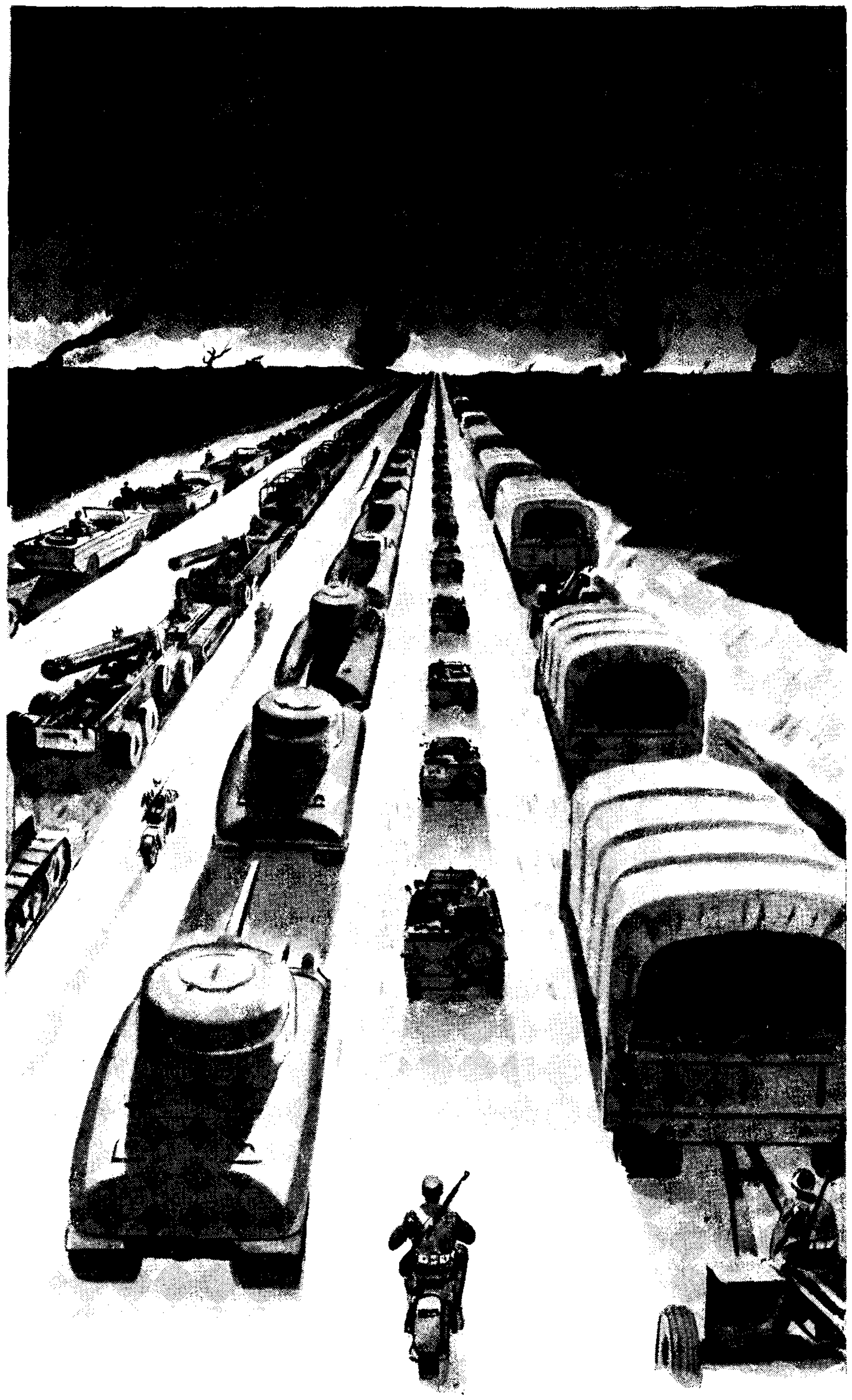
Call for Philip Morris
PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD. INC.

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED COMPLETELY OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

—facts reported in medical journals, on clinical tests made by distinguished doctors. Proof that this better-tasting cigarette is better for you . . . less irritant to nose and throat!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's Finest Cigarette



More . . . More . . . MORE!

Each day that moves us closer to victory brings the need for *more* tanks, *more* planes, *more* guns, *more* ships . . . more and *more* of everything! That is the only way to make sure of driving home the final blows that will leave our enemies no choice except *surrender.* Among other things, this means that we at home must buy *more War Bonds!* The bonds you have bought up to now have helped to bring victory within reach; the *extra* bonds you buy NOW may well be the ones that will help to bring victory soon!

"SAFETY-FILL" BATTERIES
Willard

—for Tanks • Combat Cars • Jeeps • Walkie-Talkies • Ships • for Cars, Trucks, Tractors and Buses at home

-have the power to carry on!

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY
CLEVELAND • LOS ANGELES • DALLAS • TORONTO
A Subsidiary of The Electric Storage Battery Company

a bad jolt and I'm not fit to see anyone."

"I know. Grant McClure. Isn't it dreadful!"

"Yes. Let's not go into it right now, if you don't mind."

"Please come in after your dinner. Only for a little while. I've something very important to say to you."

"It will keep, won't it?"

"Not this."

He didn't believe her and he didn't want to go to see her. He was afraid she'd confuse him or bewilder him. Or tempt him. But he wondered if it would be even worse to come back here tonight and not be able to stop thinking about Grant and other things. Everything was all shot anyway.

"Jerry, I don't think it's good for you to be alone."

"It's good enough."

"Just leave it open, darling. I'm not going out anyway. And I won't be expecting you. But I'll be here. And I have something to tell you. Something about Kay."

"What about Kay?"

"I'll tell you when I see you."

He didn't believe she had anything to tell about Kay. Unless Kay had written Brenda. Could that have happened?

THE man next to him at the table was a vague-looking person. Jeremy had never seen him before. They talked idly without identifying themselves through the soup course and then the bombardier on Jerry's left started telling stories that he wanted someone to listen to. The waiters were taking out plates piled high with chicken bones when Jeremy turned to the vague-looking man.

"I didn't get your name."

"Frazer," said the other. "I'm in the magazine business. I read your place card. Lieutenant Wing, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You don't happen to be related to Kay Wing?"

Jeremy's heart jumped. He could feel it. "I'm—her husband," he said stiffly. For it was still true.

"I wondered about that when I saw your name. She told me her husband was in the Navy. I've certainly got a bone to pick with you."

"About what?"

"Mostly about the influence you have on your wife. That was a good job she turned down and I'm having a tough time filling it. Your wife was the person I had my eye on. But I couldn't put it over. She's one of the few women I ever met who preferred a husband to a chance to go to Europe."

"I don't get this at all," said Jeremy. "Sorry."

"Didn't she tell you I offered her a job?"

"No. I never heard of it. Recently?"

"Less than three weeks ago. Ward Ingram—you know Ingram, of course?"

"Yes, I know him."

"Well, he and I both tried to put it over. We offered her more money than she was getting and a proposition to go to Europe into the bargain but she said she had to be on hand to take care of you. How do you do it? Is it the uniform?"

Things were fitting together in Jeremy's mind. His memory went back to what Brenda had said on the train that day and what had maddened him every time he thought of it, of Kay talking with Ingram in the French Bar. She'd mentioned this man, too.

"She certainly kept it from me. Maybe she thought I'd want her to do it."

"That wasn't the impression I got. She said it was all she could manage, taking care of you and filling her spot on Comment. I was frank with her about the fact that it would take a lot of time. You see what we wanted her for on our magazine was to build up something that didn't exist, a new area of circulation, a new group of readers—"

He talked on in a friendly way, explaining, and all the time Jeremy was seeing Kay, hearing her. She was putting things into his suitcase, saying, "I think I've got all I can do now if I'm to be a wife, too. Don't you?"

And he hadn't even thanked her. Or praised her. She must have turned down that proposition before she came into the Tottens' that afternoon, all glowing and happy. She hadn't bragged about it or held it over him—just turned it down flat and told this man—told Ingram, too—that she wanted to take care of him. Of her husband. Then she'd been glad. She looked that way.

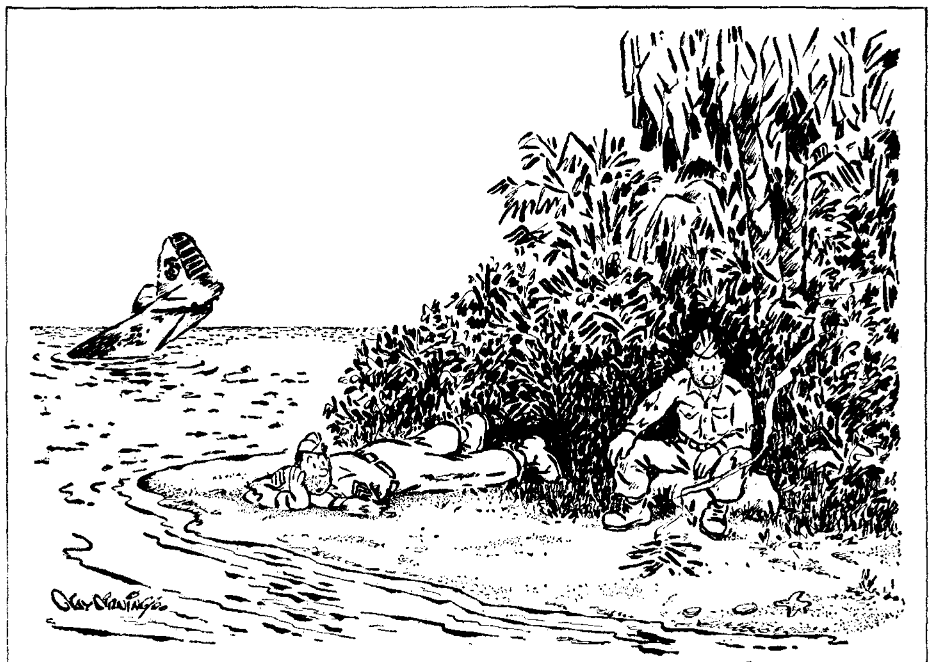
"I hope I haven't let any cat out of the bag," said Frazer. "When I sounded off on this I thought you knew about it."

"I think Kay was trying to make it easy for me. She does that pretty regularly."

The chairs scraped, and The Star-Spangled Banner brought them to their feet. The speeches began. The applause rattled. Jeremy heard none of it. He was waiting until it was over, until he could get out of here.

He's handsome enough, thought Frazer, but he acts as if he'd had a touch of shock. Maybe that's what was on her mind when she turned the job down.

Brenda thought the same thing when



"I remember once, back in college, sir, we all voted for Lana Turner to be right where you're sitting . . ."

COLLIER'S

JAY IRVING

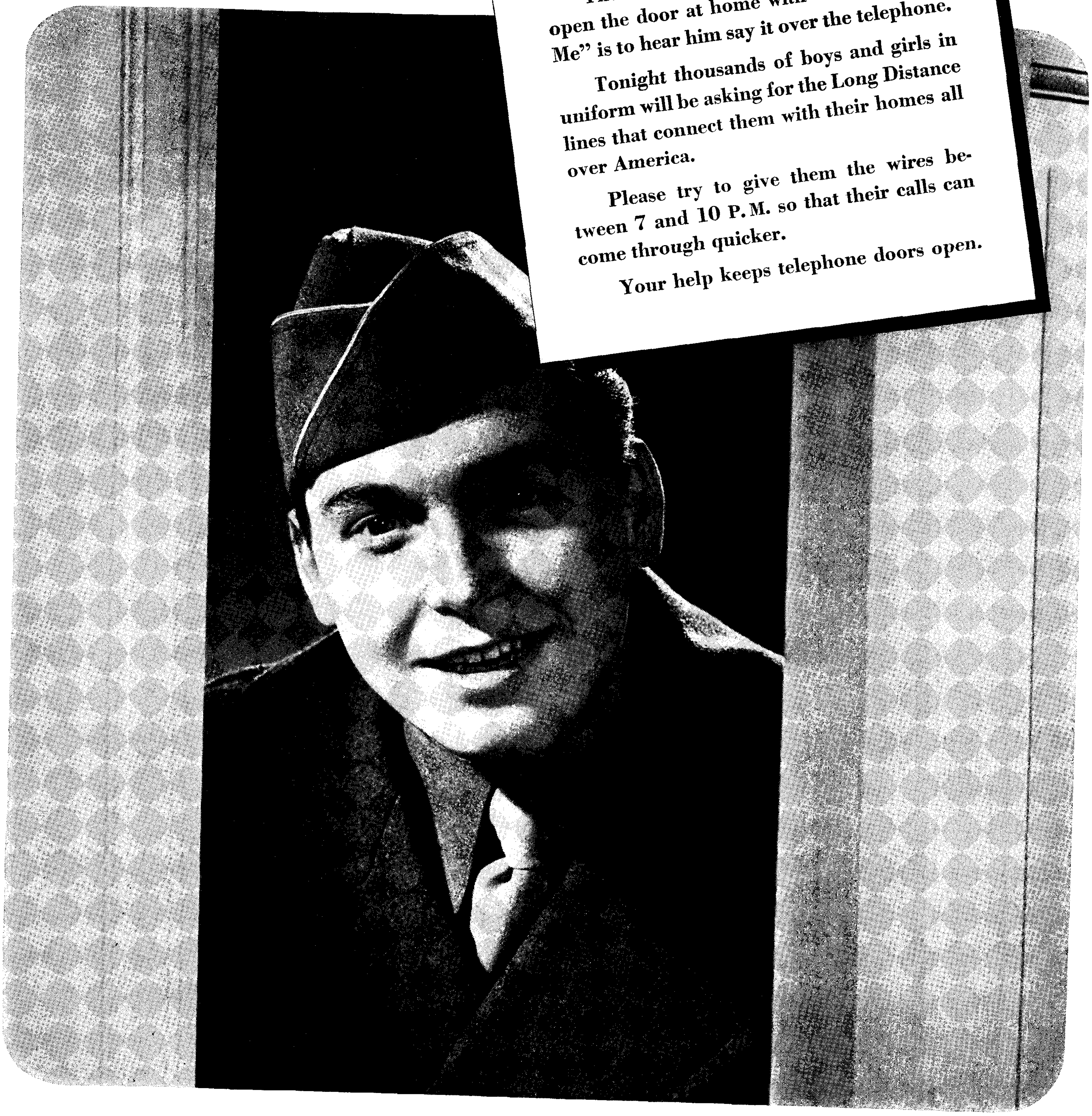
"Hi, Mom, It's Me"

The next best thing to having a soldier open the door at home with "Hi, Mom, It's Me" is to hear him say it over the telephone.

Tonight thousands of boys and girls in uniform will be asking for the Long Distance lines that connect them with their homes all over America.

Please try to give them the wires between 7 and 10 P. M. so that their calls can come through quicker.

Your help keeps telephone doors open.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

'43 TO MAKE READY
-'44 TO GO!
1941
1942
1943
1944
?

SETTING a new record of *725,000,000,000 ton miles* in 1943, your railroads handled a volume of traffic exceeding anything in the history of transportation.

This volume was *80% greater than the previous wartime peak* in 1918. It was *73% greater than the previous all-time peak.*

This staggering transportation job handled by Erie and other American railroads was made possible by the day-by-day cooperation of the public, the shippers, the armed forces, and government agencies.

Ahead lies a bigger job of transportation because America is attacking.

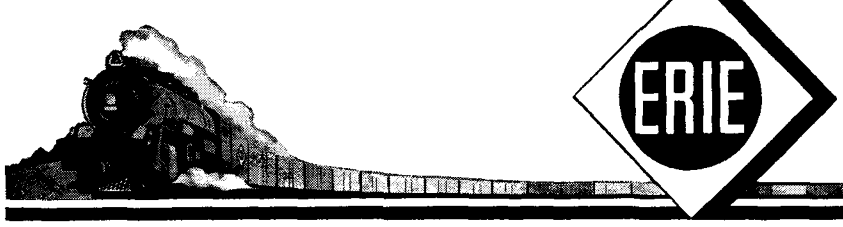
1943 was the year to get ready.

1944 is the year to go!

With your continued helpful cooperation Erie and other American railroads will keep 'em rolling until victory is won.

23,578 FREIGHT TRAINS DAILY
1,408,964 FREIGHT CARS DAILY
25,000,000 NET TONS DAILY
AMERICAN RAILROADS AT WAR

Erie Railroad
ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS—ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY



BEN HECHT

never plays the same tune twice. Remember his stories, Miracle of the Fifteen Murderers, The Pink Hussar, Concerning a Woman of Sin? His new serial is unlike any serial ever written before—it's a hilarious tale of Hollywood homicide

BEGINS NEXT WEEK

I HATE ACTORS

IT'S DIFFERENT, IT'S DAFFY, IT'S DELIGHTFUL

he came into her apartment an hour later.

She's all set, he said to himself. She's waiting for me. There was nothing crude about it, nothing cheap, but he knew. She wore the black velvet slacks and simple long-sleeved white blouse he had admired before. Her pale hair was parted in the middle and drawn up on either side tonight and it gave her a straightforward, boyish look that went with the slacks. There were some proofs of some of Frick's advertisements on her desk. Evidently she was doing some work on her job. She looked the picture of a girl who could get along by herself but who could give a man a good time, too. It was a room without tawdriness, even with distinction, but Jerry said to himself that it was a trap. A very good-looking trap with very attractive bait.

"Poor Jerry," she said, "you look as if you'd seen a ghost. You look all in. Let me take your coat."

"No, thanks. I'm not staying that long."

"Yes, you are," she said cheerfully. "I'm going to make you."

JEREMY looked at her grimly. He didn't respond to that touch of coquetry.

"You're never going to make me do anything again, Brenda. That game's up."

"You must have been drinking at that dinner, Jerry. You're not yourself."

"I don't know about being myself but I've not been drinking. What did you want to tell me about Kay?"

"Oh, nothing. Calm down, Jerry. I don't like you in this mood."

"It doesn't matter so very much whether you like me or not. It never did. And I don't think you ever have."

"Did you come up here to insult me?"

"No. If I do any insulting, I'll begin at the beginning with myself. I came up to tell you that what first threw me off my base with you—not that it's any excuse—was that I thought Kay might be easing me off. What I want to make clear is that she wasn't doing anything of the sort and now I know she wasn't. She was putting me first, even when I didn't have it coming to me at all."

"This is all very melodramatic. Even if true."

"It's true."

"Oh, come, Jerry, relax! This isn't the third act"

"It's the last act. The curtain's just going down."

"On what?"

"On the little comedy between you and me. It was a pretty rotten show, too, if you ask me."

She looked at him a moment as if choosing what to say next. When she spoke it was still pleasantly and a little coaxingly.

"Jerry, darling. I know this has been a hell of a day for you, with this news about Grant. It's brought back memories that mean such a lot to you. You see, I understand you much better than you think. And it's up to me now to take care of you a little. Sit down—don't talk."

"And then what? No, I'm not going to sit down. I'm just standing here trying to figure out if I've got an obligation to you. Or if I'm all paid up. I guess I am. I hope so, for I haven't anything left to give you."

"You have love," she said, "and so have I. I do love you, by the way. Have I mentioned that?"

The only real truth she had in her was in that last statement and it was then that he told her he didn't believe her.

"You don't know what love is, Brenda. You couldn't understand what it's about. It's too big for you. It's not enough fun. It's not a showpiece and that's what you like. I'm sorry if I sound rough. I don't want to lay the blame on you. It's my fault, all of it."

"Jerry, you're having a terrible attack of something. There isn't any fault. People aren't to blame for being natural and human. Forget the inhibitions. You're all tied up in knots tonight. Nobody's to blame and nobody's disgraced and everything will work out all right."

"How do you mean all right?"

"Oh, Kay's got sense. At least, I think she has. She knows your marriage was a mistake."

"She never said that."

Brenda shrugged a little. "Maybe she told Ward Ingram so."

"I don't think so. She wouldn't. And that wasn't what she was talking to him about that time you saw her in the French Bar."

"I wouldn't know about that. But, Jerry, face facts. Look at the way your mother feels. She's been devastated by the way you got married. She even talked to me about it. Your mother likes me. Fortunately."

He didn't contradict her. His mother did like Brenda. She'd been fooled, too, by that beautiful surface, that clever act. His father hadn't been taken in. Jeremy had thought more than once about the last thing his father had said to him. He'd shaken hands and given his son a thorough final look and said, "Good luck. You've done well so far and I trust you'll come through all right. When this is over I shan't attempt to dictate to you what you should do next. I think I can leave you and that fine wife of yours to work it out."

Jeremy had carried that last remark back to New York to tell Kay when he had returned. He wanted to give her the compliment from his father for a present. He hadn't really believed she would be gone. But it was true.

"Listen to me, Jerry," Brenda was saying, "this war is on your nerves. It's the same with all of us."

"Do you mind the war?" he said and laughed.

"I mind what it's doing to you. But it won't last forever, not much longer. Everyone says so. Then we'll make a fresh start, maybe out in Chicago where you have a foothold already, and we both know a lot of nice people. There's no reason on earth why we shouldn't have whatever we want. You'll be a success. I know how to help you. I know how it's done. A man has to have a woman playing his game to get anywhere really and that's what I can do."

"You've got it all planned, haven't you? I suppose even to my desk in the Simmons office. No, it isn't going to be that way. I didn't realize until tonight what you were after. You want a man to work for you. To take you around. To show off and to show you off."

"Well, what do you suppose Kay wanted when she grabbed you?"

"That's just the difference. Not that."

"So now you want to run back to Kay? I don't believe she'd take you back now."

"I know I would never ask her to," said Jeremy. "Goodby, Brenda."

He went away feeling ashamed and disgraced. But he was no longer confused. When he had gone to Brenda's apartment tonight he had meant to make the break, but a sense of obligation to her still had been binding him. Now he was quite free of it. He saw what Brenda wanted, what she had meant to do. He had been used as a man. She meant to use him further as a breadwinner, a companion, a kind of partner in success. She had never seen him as a person at all, never searched his mind for his hopes and his ambitions, and his dreams. Kay had done that. She had put them first, before her own.

The wind met him at the corner, where it had been hiding behind the tall buildings. It rushed at him, reminding him of Kay again and how she would laugh in a wind and walk close to him so her skirt wouldn't fly up. He could almost feel her against his arm now, and suddenly he was nearly happy, for now he was free of that other situation, and he could think of Kay at least. He was glad she was in Norfolk, down there with her sister and those nice kids. He wondered if she had heard about Grant's death. She must have had the news by this time. Chip Dixon probably heard it before it got into the newspapers. It would have been a lot better if I'd been the one to die, thought Jeremy. But there's nothing you can do about that. You get no choice.

NOTHING could be done about it. That was what Kay was thinking, too, all that night when she waked again and again, and during the next day when the train she had picked up in Washington was taking her back to New York. She was going to Betsy because Betsy was her friend but there was nothing she could do. There was nothing she could undo.

What had happened to Betsy was the result of what men of perverted pride and anger had plotted thousands of miles away. It was the climax of plans made by secret, ambitious leaders when she was only a girl in the boarding school where Kay had known her first.

Everyone had liked Betsy. She was never first in her class, never captain of any team, nor chairman of committees. But she was always a pleasant girl and there was no meanness or slyness in her. She did what she said she would do and she was a good friend. Until she took me home that first time, I never knew she was rich, thought Kay. She took me home again and again. There was the time she made her debut. Kay had never been to a party like that before and what a happy whirl it had been. She remembered it now. Mrs. Totten had made her a present of a formal evening dress and laughed and said she looked prettier than Betsy. But Betsy didn't care. She never seemed to care even when she wasn't cut in on at dances with the same furious competition with which the boys cut in on Kay.

There had never been any jealousy in Betsy's make-up. Kay thought of that now and of how many times it had been proved when any other girl might have minded having the school honors and the dance favors go to her best friend. It had been that way continually and Kay knew it. When the Tottens took both girls to Europe one summer, Kay had had much more fun on the boat than Betsy had. Not that Kay had sought to make it that way, never for a moment. But she couldn't do anything about it any more than she could do anything about this tragedy now.

SHE went straight to the Totten house. To go to her own apartment first would take her mind from her friend's grief and that was what Kay did not want to happen. Later she would have to go back to her own place. Perhaps not tonight. Betsy might want her to stay with her. Mrs. Totten might be relieved to have her in the house.

Entering the big peacock-blue hall, she had a sense of desolateness. An unfamiliar maid admitted her and didn't seem to know what to do next.

"Where's Mrs. Totten?" asked Kay and then she saw her.

Mrs. Totten was coming down the stairs. She was a ravaged woman well past middle age today. Kay thought, in spite of herself, she is older than I ever realized before, though she had known that Mrs. Totten's second marriage must have been made in her thirties. Without make-up her mouth was thin and bluish, and her hair had lost its brightness and was done in a careless travesty of its usual fashion.

She didn't seem to know how she looked. She didn't seem to care at all.

Without prelude she said to Kay, "It's terrible. Maybe you can do something with Betsy. I can't. I'm frightened. I've had the doctor here, but she won't listen to him, or take a sedative. She'll hurt herself if she doesn't rest. Hurt the child. Her father can't do anything with her either."

"She's taking it very hard?"

"Hard?" repeated Mrs. Totten with the ghost of her old irony in her voice. "I never saw anything so dreadful. I never knew she loved him so much. So wildly. I never knew anyone could care that way. You see what you can do. She's in her room."

The person standing by the window didn't look like Betsy, the girl that was Kay's friend, the bride she had attended in this very house. She turned when Kay came in and looked at her coldly. There was none of the familiar sweetness in her face.

"I'm so desperately sorry," began Kay, but Betsy rejected the words and the touch.

"And what good does that do? It won't get him out of the bottom of the sea, will it? It won't put him together again. I wish you hadn't come. I wish you'd go away from here."

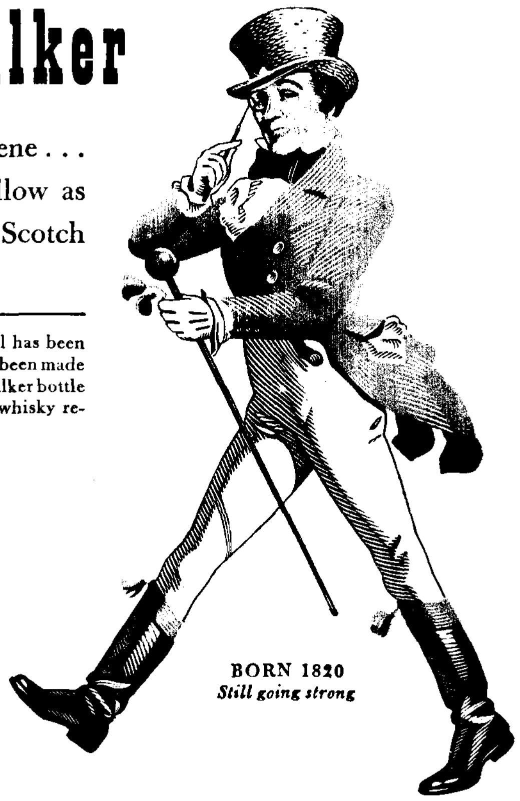
"But, Betsy, you mustn't feel like this. It's awful and horrible. But you must think of the baby."

"I'm tired of thinking of other people. I won't think of the baby. I'll think of

It's a different cab you call for, today

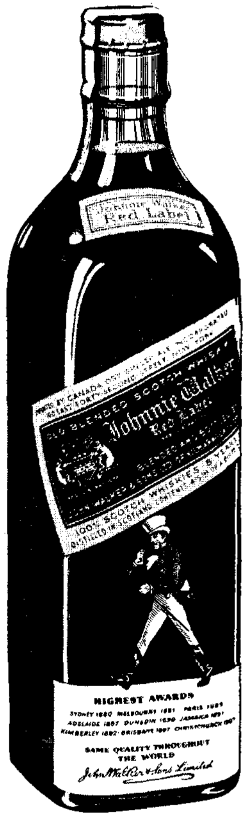
Hansom Cab of 1820

BUT it's the same old Johnnie Walker



Still very much on the scene . . . as smooth and richly mellow as ever. Ask for this fine old Scotch whisky today!

Due to British War Restrictions, gold foil has been eliminated and other slight changes have been made on the *outside* of the familiar Johnnie Walker bottle — but *inside* good old Johnnie Walker whisky remains unchanged.



JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

[illegible] Both 86.8 Proof **BLACK LABEL 12 YEARS OLD**

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y.
Sole Importer

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

"Inside" stories on Lorre...Dowling...Jones

PLEASANT PETER LORRE is by no means the forbidding person he portrays in his many electrifying cinema roles. Crack badminton and ping-pong enthusiast, Peter names Hungarian goulash his first culinary love and about Regents exclaims: "You'll go a long way before you find a cigarette as mild!"

HONEY COLORED HAIR and eyes of dark, dark brown make Constance Dowling someone to watch and remember. Connie, who up to a few years ago never strayed farther than the suburbs of her home town, New York City, is now really going places via Sam Goldwyn's "Up In Arms". The delectable Dowling dotes on Regents, says: "The 20% added length means more value!"

ALMOST SINCE HE began to talk, Allan Jones has been singing. His one ambition inspired him to the hardest labor, and, working double shifts, he earned enough to start himself in intensive training for later successes on stage and screen. Allan, who partners a riding academy as a sideline, sings the praises of Regent's crushproof box. "It's like a custom-made cigarette case!" says he.

ALL THREE AGREE that Regents are milder, better tasting! Multiple Blending, an exclusive Regent process, is the reason. It makes Regents really mild, always so gentle to your throat. Next time try Regents. *They cost no more than other leading brands!*

Quality tobaccos...Multiple Blended make REGENT

The milder, better tasting cigarette!

Grant and nobody's going to stop me. Who are you to come and tell me what to think about?"

The door opened and Kay turned. She saw Jeremy come in and the same hurt shock showed in his face that she felt in her heart as he looked at Betsy. Betsy was staring at them both quite wildly.

"What do you two come for?" she cried. "To gloat over me? Why should your husband be alive and mine dead? And you have your wife, Jerry, while my husband never can have his again. We had a right to just as much as you have. We loved each other. All the time—every minute of every hour! I promised I'd stand it when he had to go. Not knowing, being afraid all the time. I didn't ask one thing or pray for one thing except that he'd come back. That I could hope he'd come back—just hope! Now I can't even be afraid any more. And you come here and triumph over me. You've always had the best of everything, Kay. I never really cared before. But why should you have this. You're beautiful and clever and you can have all that. But you're not a better wife than I am! You didn't beat me at that the way you did at everything else."

"Oh, no, Betsy—no," said Kay.

SHE was shut out. She saw how being here with Jeremy was a kind of triumph, at least in Betsy's wretched eyes. Kay stood there helplessly. It was Jeremy who moved, who laid a hand on her shoulder as he passed and then, against Betsy's resistance, put his man's arms around her and held her, as she needed to be held, with love and authority.

"Look here," he said, "old Grant wouldn't like this much. I'll tell you what he said to me once. This was the thing he worried about. He was afraid he shouldn't marry you at all when he had to go off to war. He was afraid of hurting you like this. And maybe a baby."

She began to sob now, her tired head huddled against his shoulder. The tears of grief had come.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to talk like that to you."

"You said God's truth," said Jeremy. "Come now, let's meet this the way that big fellow of yours would want you to."

She was in bed at last, submitting to the drug the doctor had left for her and which she had fought against. There was no reason to stay longer. Kay and Jeremy left the house together, both silent and tight-lipped, and walked to the corner. They did not want to scandalize that house of sorrow with any evidence of their own trouble.

At the block's end Kay paused.

"You were wonderful, Jerry. I don't know what Betsy would have done without you."

"Poor girl. She'll get hold of herself. People do in the end."

"Oh, yes," said Kay, "they have to. No matter what."

"It's lucky she's going to have that child to concentrate on."

"Very lucky."

"I'm glad old Grant knew it was coming. He probably went down thinking about that, glad he was leaving something behind. It probably took the curse off for him."

"Well," said Kay, "you probably ought to know, Jerry. You could be thinking of the same thing."

"Me?" he asked incredulously.

"Yes," she said, and then in haste she went on, "but it doesn't make any difference, Jerry. It doesn't alter the other facts. I'm only telling you because I thought you had a right to know. And I'm perfectly competent to handle the situation by myself and that's what I intend to do."

"Is that what you want to do?"

"Yes. Of course."

"I certainly won't let you carry that load alone. I want to shoulder the expense at least—"

Her chin went up. Her profile was fragile and bitter. "That part can be adjusted," she said with a kind of disdain. "Are you staying at the apartment?"

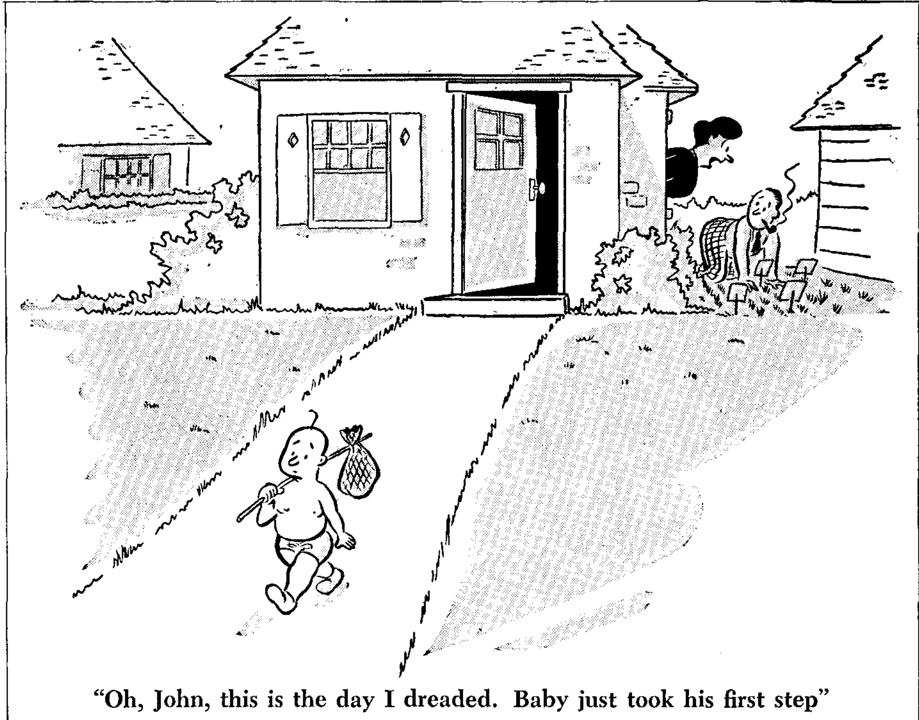
"Oh, no. I haven't been there to stay since the day I came back. I'm at the Pennsylvania."

Or at Brenda's apartment, she thought.

"I looked in the mailbox now and then," he said, "just in case my orders might have come. I haven't been able to locate the postman but now that you're back you might send anything that comes for me straight to headquarters."

"I will. That will make it easier," she told him coolly. "I'll go along now. Please don't come any farther with me. We settled all that. Good luck, Jerry."

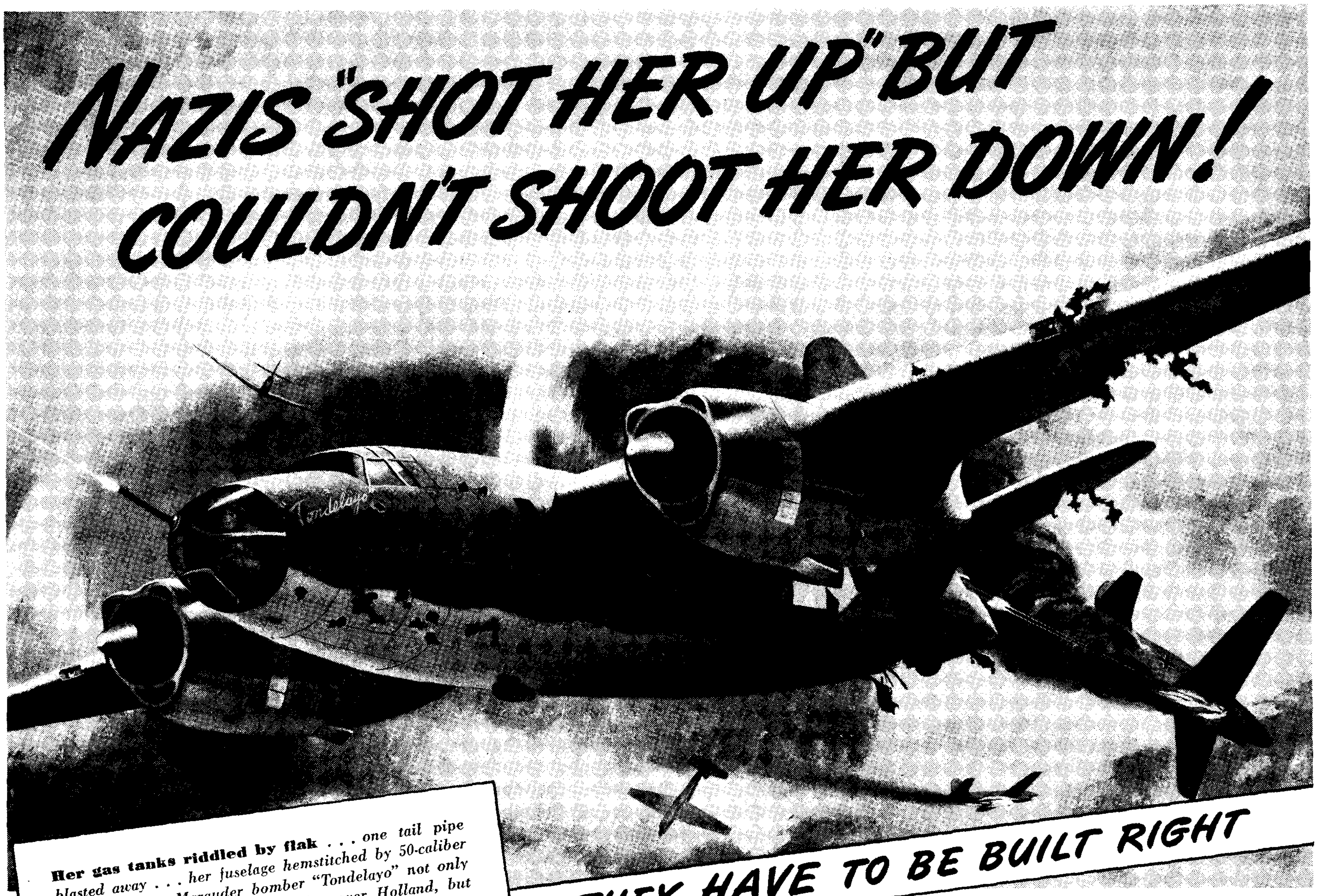
She had been away from the apartment less than two weeks but it seemed a very long while since she had walked down that narrow hall. There was dust on everything. She put a finger down and it left a mark on the table by the door in the living room. Otherwise it was neat as she had left it. She looked in the bedroom. He had packed in here, left the usual trail of cigarettes and rumpled the rugs with his feet. It was deserted. The thought of spending the night here made her sick. But she must. There were far



"Oh, John, this is the day I dreaded. Baby just took his first step"

COLLIER'S ELMER ATKINS

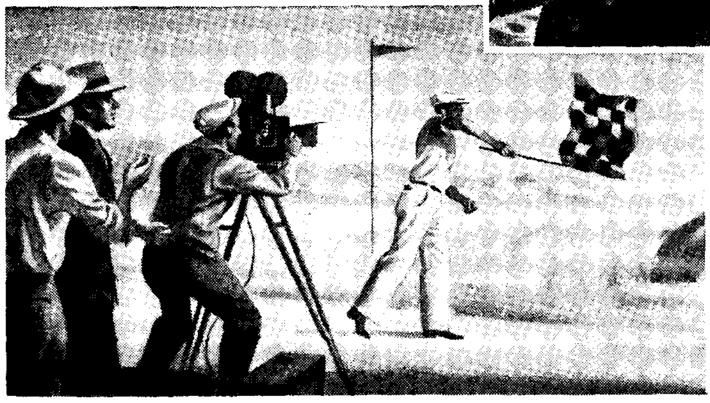
NAZIS "SHOT HER UP" BUT COULDN'T SHOOT HER DOWN!



Her gas tanks riddled by flak *. . . one tail pipe blasted away . . . her fuselage hemstitched by 50-caliber bullets . . . the Marauder bomber "Tondelayo" not only beat off a swarm of Messerschmitts over Holland, but accomplished her mission and came back safely to her field in England. Hudson salutes her intrepid crew—one of thousands who are writing Victory in the skies.*

THEY HAVE TO BE BUILT RIGHT

When lives depend on engines—*"they HAVE to be built right!" Among Hudson's wartime tasks is production of large numbers of husky Hudson Invader engines to power American landing boats. We are thankful that we are able to bring to this exacting job the skill and experience that built a generation of Hudson automobile motors, famous for their performance and reliability.*



Wartime endurance of Hudson cars dates back to peacetime "torture tests"! *On the hard-caked surface of Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah, before the war, Hudson stock cars packed years of punishment into a few hours—traveled farther in 24 hours than any other stock car before or since—and set 40 official American Automobile Association records. That was Hudson's way, in peacetime, of making sure that the cars it built could "take it." It is one reason why Hudsons today are delivering extra mileage and gas economy that wartime driving demands.*

ARMY E NAVY

Hudson Aviation Division Wins Second Army-Navy Award for Meritorious Service on The Production Front

BUY YOUR EXTRA WAR BOND TODAY

NAZIS AND JAPS ALIKE now know the kind of men they are up against: Skillful, Daring, Resourceful. *Not to be beaten.*

Stories like that of "Tondelayo"—which flew through an inferno of shell and lived—are a constant inspiration to us at Hudson, where one of our tasks is to build fuselage sections for these tough Marauder bombers.

Back of Hudson production of vital war matériel for the Air Forces, Navy and Army are 34 years of high-precision manufacturing experience—and a highly trained, determined organization whose motto is: *"Give our fighting men equipment they can trust!"*

Before Pearl Harbor all our experience was devoted to building cars that could "take it"—cars which, today, are proving their stamina and economy under difficult wartime conditions.

After Victory, new skills and methods, born of war, will be added to that experience to bring you finer-than-ever Hudsons. Until then, the nationwide organization of Hudson distributors and dealers is fulfilling its pledge to "keep you rolling."

If you need a new or used car, or service on your present car, see your Hudson dealer.

HUDSON
MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT 14, MICHIGAN
34 Years of Engineering Leadership

OUR PLANTS ARE DEDICATED TO WAR PRODUCTION . . . OUR DEALERS TO MAINTAINING WAR TRANSPORTATION!

MACMILLAN
RING-FREE
MOTOR OIL
Guarantee
MACMILLAN RING-FREE MOTOR OIL REMOVES CARBON
CLEANS THE MOTOR · SAVES GASOLINE
REDUCES WEAR · OR YOUR MONEY BACK
Ring-Free Motor Oil is guaranteed to make your motor run smoother, give more miles per gallon of gasoline, reduce wear and repair, because it removes carbon, cleans the motor and re... by thorough lubr...
TRY A FILL AND IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED RING FREE IS DOING THESE THINGS YOUR ... WILL BE REFUNDED BY YOUR DEALER IM...
MACMILLAN PETROLEUM CO.

Gasoline Savings *Guaranteed*

Try a fill of Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil and if you do not save gasoline your dealer will refund the full cost of the oil! That's Macmillan's unconditional guarantee to every motorist.

How, you ask, can such a guarantee be made? Here is the answer. Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil reduces motor friction *fast.* In other words, it delivers to the rear wheels of your car more of the power that is ordinarily wasted in overcoming the internal friction of the motor itself (this power waste runs as high as 50% according to recognized automotive engineers). By reducing friction, RING-FREE reduces power waste—gives more miles per gasoline gallon—reduces costly motor wear.

These facts were conclusively proved by 1094 certified road tests made in individual owner driven cars. In these tests the average increase in gasoline mileage was 1.3 miles per gallon after crankcases had been drained and refilled with Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil. Increases of 10% were not uncommon. Start saving your gasoline today and start getting another big advantage with RING-FREE—it removes motor carbon, while you drive.

MACMILLAN
RING-FREE
MOTOR OIL

MACMILLAN PETROLEUM CORPORATION

50 West 50th Street, New York 20 • 624 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago 5 • 530 West 6th Street, Los Angeles 14

Copyright 1944 Macmillan Petroleum Corp.

worse things in the world than sleeping here with memories. Jerry was alive. There was that to think of. She would always remember Betsy, as she had been this afternoon. Jerry had been tender with Betsy. He was like that. In an emergency Jerry knew what to do, what people needed and what helped them.

She must stop thinking about him. *There was something indecent about it.* He was probably with Brenda this minute. He wouldn't be here again. He'd made that clear. Now that she'd come back he wouldn't even come back for his mail.

I forgot to look to see if there was any, she thought, and maybe I should.

She went down the stairs again to the row of mailboxes.

"Lieutenant Jeremy Wing," the card read. She must take that down. She inserted the little key and took out a single, long, rather thick envelope. For Jeremy and from the Navy Department. This was probably what he had been waiting for during these impatient weeks. It would be new orders, a change of duty.

HOW glad he will be, she thought first. And then the thought of Grant's death and the picture of Betsy came back to her and fear swept over Kay. She found herself breathing sharply as she went upstairs but she could not hesitate, of course. She must try to find Jerry at once. First at the headquarters here in the city and, if he wasn't there, she must call Brenda. I won't, her pride resisted. But she struck it down. This was war and a summons to duty.

She was dialing Brenda's number when she heard the click of the outer door. No one else had a key. No one except Jeremy. Kay put down the telephone and stood waiting.

"I came back," he said. "I had to, Kay. This isn't right. This isn't the way for us to act." His voice had the same authority in it with which he had spoken to Betsy. But he did not try to touch his wife.

"It's lucky you came. I was just trying to reach you. This was here."

She held out the envelope and he came to take it from her with an eager hand.

"That's it!" he exclaimed. "I'll bet I'm getting something at last!"

Then, as he was about to slit the edge of the envelope, Jeremy stopped. He laid the letter down on the table beside him, unopened.

"See what it is!" she exclaimed. "Open it, Jerry!"

"I will, in just a minute. I'm going to. But I've got something to say first and I'd rather say it to you before I know what's inside that envelope and what my orders are. Because, whatever they are, they don't affect what I want to tell you. In a way they don't really matter so much now. Maybe I'll get a good ship. But I may be sent back to school or ordered to do recruiting out in Oklahoma."

"It's going to be what you want, I think, this time."

He looked at her, then laid his hand on the letter that held a secret destiny.

"It doesn't matter what I want. I've said that before but this time I mean it. I'm not putting on any act right now. Of course, I hope it's an assignment with teeth in it and that I get back where the fighting is going on. But whether I do or not, this is what I want to tell you. And it's what I came back here for. You must let me take care of you until somebody else has more of a right to do it than I have now. I've got to, Kay. Don't you see that? I'll keep away from you, stay out of the picture, but you can't cut me off as long as there are things that should be done for you. It's not the money end only —you know that."

"I know. It was horrid, the way I said that."

"You can say anything to me and it wouldn't be half what I deserve. But listen—I'll always love you as long as I breathe, Kay."

"How about Brenda?" she asked in a tight voice. "You loved her, too."

He said, as if he had thought it out, and not as an excuse, "No, I never did. That happened because she was there. And because I was sore about you and Ingram. I thought you might be sorry you married me. Regretting it."

"She made you think that, didn't she?"

"She couldn't have made me think it if I hadn't been a fool to start with. I'm not trying to hide behind Brenda even if she was playing her own little game. She's good-looking and I was weak, and easy, and a little drunk. There always are a lot of reasons for that sort of thing and they aren't very pretty and it's too hard for a girl like you to overlook them. I don't expect you to. But I tell you that none of the reasons affect the love a man has for his wife. The kind of love I have for you."

"Does Brenda know that?"

"Yes, I told her. Last night. I didn't do it very gracefully, I guess."

"But you told her."

"It had to be done. I had to be in the clear. At first, I was all mixed up. I couldn't think of you without feeling like a rat. Just thinking of you—that's the one thing I can't get along without, that I can't give up. Remembering the things that were so sweet, the times"—he broke off and finished clumsily—"well, if I can just hang on to a few things I'll be okay. But how am I going to take care of you? You must let me, even if you throw me out. You're my wife and until this baby's born you ought to stick to that. You will, won't you?"

"Of course."

"Afterward—I wouldn't have any right to hold you. I haven't been much of a husband."

"You heard what Betsy said," Kay answered with bitter intensity.

"What do you mean? She wasn't talking sense."

"She was when she said I've not been as good a wife as she was. That's been ringing in my ears! It's true. What happened to her isn't fair. She loved Grant so much. She always made him happy, every minute. She didn't fail at all. It wasn't that she loved Grant any more than I love you—"

"Kay, do you mean that? Do you still mean it?"

SHE held him away from her. "Listen," she said, "let me try to tell you. I've been thinking so hard. Not just this terrible afternoon but during all those days with Roxane. Watching her with Chip. Roxane's like Betsy. She makes Chip happy in that same way, by being completely part of his life. It's a beautiful relationship and so was Betsy's. But I can't be married that way. I can love you to the point of devotion and obsession. I do, and I always will. I want this child and I'd have had others and wanted them, too. But a part of me has to go on by itself, and always be sure that it can. That it knows how. Oh, don't you see? I never would want to be like Betsy this afternoon. You told her why. Grant wouldn't have wanted it. Men don't."

She turned to him and their eyes met in complete understanding. Without yielding, without grasp, she was in his arms.

"That's why I love you," he said gently; "that's why I loved you from the start and always knew. You're the best wife of them all. I know, and I'm telling you."

"I shall be. I'll try. We'll be a fine pair." The laugh came through a little uncertainly, but Kay turned from her husband and picked up the envelope.

"Better open it now."

"With your love?"

She answered with her glance and Jeremy tore open the edge of the letter.

THE END

Just Look at Agnes

Continued from page 19

shows, but nobody took her dancing seriously, least of all, her family. "I'd about given up the idea myself. I knew very well that if you want to be a dancer, you have to train at least two hours a day from the age of ten every day of your life. And here I was, not training, and growing older and heavier all the time."

Then, in her fourth year of college, when she'd reached the old age of nineteen, and the shameful weight of 110, she acquired a beau. "This was the first beau I'd ever had," says honest Agnes. "I hadn't had a single date through three years of college."

For an inexperienced siren, she did all right on her first try. The beau was Movie Actor Douglas Montgomery—and Agnes' friends at UCLA were envious.

"I can't imagine how he happened to like me," Agnes says. "He was mostly interested in my dancing, I guess, because he kept telling me I ought to leave school and go to New York and dance."

No Luck on Broadway

Agnes stayed to graduate with honors and then did go to New York with her mother. But when she tried for Broadway dancing jobs, she had no luck at all.

"For one audition, I made up a dance I called Forty-niner, a kind of kidding thing about the West, and my mother liked it and so did my pianist, but nobody else did."

Forty-niner, forerunner to the highly successful Rodeo, was a startler, the way it translated the bronc-busting days of America into lusty dances. Friends applauded, but it was years before anybody found any use for this or any other Agnes de Mille creation in the commercial theater (so called because it pays its own way).

"For the first ten years of my career I was, you might say, unemployed," says Agnes. Occasionally she'd appear at some subsidized or benefit performance in the nonpaying cultural theater. About once a year, she and her mother scraped up enough money to hire dancers and pay the rent and other expenses for a one-night show. At one such privately paid-for concert in Hollywood, Agnes won praise from Uncle Cecil, Louis B. Mayer and other movie powers.

"They all said, 'Good,'" she recalls: "and the critics said, 'Good,' and the audience seemed happy—but still no dice in the way of a steady job. We'd pay out about $1,000 and get back about $800."

Agnes bought costumes so recklessly she didn't have any money left to buy regular clothes for herself. So she wore costumes all the time. "And now," she says, "I'm so used to wearing stage clothes around my apartment, I wouldn't feel natural any other way."

With what looked to be the last $500 she'd ever have, she set out for England. Her sojourn there restored her self-respect but not her finances. English critics cheered: "Thank you, America, for de Mille," and "Her dancing is an intensely personal contribution of America to the art."

But her account books, carefully kept for the last seven years, show that on one London concert she'd lose five dollars, on the next she'd make five. She had to figure her weekly bus fare to and from the theater to the last halfpenny.

Now, suddenly, there's a de Mille boom, and the little girl who was supposed to be unglamorous goes around humming that Oklahoma! song about "Oh, what a beautiful day, everything's going my way." She can set her own styles and name her own price. She can dance in her own productions if she wishes, but usually she's too busy directing to do much dancing herself. Dancers, wonderful dancers like Osato of Venus and Katya Sergava of Oklahoma!, say they'd rather work with her than anybody. Osato thinks Miss de Mille's ideas on ballet are: "Gee, so exciting. With her you're making tradition instead of adhering to it."

Miss de Mille modestly demurs that she is simply riding the crest, that ballet has been climbing toward popularity for the last ten years. And in a way she's right. Ballet had a hard time getting a hearing in this country at all. Around 1916, Otto Kahn subsidized performances by Nijinsky with opening-night tickets selling as high as $25 apiece, but these highbrow performances reached only a limited circle. Sol Hurok did better in 1933 when he brought over the Ballet Russe of Monte Carlo for its first nation-wide tour. Gradually, ballet caught on, though it still was necessary to have dancers with Russian names and programs with a heavy accent on culture. Three years ago, the Ballet Theater struck out boldly with American sponsors and American ballerinas, and a year later took over the Metropolitan for the first of its spectacularly successful series of concerts. Finally, Broadway took notice of ballet in On Your Toes and I Married an Angel. The public approved. This season counts seven Broadway hits featuring ballet—The Merry Widow, Rosalinda, Early to Bed, Carmen Jones, Mexican Hayride, and Miss de Mille's Venus and Oklahoma!

All-dance shows, like those of the Ballet Theater, can count on a million-dollar box-office take throughout the country, playing not only in key cities but in one-night-stand towns. Ballet, it appears, is here to stay.

Not that anybody can tell you exactly what ballet is. Miss de Mille says she knows what it is but can't say it precisely. It's a lightsome, airy, nimble-footed kind of dancing. That's as near as she can describe it, with the 45-degree turnout of the legs as perhaps its most marked characteristic. It's harder than other dancing, requiring longer study.

Exponent of America

"I have inherited the classical technique of ballet," she says, "just as a writer inherits a language. But the things I want to say with it aren't classical at all. They're as American as can be—all the good lusty humor of the West, the honest emotion, the young-hearted gaiety. Don't let me run on. I feel deeply about these things."

It's been a wonderful year for Miss de Mille, bringing her not only success but a happy marriage—to Lieutenant Walter Prude, formerly Martha Graham's manager, now a member of the U. S. Army Air Forces. A perfect year—well, almost perfect.

She bought a trunkful of new clothes for their honeymoon, real clothes, not costumes, and he rented a cottage for them near his post at Lemoore Airfield in California. But something went wrong about the cottage, and they had to take a maid's room in a house that already had four couples living in it.

"I had the prettiest negligee in which I expected to preside at breakfast," says Agnes, "but I had the use of the kitchen only from five to six at night, so we ate breakfast at a drugstore. I've never worn the negligee. We'd go sit on a park bench, for privacy. And then all of a sudden, Walter was sent overseas. Well, you can't have everything. And you know that honeymoon house gives me an idea for a dance. It will amuse Walter, I think."

The End

PRODUCT OF DELCO-REMY

DELCO-REMY
DELCO
ANDERSON, IND.

Vital to Wartime Transportation

The batteries that start America's cars and trucks on their daily rounds are carrying out a vital wartime assignment. They should be inspected *at least once a month* to help keep them on the job.

You can get this "service that conserves" from your Delco battery dealer. He will add water as required, keep connections clean and tight, see that your battery is secure in its carrier, and recommend a recharge when needed. His experience can help conserve your battery, whatever the make.

WHEN YOU MUST REPLACE

REPLACE WITH A DELCO BATTERY

Delco batteries are available for necessary replacements on cars of all makes—on trucks, buses and tractors. They are sold by 34,000 dealers under the direction of United Motors Service.

WAR BONDS ARE VITAL TOO ★ ★ ★
★ ★ ★ LET'S *ALL* BUY ALL WE CAN!

Delco-Remy ★ *Wherever Wheels Turn or Propellers Spin*

Has YOUR Schick Injector Razor gone back to work?

It can . . . now that Schick Blades are back!

No need, any longer to keep your favorite razor where you had to put it months ago—on the shelf.

Today, we're able to meet both military and civilian demands for keen-edged Schick Blades.

So tomorrow morning reach for your Schick Injector Razor

Compare tomorrow's shave with the one you had today . . . compare for comfort, smoothness and ease. You'll welcome back the real shaving luxury that these Schick Injector features . . . the only basic improvements in safety razor design in 40 years . . . make possible:

Enjoy again the revolutionary Schick Injector features

1 2 3 4

BLADE CORNER GUARDS

SOLID GUIDE BAR

Above: The Schick Injector Cartridge... holding 20 Blades

1 **Enjoy the automatic blade change** . . . an exclusive feature of the Schick Injector Razor that changes blades *automatically*—quick as a wink! A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one *instantly.* Nothing to take apart. Nothing to re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp blade edges . . . or messy paper wrappers.

2 **Shave skin-close—with comfort** . . . the Solid Guide Bar has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. It pops up your whiskers for a closer and more comfortable shave. Its corner guards protect your face against nicking and scraping.

3 **Shave dangerous and hard-to-get-at spots** . . . the compact head, smallest of any popular razor lets you reach those difficult spots with surprising ease. The reason is simple . . . it shaves just as wide an area but is only half as deep. Note difference between Schick Injector Razor and old fashioned razor head as shown in circle of picture 3 above.

4 **Enjoy Double Thick Blades again** . . . and remember—Schick Blades are just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades—and 3 times as thick as paper thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil-packed in a special cartridge, Schick Injector Blades have their cutting edges suspended in space.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

P. S. Spread the good word that these blades are back. And if you have a spare Schick Injector Razor, pass it along to a friend so that he, too, may know real shaving luxury. For, 'though a sufficient number of blades are now available, we still can't get the material for new Schick Injector Razors.

Hello, Darling

Continued from page 28

row, they're going to have one sweet time buying tickets for my show."

His secretary left, and a moment later, Miss Loretta Lynn came through the door. New York's leading beauticians and couturiers had done themselves proud. If one looked carefully, one could furthermore see that they had had a tasty, if diminutive, subject to work on.

"Hello, darling," Small greeted her, rising.

Miss Lynn did not answer her producer's smile. "The next time I come here," she said, crossing to his desk, "you can tell that woman of yours I'm not used to waiting in outside offices."

"Sit down, Loretta," said Small, still smiling. His star seated herself opposite him and irritably tapped a cigarette against her blood-red thumbnail.

"You'd think I was some bum off the street, looking for a job," she went on.

Small's smile grew more urbane. "What's wrong?" he asked. "Too much Stork last *night?*"

"Never mind the cracks," said Miss Lynn. She suddenly leaned toward him and rapped on the desk. "What's that woman doing out there?"

"What woman?"

"That old-what's-her-name-Walters duck."

"Miss Walters, you mean? Why, she's in the show."

"Aren't you bright?" said Miss Lynn. "Well, what's she been telling you?"

"She hasn't been telling me anything," said Small. "I haven't seen her yet."

"Well, she will. Only I'm going to tell you first. I suppose you haven't heard anything about what happened backstage last night?"

"Oh, that."

"Yes, that." Her eyes snapped angrily. "Well, what did you hear?"

"I heard you lost your temper," said Small.

Miss Loretta Lynn's perfect lips parted in astonishment. "*I* lost *my* temper? That's a hot one!" She gave a loud laugh.

"I heard you went into Miss Walters' dressing room and slapped her face."

"Sure I slapped her face. If I wasn't such a lady I'd have slapped it weeks ago. If that broken-down old scrubwoman thinks she can get away with that sort of stuff with me—"

Small leaned forward and patted his star's arm. "Take it easy, Loretta," he said. "What's Miss Walters been doing?"

"Oh, nothing. Nothing at all," Miss Lynn replied. "Only stealing the biggest scene in the play every night since we opened."

"Which scene is that?"

"Which scene? You'd think you'd never even seen your own show. The end of the second act, I mean. You know, where Arthur leaves me and I want to die, and then this old frump playing the cook comes on and gives me all that stuff about cooks having troubles, too—"

"I thought you were swell in that scene."

"You're damn' right I'm swell. I'm so swell every man, woman and child in the house ought to be sitting there crying their eyes out. Instead, what happens? This Walters biddy starts throwing her weight around with that Weber and Fields comedy of hers, and I might as well have stayed in the dressing room."

Small looked out the window and pulled gently at his vest. The escallopine did not seem to be sitting so well, after all. "I'll have a talk with Miss Walters," he said.

"You'll have a talk with her—hell!" said Miss Lynn. "You'll fire her."

Small swung slowly around. "What?"

"You heard me." Miss Lynn leaned across the desk and emphasized her words with a sharp rapping of her nails. "Either you give that woman her two weeks' notice before tonight's performance, or I give you mine."

SMALL opened his mouth, but all that happened was that he closed it again. After a moment he rose, walked around the desk and put his hand paternally on Miss Lynn's shoulder. "Look, honey," he began, "you've got yourself excited and—"

"And I'm staying excited. Do you think I'm going to let some crummy forty-dollar-a-week has-been make a fool out of me?"

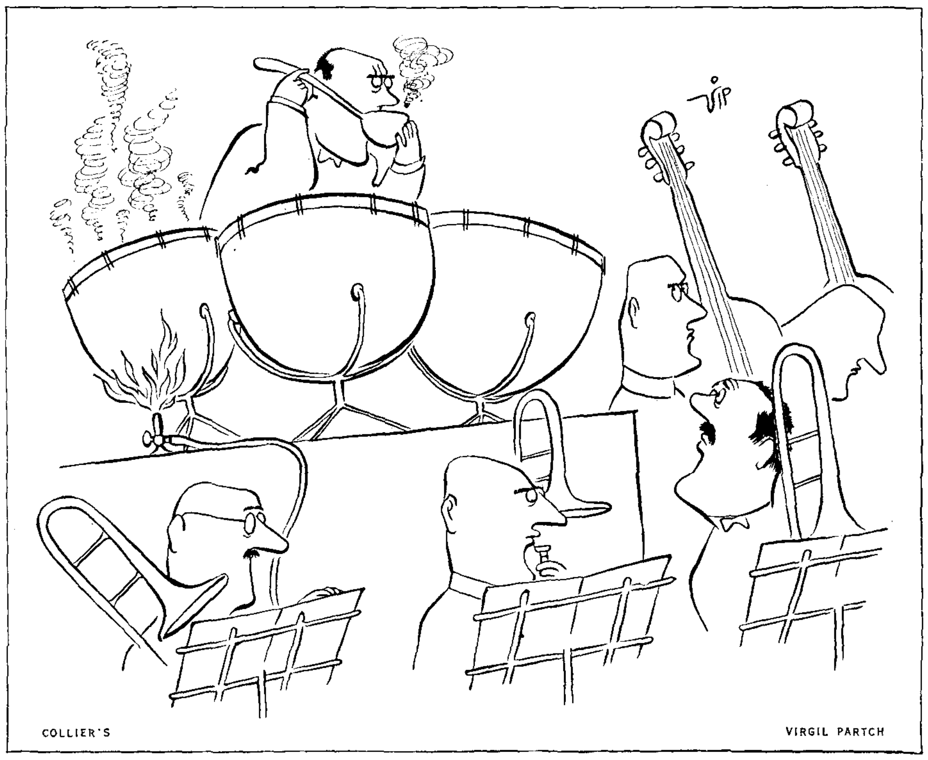
"I told you I'll talk to Miss Walters. She's an experienced, intelligent actress and I know she'll be glad to co-operate."

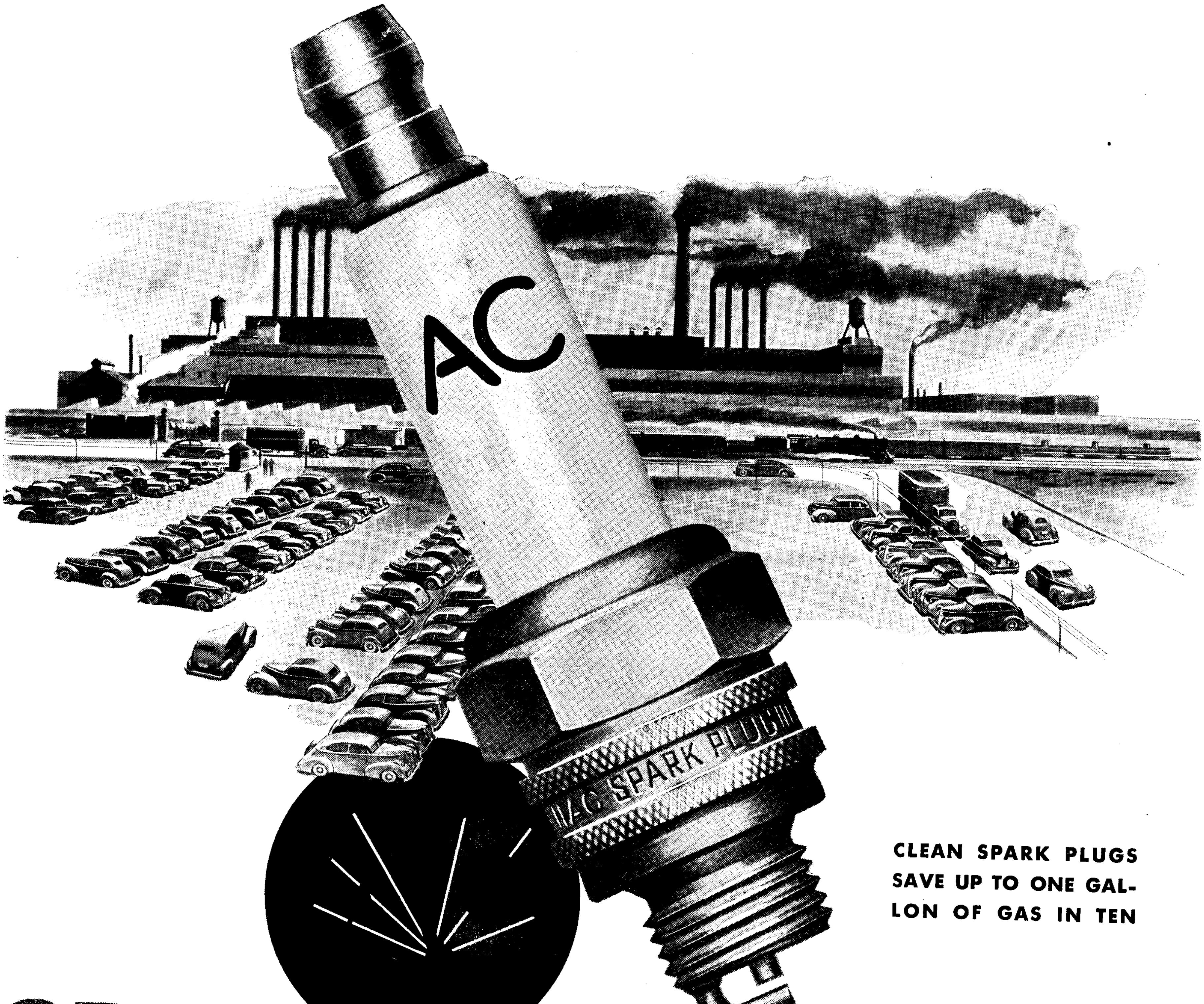
Miss Lynn had risen to her feet. "Okay," she said. "Give me your pen and I'll write my notice."

"Nonsense."

"Give me a pen."

Twenty-eight years in show business had not left Monte Small entirely ignorant of the phenomenon sometimes euphemistically referred to as artistic temperament. He stood close beside her and put his hands lightly on her arms. "Listen to me, Loretta," he said, in the manner of a





CLEAN SPARK PLUGS SAVE UP TO ONE GALLON OF GAS IN TEN

SPARK PLUGS

Millions of war workers conserve their spark plugs by having them cleaned and adjusted regularly. To be sure of utmost reliability when plugs must be replaced, they specify new AC Spark Plugs.

SPARK PLUGS—have them cleaned regularly

AIR CLEANER—have it rinsed when your car is lubricated

FUEL PUMP—have it checked thoroughly at 35,000 miles

OIL FILTER—have it checked when your car is lubricated

DRIVING INSTRUMENTS—have them repaired promptly

Let's ALL BACK THE ATTACK with WAR BONDS

TOMORROW'S FINEST GIFT *is a* WATCH WORTH WAITING FOR

Hamilton
THE WATCH OF RAILROAD ACCURACY

After the war, the men and women of Hamilton will once more make fine watches for you and your loved ones. Today they're building precise war timepieces for our fighting men. You'll see this wartime precision reflected in your postwar Hamilton—a watch worth waiting for!

psychiatrist addressing a particularly recalcitrant case. "Would you give up the star part in the most successful play in New York to spite some poor, inconsequential actress you've got a mad against?"

"You mean," replied Miss Lynn evenly, "would I give up twelve-fifty a week for playing in your lousy show to go back to Hollywood for four thousand? Certainly I would."

It was a moment before the producer spoke again. Then he said, in an equally even tone: "Miss Walters is a fine artist, even if she's only playing a bit. I think she's excellent in her part, and so does everyone else. Still, I'm willing to talk to her, as long as you've got this idea in your head."

"But you refuse to fire her?"

"I do."

Miss Lynn walked to the door. Small watched her. Then he lost his temper. "You can't pull that kind of stuff with me," he shouted. "I'll go to Equity. I'll sue you. I'll have you barred off every stage in the country."

Miss Lynn turned smilingly and put a finger to her lips. "Shh, darling," she whispered. "You'll upset your stomach."

"You may be the star of this show, but I still own it."

"Of course, sweetheart—of course, you own it." Miss Lynn's lovely face now wore the sweetly understanding smile that tore at twelve hundred heartstrings nightly. "And of course, Metro and Premier and those other sucker picture companies are going to pay you real money for it without Loretta Lynn." She threw him a kiss. "And do watch your digestion, dear. Remember, whenever you lose your temper, you get heartburn."

The door closed.

IN THE outer office, Miss Josephs waited for the buzzer that would summon her into her employer's presence. It was a long time coming.

When finally she entered the inner office, Small was seated behind his desk. "How about those fight tickets?" he asked.

"Acme said they would try to improve them," replied Miss Josephs.

"They'd better."

There was a silence. Miss Josephs waited a few minutes and then said, "Miss Walters and Miss Stevens are still waiting."

"Miss who?"

"Stevens. The young girl about the understudy part."

"Oh, yes." Small nodded absently. "Well, tell her to come in." Miss Josephs started for the door. "No, tell Miss Walters to come in."

"Yes, Mr. Small."

"No, tell her—" But it was too late. Before he had a chance to recall his secretary, Miss Walters entered.

Small did not rise, but extended his hand across the desk. "Sit down, Eunice," he said.

Miss Walters adjusted herself in the wing chair that was just wide enough to receive her bulk. She was a woman of about sixty, with a plain tired face and plain clothes, and looked less like an actress than an elderly housewife. When she was settled, with her hands folded comfortably upon her middle, she seemed ready to speak.

Small forestalled her. "I know all about it already," he said.

Miss Walters looked surprised. "About what?" she began. Then she understood. "Oh, that." She sighed a little. "I suppose that's what Miss Lynn was here about."

"Isn't that what you're here about?"

Miss Walters shook her head. "Oh, dear, no. Well—that is—it was awfully upsetting and unfortunate, of course, but I wasn't going to bother you with it. The stage manager promised he wouldn't say anything."

"Both the stage manager and Miss Lynn have made full reports," said Small grimly.

The old actress made a clucking sound and shook her head disapprovingly. "Isn't it a shame now, making a rumpus of so little. My goodness"—she leaned forward and spoke in a confidential tone—"you and I've been in show business long enough, Mr. Small, to know the kind of things that happen sometimes, and make allowances."

It was Small's turn to look surprised. "You mean you're not upset any more?" he asked.

Miss Walters allowed herself a moment's thought. "Well, now—yes, I should say I probably was. But I'll get over it all right. This Miss Lynn now—she's such a big star and a fine actress; and she's really a fine little trouper, deep down." She made a gesture indicating that the subject was closed. "Don't worry your head about it any more."

Small stared at her for an instant. Then he said, "What was it you wanted to see me about, Eunice?"

"Eh?" Miss Walters hurriedly collected her thoughts. "Oh, yes. I've always said to everybody: Mr. Small is the one producer who is always glad to get suggestions from his actors. Things for the good of the show, I mean." Small nodded. "Well, I've been thinking a lot about my part, of course, and the idea came to me just yesterday about a piece of business we could put in. It's in that scene after Miss Lynn's husband leaves her and I come on to clear the table and—"

Monte Small looked out the window at the shining blue sky, crisscrossed with the rigid framework of electric signs. He had definitely been overeating at lunch lately, he decided. Or was it that his new suit was too tight?

"Do you like the idea?" Miss Walters was saying.

"Why—er—yes," the producer murmured. "It sounds all right."

"It cuts out a few of my lines, of course." She smiled. "And naturally no actress likes that so much. But I thought maybe it would make things easier for Miss Lynn."

"Easier?"

"Oh, I'm human the same as anyone else, of course, and I don't think Miss Lynn has acted right to me." Miss Walters leaned forward earnestly. "But I know how it is with stars and how hard this sort of thing is for you. And I just thought—well—it might be good for the show."

Small stared at her for a moment. Then he said quietly, "You're a big person, Eunice."

"Big?" Miss Walters glanced down at her billowing form and laughed. "If anybody but you said that, I think I'd be the one to do the face-slapping." Suddenly she looked straight at him. "No, Mr. Small. I'm not big. I'm just trying to be helpful—and grateful."

THE producer did not answer at once. For a while his gaze returned to the window; then he swung slowly around.

"How's your health been, Eunice?" he asked.

His visitor looked surprised. "Why—why it's fine, thank you."

"Your neuritis, I mean? Sure you haven't been overdoing things?"

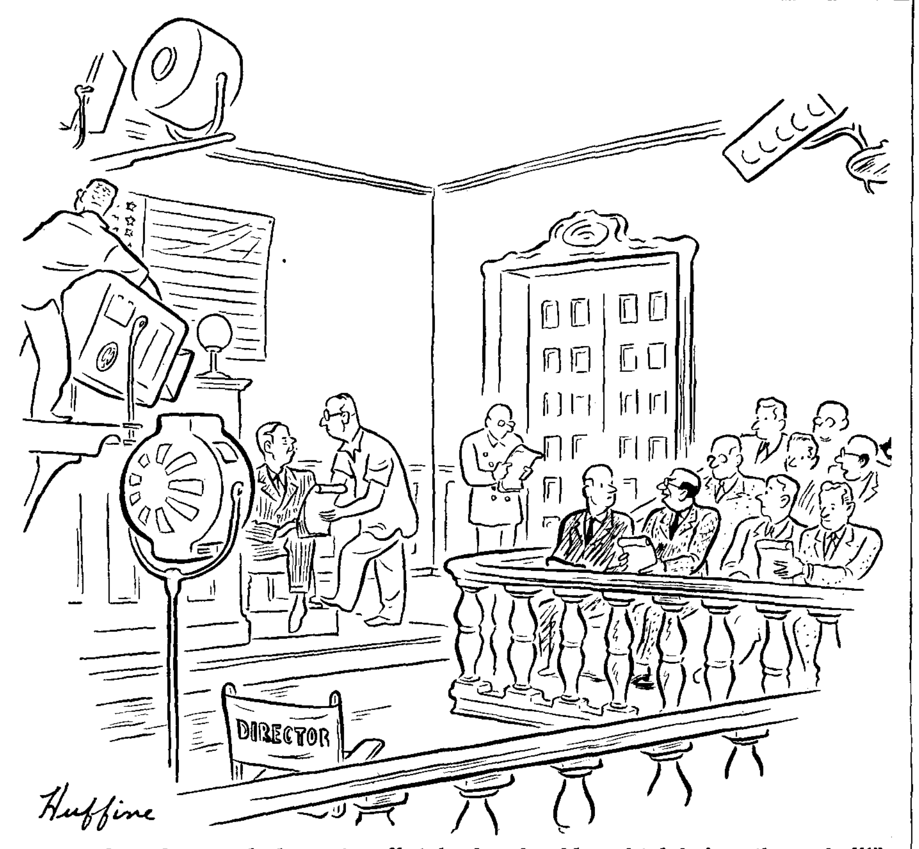
Miss Walters' expression changed to a smile. "If that isn't just like you," she said. "Always worrying yourself about other folks' troubles." She leaned across the desk and patted his hand. "Bless you, no, Mr. Small. I've never felt better in my life."

"I've been watching you closely, Eunice, and I've been thinking maybe the work is too much for you."

"Too much for me? Five little minutes on a stage too much for me?" Miss Walters laughed. "Lord, it was getting back to work that saved my life, Mr. Small!" She paused, and suddenly the lines of her lips and eyes grew hard. "When I think back on those six years, I don't know how I went through them. All of six years it was, I went without a job. Sponging off people I hardly knew. Sitting in a furnished room waiting for the relief check. Getting turned away by producers who were in diapers when I was playing with John Drew and Richard Mansfield. It's that sort of thing that kills you. Not work. I—I—oh, I don't even want to think about it now. You've been very good to me, Mr. Small." She smiled again.

Small put his finger tips together and stared at them. "You've been saving some money, I suppose?"

Miss Walters had regained her spirits. "Oh, a little here and there. But you know old Eunice—never much of a one at stowing things away. There's always a hat



"Oh, I'll go along with the script all right, but frankly I think he's guilty as hell!"

COLLIER'S DAVID B. HUFFINE

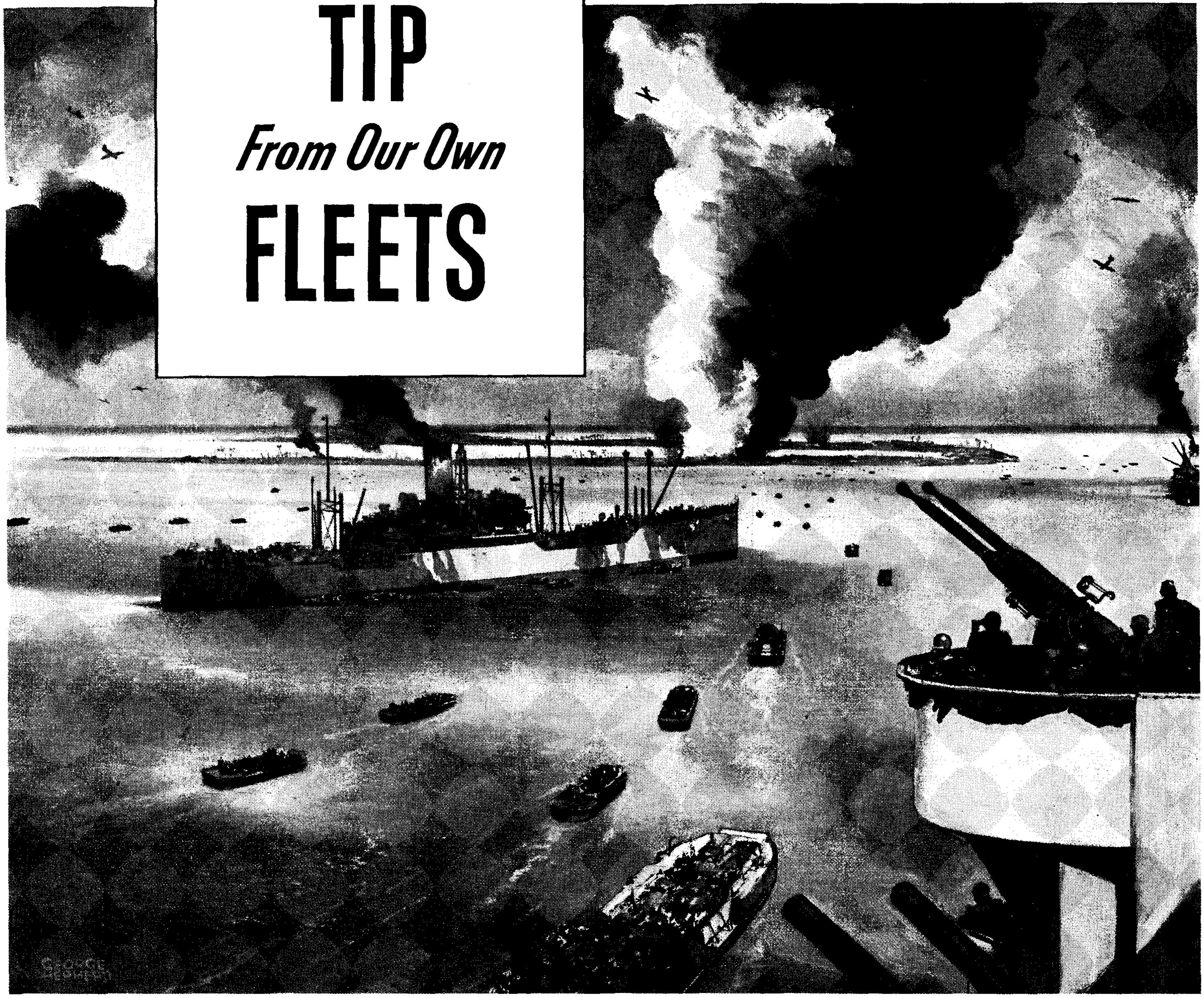
For the Rum Connoisseur

RONRICO*
Best RUM *bar none**

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free copy. Ronrico Corporation, Dept. (D) Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof. U. S. Representative: Import Division, McKesson & Robbins, Inc., N.Y.C.

Copyright 1944 *Trademarks

TIP *From Our Own* FLEETS



and Three Good Reasons . . . for Success

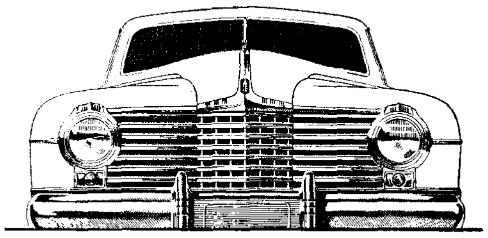
As a timely tip from our own fleets, consider the fact that the FLUID DRIVE principle is used on some of our most important warships and Merchant Marine vessels just as Dodge used it in its late model cars—to *cushion* performance at all speeds, and to reduce mechanical wear and tear.

• • • •

Consider, also, the fact that, for the Navy and Merchant Marine, Dodge is in quantity production on two of the Nation's most important items of fighting and navigation equipment. Dodge makes vital parts for the famous and deadly BOFORS anti-aircraft cannon. Dodge also supplies, in quantity production, the great SPERRY GYRO-COMPASS, for the dependable navigation of allied ships at sea.

• • • •

These wartime production jobs have required the utmost in precision manufacture; they have taken Dodge craftsmanship to the scenes of invasion and victorious battle action in all parts of the world.



The Dodge manufacturing record also speaks for itself through the 275,000 Dodge built military trucks produced for the armed forces,—and through the continuous reports of Dodge car and truck owners at home. These reports emphasize extreme operating economy, with gas consumption unusually low and tire mileage exceptionally high.

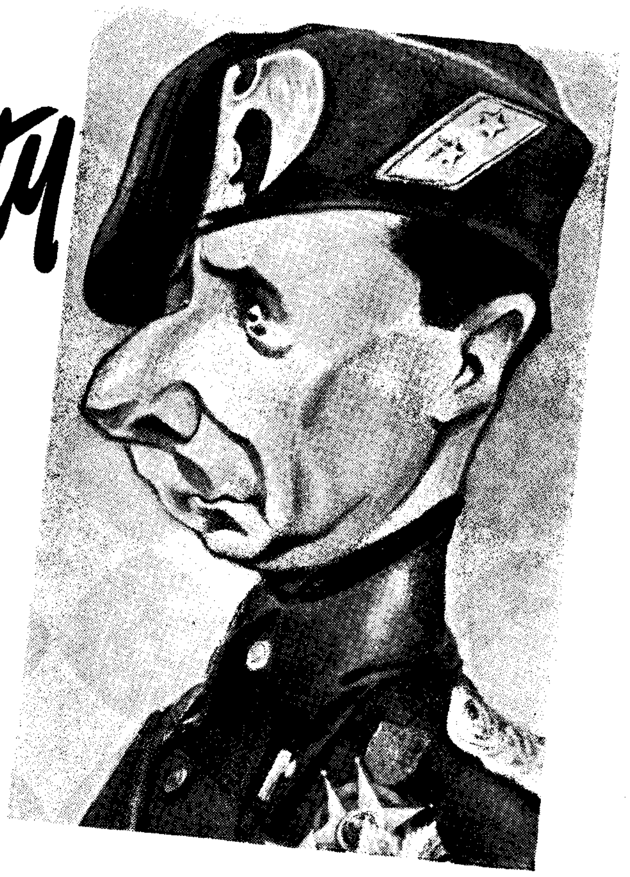
DODGE

Division of Chrysler Corporation

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES EVERY THURSDAY, CBS, 9 P. M., E. W. T.

LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK—BUY MORE WAR BONDS

THE Guilty



CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

ACHILLE STARACE

XXX

WHATEVER else Hitler's gangsters may be, they are never absurd. Mussolini's bravos, on the other hand, were clownish, even when they looted and killed. For example, take Achille Starace, one of Il Duce's most trustworthy terrorists for many years. As deadly as a coiled cobra, he was ever the fool and *pagliaccio*. When Achille shakes his head, the Italians laugh and say that the pumpkin seeds can be heard to rattle. Stripped of everything but a sense of humor, the wretched victims of Fascismo could always find a joke about Starace—particularly the medals with which he loved to bedeck himself.

"What? No decorations?" Mussolini exclaimed one morning, when he looked up to see Achille without a single gewgaw.

"How careless!" replied Starace, snapping his fingers. "I must have left them on my pajama coat when I dressed."

Although well into middle age, athletics were his passion. For a while, it was his habit to leap through flaming hoops in public, but after a miscalculation that lost him his pants, he gave that up and specialized in track sports. No man, he boasted, could outrun him.

"And why not?" whispered the wits of Rome. "Look at the practice he has had in Ethiopia and Greece!"

A violent Socialist prior to the first World War, Starace switched to Fascism with Mussolini, and was a leader in the famous "march on Rome." Street fighting and strikebreaking had been his specialties, but now his business was to crush out all political opposition. "Castor-oiling" was a favorite practice, but Starace's Black Shirts did not stop at murder. Theirs was a pleasant life, attractive to hoodlums, and soon their number grew to 300,000, whereupon Achille persuaded Il Duce to give them official status as a "volunteer militia" with himself as the Lieutenant General—a blunder for which Mussolini was to pay dearly, for it destroyed all possibility of morale in the regular army.

The ill-fed soldiers, dressed in shoddy, were paid only two cents a day, while the Black Shirts got 50 cents a day, swaggered around in showy uniforms and lived on the fat of the land. Worse still, military men knew a consuming bitterness when they saw Starace and his thugs turned into generals, colonels, and majors overnight, especially when their sole duties were to spy and club and steal.

"Believe, obey, fight!" This was the militia motto, and Starace, insisting that the training could not be begun too young, took over the children of Italy. Organizing a thing called "Sons of the Wolf," he took little ones away from home care, put them into uniform, and soon had them parading the streets, singing Giovanezza and bawling cheers for Il Duce. Savagely anti-Christian himself, not the least of his efforts was to wean the youngsters away from religion.

Out of gratitude for these services, Mussolini made Starace secretary general of the Fascist party in 1929, an elevation that gave his criminality full scope. There is no question now that he went on Hitler's pay roll at this time, taking money *to betray his country*. Preaching hate against France and Great Britain, he urged in turn the abandonment of Austria, the invasion of Ethiopia and aid for Franco. Not in all this world was anything ever more cruel than the Spanish venture, for Starace told the miserable peasants that they were being sent to Ethiopia to build roads. Unprepared for war—lied to and half armed—thousands met their death in Spain, as much murdered as though they had been put before firing squads.

Starace also played a leading part in promoting the war against Greece, acting as Ciano's agent in the distribution of bribes that were supposed to "soften" the Greeks. On the outbreak of hostilities, he rushed to the border in person and pulled the string that fired the first gun. The "treacherous Hellenes," however, had spent Ciano's money on guns and munitions, and proceeded to give the Italians one of the worst drubbings in military history, but valorous Achille was not there to see it. Leaving early, he was back in Rome, giving himself another medal.

Of all his many vilenesses, perhaps the lowest was his campaign against the Jews. Only 100,000 were in Italy, part and parcel of the population, but Starace raged until Mussolini signed the order for their persecution. Hitler and Himmler, of course, gave him his instructions, but his own greeds were also a motive force. Already rich by every variety of theft and pillage, he added to his fortune by the confiscation of Jewish properties, and the sale to Jewish citizens of "safety permits" that would save them from arrest and beating.

Where he is now, nobody seems to know. Digging him out, however, will be one task to which the Italians will bring industry, for, of all the Fascisti, Achille Starace was the most hated. G. C.

---

here and a bag there. And you should *see* my new apartment. At the Columbia Towers, it is," she concluded proudly.

"I mean are you looking ahead at all to when—when the show closes?"

"When it closes!" She laughed happily. "I'll bet a week's salary this minute that Forever Yours will be playing right in this town one year from today. Mark my words, I know hits. I can smell 'em."

Small stood up. "Look, Eunice," he said. "I have to talk to you about something."

"If you're going on gabbing about my health," declared Miss Walters, "you might as well save your breath. The only thing you have to worry about, the way I'm feeling now, is that I might leave you to join Georgie White's chorus." She laughed again.

Small waited until she was through. "I have to explain to you about this affair with Miss Lynn," he said softly.

"And don't you bother yourself about that, either. I won't talk about it. I won't prefer charges at Equity, or anything. I know Miss Lynn will be apologizing to me—tonight maybe, or tomorrow night—and that'll be an end of it. Now about that piece of business I was telling you—" Small was pacing slowly up and down behind his desk. "You see what I mean. I'm standing there holding the dishes, and all of a sudden when I see that Miss Lynn is crying, I drop one, and she—"

"Eunice!" said Small sharply.

"And the crash breaks her mood, you see, and then she asks me what I'm doing and I begin my story." She looked at the producer expectantly. "Beg pardon, Mr. Small, you were going to say something?"

For a few minutes Small didn't say anything. Finally he said in a curiously flat voice, "I'll have to think it over."

"Well, I'm sure when you've really thought about it, you'll agree it's just the thing," Miss Walters declared. "And I'm sure it will please Miss Lynn." She arose and carefully smoothed the front of her dress. "And now I've kept you much too long already. I know what a busy man you are." She crossed toward the door. "And don't you go worrying about old Eunice's health. There's life in the old gal yet!"

Her laugh rang out again. Then her bulk filled the doorway and was gone.

THIS time the buzzer in the outer office didn't ring at all. Miss Josephs waited five minutes, then arose and entered the sanctum. The producer was standing at the window, looking out.

"Acme called again about the fight tickets," said his secretary. "They have them in the first row."

Small nodded.

"And Miss Stevens is still here."

"Stevens? I don't know any Miss Stevens."

"She's the young lady about the understudy part. You asked her to come back."

"Tell her I'm busy."

Miss Josephs hesitated, then turned to go.

"No, wait." The producer turned slowly from the window and seated himself at his desk. "She's the one who gave such a good first reading, isn't she?"

"I believe you liked her very much."

Small nodded absently. Then suddenly his mouth narrowed in a grim smile. "Tell her to come in," he said.

Miss Josephs left, and a moment later, a girl appeared. She was a lovely, fresh-looking girl, of perhaps twenty or twenty-one, obviously ill at ease now that she was being admitted at last to the Presence.

The Presence nodded. "Sit down, Miss—er—"

"Stevens. Peggy Stevens." The girl sat down, smiling nervously. It made her still more nervous that the producer did not look at her, but seemed to be absorbed in something out of the window. "I—I've studied the script you gave me," she began hesitantly. "Oh, it's such a lovely part, and you're so good to give me another chance—"

"Would you be good enough to read a few lines, Miss Stevens?"

"Why, of course." The girl smiled brightly and began turning the pages. "Which scene would you like me to do?" She waited a moment, but the producer did not seem to be listening. She selected a scene and began to read. Her voice, at first, was strained and faltering, but she gained confidence as she went on, and soon it was strong and sensitive and sure.

"Go on," said Small, when she had finished the scene.

THE reading continued, and for half an hour the producer sat with half-closed eyes and the thin smile broadening on his lips. He was, he realized, listening to one of the best readings he had ever heard. The girl was an actress—a find—dropped straight from heaven into his lap. A sensation of fierce excitement, almost of exultation, surged up inside him.

"Are you a quick study, Miss Stevens?" he heard his voice ask suddenly.

The girl stopped midway in a speech and looked at him in confusion. "Why—er—yes, I think so."

"You see, Miss Lynn has unfortunately been suffering from a throat ailment, and it may be necessary for her to miss a few performances."

"Oh!" The girl was staring now, almost trembling with excitement. "You mean—"

"I mean, Miss Stevens," said Small quietly, "that I should like to engage you as Miss Lynn's understudy and that, in view of Miss Lynn's illness, it will probably be necessary—"

The phone rang.

The producer picked it up and listened. "How're you, Lou?" he said.

Lou Callan, it seemed, was fair-to-middling. It also seemed that he had happened to have a phone conversation with his studio that afternoon. Quite by accident the matter of a play produced by one Monte Small had come up.

"Well?" said Monte Small.

"I've always thought they were nuts out there," confided Callan, "and now I know it." He went on to announce, with considerable bitterness, that Premier Pictures stood ready to pay one hundred and fifty thousand dollars cash for the motion picture rights of Forever Yours. "Provided, of course," added Callan, "that Lynn comes with it. Now look, Monte—"

It must have been some five minutes later that the producer looked up from his desk to see a young, pretty girl in the chair opposite. As their eyes met, she smiled expectantly.

"I'm sorry, Miss—er—Whatsyourname," said Small, rising, "but you're not the type at all."

The girl's eyes widened. She stared at the producer in astonishment.

"Now if you'll excuse me—" Small hinted.

"But I—I thought—that is, you said—"

"Shut up and get out of here!" Small shouted suddenly.

The girl's whole body went tight with shock. Her eyes were fixed on his face as she rose slowly from her chair.

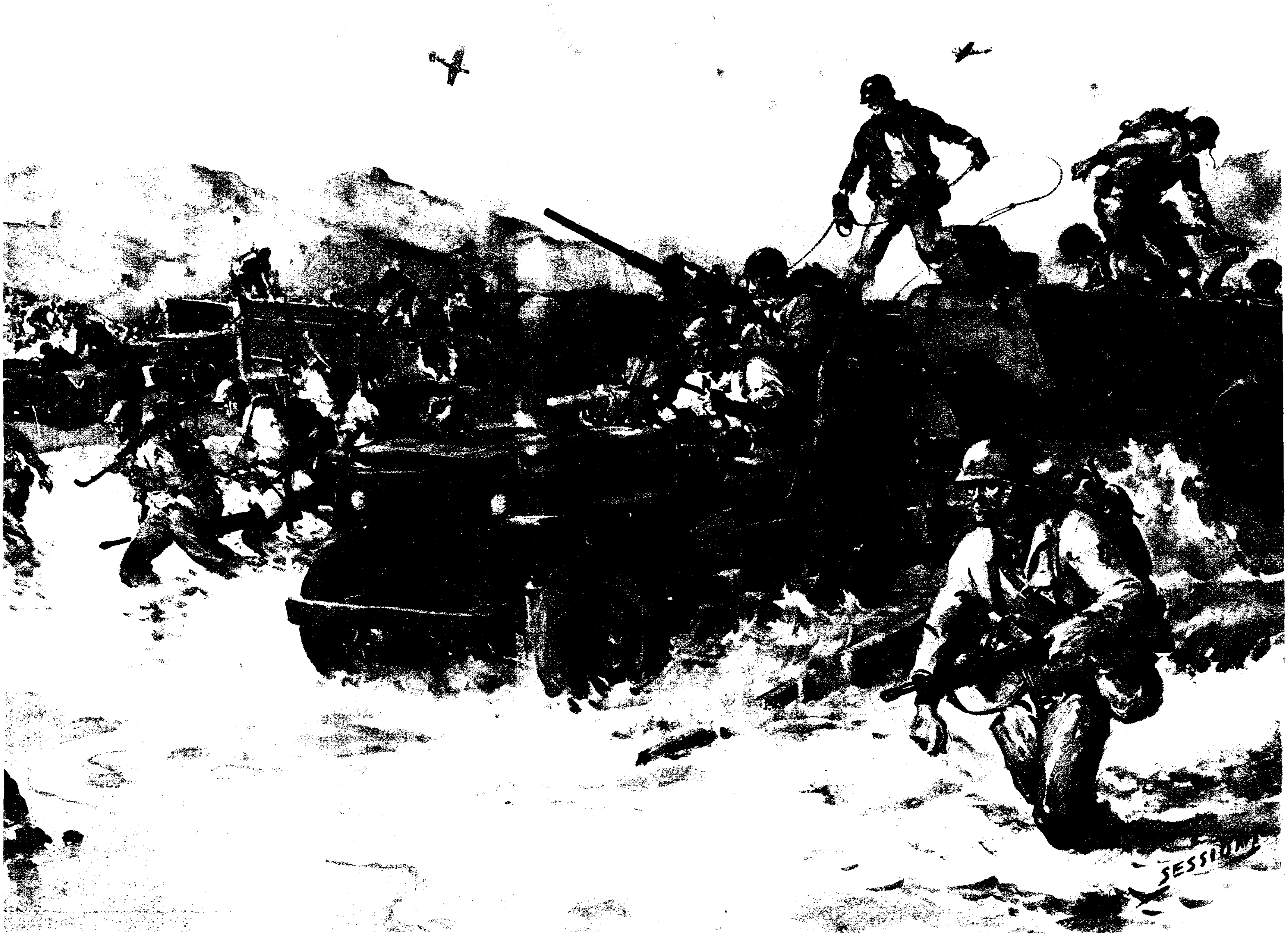
Small looked squarely at her. "That was the worst reading I've ever heard in my life," he said in a flat, hard voice. "It was hopeless, disgraceful. The best advice I can give you, Miss Stevens, is that you go home and help your mother with the dishes."

The girl was backing away from him, still staring. Suddenly she burst into tears, turned and ran from the room.

When Miss Josephs came in, her employer was at his desk, speaking into the phone.

"That you, Loretta?" His voice was suave and affable. "Hello, darling—"

THE END



A tribute to the valiant Fifth Army

THE SUN
NEVER SETS
ON THE
MIGHTY JEEP

FIGHTING AMERICANS BREACH HITLER'S FORTRESS EUROPE

at Salerno, in Jeeps—Willys-Army Designed Reconnaissance Cars

ON that historic morning of September 13th, tough troops of the Fifth Army smashed Hitler's boast of an impregnable Fortress Europe—at Salerno.

And among the motorized vehicles that came off the invasion barges first—that speeded their crews of American fighters inland—through surf and sand—through a hail of fire from enemy planes, blockhouses and shore batteries—were equally tough Jeeps=Willys-Overland, manufacturer.

Invasions are "meat" for the *mighty* Jeeps today, because they've been first off the barges in most United Nations invasions of this war.

They had their baptism of fire at Guadalcanal. They showed the way at New Guinea. They paced the attack at Casablanca, and were first to track the sands of Sicily.

In the American action on the Salerno beaches our Jeeps performed like veteran invaders. They proved again that they have "what it takes" to get their crews to points of advantage no other motorized vehicle could reach—*on schedule.*

And there's a reason:

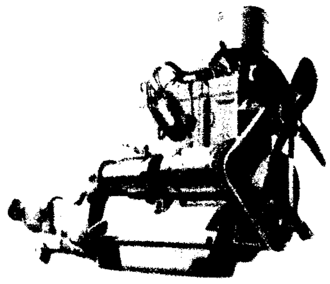
The fighting heart of this fighting car is the Jeep Go-Devil Engine, designed and perfected by Willys-Overland Motors, Inc.

This great engine is making the Jeep famous on the battle fronts of the world—the toughest proving grounds any automotive unit has endured in all history.

As you read front line reports of the amazing power, speed, maneuverability, durability and all-round performance of the *mighty* Jeep, remember that its fighting heart is the Willys-designed Jeep Go-Devil Engine.

WILLYS

JEEP MOTOR CARS • JEEP SCOUT CARS

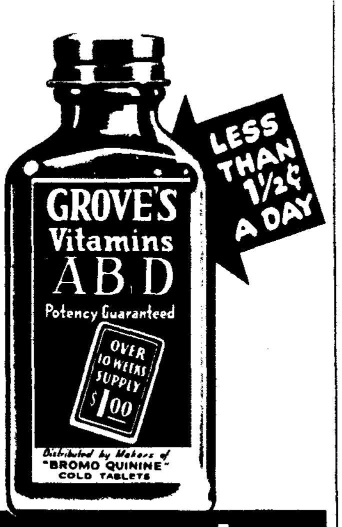


The fighting heart of every Jeep in the world—and the source of its amazing power, speed, flexibility, dependability and fuel economy—is the Jeep "Go-Devil" Engine, which was designed and perfected by Willys-Overland, "Builders of the Mighty Jeep."

...ING MY HUSBAND

. . . . of a precious HEALTH BONUS until I discovered the A and D vitamins with B1 ADDED!

Yes . . . you actually *cheat* your husband, and yourself, too . . . if the vitamin capsules you buy provide *only* A and D. You *want* these precious "cod-liver oil" vitamins, of course . . . for body resistance, to maintain strong bones and teeth, healthy skin. But GROVE'S Vitamins give you this protection . . . PLUS a wonderful *health-bonus* of essential B1, to help guard against dietary nervous upsets, loss of appetite, lack of vitality and pep. Full daily protective requirements of vitamins A and D, *plus* vital B1 . . . all in one easy-to-take capsule! Quality and potency guaranteed. *Amazingly* economical, too. Over two weeks' supply—25c. Large size, over 10 weeks' supply, only a dollar. Start taking GROVE'S Vitamins . . . today!


LESS THAN 1½¢ A DAY
GROVE'S Vitamins A B D
Potency Guaranteed
OVER 10 WEEKS' SUPPLY $1.00
Distributed by Makers of "BROMO QUININE" COLD TABLETS

Distributed by makers of Grove's Cold Tablets

GROVE'S AB1D Vitamins

Captain Bong Comes Home

Continued from page 23

"That was the time that fellow turned over on the highway out here, and they found hooch in the car. Fined him ten dollars, didn't you, Ernest?"

It was all cozy inside and Charley Smith, the round-faced, bald-headed farmer, drank his beer and laughed at Dick Bong going through the motions of shooting craps, doing it so badly nobody could possibly be convinced he was a gambler. It was difficult to imagine that this rosy-cheeked boy in the captain's uniform and with two rows of decorations on his tunic could have been shooting down Japanese planes over Rabaul only a few months before.

When they had asked him in an interview if he had ever been shot down, Bong hesitated and said, "No, but I've been shot up a lot."

He had been on his fifth Lightning P-38 when they sent him home on furlough. His worst experience had been on June 12, 1943, in a mix-up over Buna against heavy odds.

Bong shot down one Jap fighter in flames, pressing his attack in very close as usual, but then had to break away badly crippled. One motor was gone, and when he reached an emergency landing field he found his hydraulic system shot away as he tried to land. He finally got down with a crash.

Bong remembers clearly only two of his victories. One was his first, scored against a Japanese dive bomber over Salamaua on December 27, 1942.

"That was the best shooting I ever did," said Bong, who persists in claiming that he is a bad shot. "I was just about to lose him when I lined up his tail, and he blew up in flames."

His other big day was on July 26, 1943, when he got four enemy Zeros in one flight over Lae. Bong's report on that action covers all of ten lines.

We were by now getting boyhood stories of Captain Bong, called "Pinky" in those early days because of his complexion.

Earl Niven was saying, "He was just a little kid and he came up to me and said, 'Something's happened to my arm,' and it was hanging down as if it was busted in half. He never even cried."

He had gone to Poplar school until there was nothing else to take and then had finished his last year of high school at Superior Central. After that came two years at Superior State Teachers, where he took up flying. The aviation bug had got him at the time when Calvin Coolidge was summering at Superior and a mail plane brought in the White House correspondence. "It flew right over our house and I knew then I wanted to be a pilot," he explains.

Career in the Armed Forces

He enrolled in the civilian pilot training course under Jules Bernt but stayed there only long enough to get the necessary credits to be eligible for the Army Air Forces. He enlisted on May 29, 1941, at Wausau.

The window at Peterson's store (no relation to Marvin Peterson) was filled with pictures of boys in uniform. Poplar (population 461, remember) has sixty-four boys and one girl (Marjorie Anderson, Navy nurse) in the Armed Forces. One family has five boys in the service. Marvin Peterson, 4F because of a lame leg, is the only boy of military age left in town.

Out at the Bong house we found Joyce doing the week's ironing, and Bud getting ready to feed the pigs. The Bongs raise peas, beans, potatoes, grain and hay. The house has eight small rooms and, while things are all right now, it is plain that times must have been hard in the past. Bud and Geraldine drove tractors last summer, and the other girls helped on the farms.

Mrs. Bong is a tall, youthful woman with a snazzy mop of bobbed hair and the eager and amused air of a sister rather than a mother. ("This?" said Sue, the youngest, pointing to an attractive jacket-skirt combination. "Mom made it. She makes all our clothes.")

Carl T. Bong, the father, is a jolly-looking Swede who has no hesitancy in meeting his guests in his stocking feet if the idea occurs to him.

Sue started bringing in wood and piling it in the back vestibule. Barbara was peeling apples for the salad. Grandmother Bryce was cutting up celery for the same concoction. Dick was throwing Jimmy, the four-year-old, up over his head in a way that terrified and elated the youngster.

"We're having Dick's deer for supper, if you don't mind that," Mrs. Bong was saying.

A Different Kind of Hunt

In Douglas County around Poplar in an eight-day season in November, an estimated 10,000 deer were killed. The Bongs got three, Dick's weighing 196 pounds and bearing 10 points. He'd been talking about that ever since leaving New Guinea, and the whole countryside had been stirred up to provide him with rubber-soled boots.

Mrs. Bong dragged the side of deer out of the icebox and began to attack it with knife and saw.

The three younger girls were now working on supper in the kitchen and harmonizing. Dick started to sing from the front room, a good loud bellow that seemed to please him. Then he took up his clarinet and started walking around and tooting it.

"Couldn't use it down in New Guinea," he explained. "That climate would have ruined the wood. Bought another one in Australia when I was down there on furlough, but it wasn't much good."

There was general complaint that Nelda, the eldest daughter, wasn't home to play the piano. She was in Superior shopping and wouldn't be home till late. Geraldine was going to Superior Teachers and came home only on week ends. They'd all be together next day in Superior when they were celebrating Dick Bong Day—luncheon at the American Legion, a launching at the Globe Shipyards, a parade, a banquet at the Lutheran church.

By now he was pretty tired of the formalities and they laughed around home at what he had said to them one day: "Don't ever do anything that'll get your name on the front page of the papers."

The younger girls were still singing in the kitchen, and the supper was simmering along on the stove. Everybody walked back and forth, watching the progress of things and talking.

When somebody happened to mention the bean crop last year, the three girls put their hands over their ears and screamed in horror: "Ug-g-ggh!"

When he sat down to supper, Dick put his tunic over the back of a chair and there it hung, with his ribbons a mass of color.

He had nineteen decorations, including the Distinguished Service Cross, the Distinguished Flying Cross with four Oak Leaf Clusters, the Silver Star with one Oak Leaf Cluster, the Air Medal with nine Oak Leaf Clusters, and a Presidential group citation.

"They're fine," he said in one interview, "but I'd just as soon miss the Purple Heart."

He was telling his mother that he had to go in to Superior that night, hinting that it had something to do with the arrangements for the next day, but the girls laughed at him.

"Oh, Mom," they cried. "You know why he wants to go. They're going bowling."

There was some great mystery about the identity of the other half of "they" but it turned out later to be Marjorie Vattendahl, a very prepossessing blonde now going to Superior Teachers.

She and Captain Bong had known each other only since he came home in November, so she couldn't have been the girl they tell about in New Guinea, who frightened Bong to death.

He read her letter off to himself and then, in one of his rare bursts of confidence, said, "Guess I'll have to stop writing that girl. She's beginning to sound serious."

In New Guinea, no one ever knew him to date a girl while he was on leave in Australia. He never drank, and it is only on rare occasions now that he smokes a cigarette.

When he was bowling that night at Waletzko's alleys in East Superior, with Congressman Alvin E. O'Konski and Marvin Peterson, his brother Bud and the beauteous Miss Vattendahl, he was regretting that he hadn't had time at college for athletics because he drove twenty miles twice a day to and from school.

"We used to have a ball game going out there in New Guinea on the runways waiting for the Nips to come over," he said, "but after a while, we didn't have enough fellows for a whole team." He looked away down the alley, as if ashamed of mentioning the story, and waved to the pin boy. "Set 'em up," he said.

Adding Up the Score

And he went on bowling, pretty elated once at breaking 200. He had got his last Japs on November 5, 1943, when he shot down two Zeros over Rabaul.

He might have added to the score on the one combat mission he flew after that, but gave up the chance in order to stick by a fellow pilot who had one engine shot out. On November 11th, he left New Guinea by transport plane and was home on November 17th, getting ready to shoot deer.

He was a country boy when he left; he is a country boy now; in between, he has become an American hero. Looking at him in the setting of his home town, it is utterly impossible to think of him as a fighting pilot or a killer of Japanese.

As he throws his body eagerly to the left and seems to hold his breath as his ball picks off the last pin for a spare, it seems fantastic that only six weeks before, Brigadier Gen. Paul B. Wurtzsmith in New Guinea was giving him the D.S.C. for "extraordinary heroism in leading ten Lightning P-38 planes into a fight with thirty-five Japanese planes north of Lae."

As he wrestles playfully with Marvin Peterson, it is hard to believe that only last summer, General MacArthur was decorating him for "extraordinary heroism in action over the New Guinea Markham Valley on July 26th."

But heroes have always had a way of not looking like heroes, and American small towns have always turned out heroes. That is probably one of the best reasons why America is still America.

THE END

"TONIGHT WHILE YOU LIE AN INCH AWAY FROM SLEEP...

a fleet of tiny fishing boats is fighting its way through mountainous seas...bringing food to your table...food for hungry slat-ribbed kids in Europe. The wind is howling, the waves are crashing, but still you can hear the steady hum of their engines...Listen!...."

Listen to those engines!...They give each tiny trawler more main engine power per ton than a Battleship. They're Chrysler Marine Engines, and like the Chrysler engine in your car, they're superfinished...which means they've got the smoothest moving parts in the world. And that is vital to men whose lives depend on an engine.

BACK THE ATTACK . . . WITH WAR BONDS

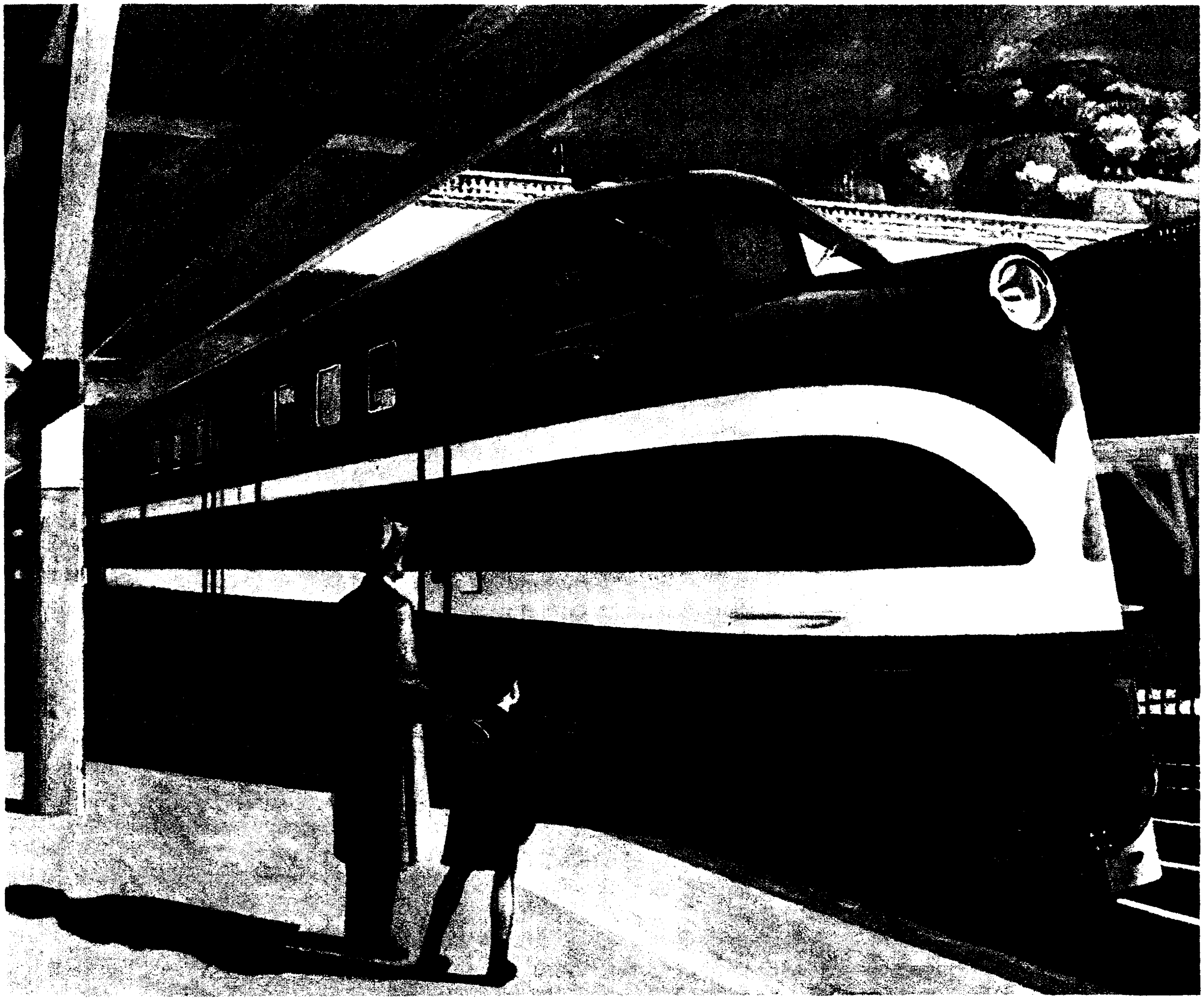
WAR PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER DIVISION

Industrial Engines • Marine Engines • Marine Tractors • Navy Pontoons • Harbor Tugs • Anti-Aircraft Cannon Parts • Tank Engine Assemblies • Tank Parts • Airplane Wing Panels • Fire-Fighting Equipment • Air Raid Sirens • Gun Boxes • Searchlight Reflectors.

CHRYSLER

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

THE NATION-WIDE CHRYSLER DEALER ORGANIZATION OFFERS OWNERS SERVICE FACILITIES TO MEET THEIR TRANSPORTATION NEEDS



What do you feed an Iron Horse?

IT was easy to tell in the old days, when you could see the boiler and the smokestack and the steam whistle. You could tell at a glance you fed it coal and water.

But these modern, streamlined steeds—their stomachs hidden under sleek bodies of gleaming steel—what is it you feed them? Coal? Oil? Or electricity?

Actually, all three are used. For modern, functional railroading demands that a locomotive be powered for a specific job. For some jobs, steam can't be beat. For others, Diesel is the answer. For still others, it's electricity.

That's why American Locomotive builds all three. We know from over a hundred years of experience that only a complete analysis of the conditions to be met can result in the right selection.

Today, a large percentage of America's crack passenger and freight trains are pulled by American Locomotive engines—some steam, some Diesel, some electric. Each is unsurpassed at its particular job, for each was built for that particular job.

American
Locomotive
NEW YORK

Miracle Ship

Continued from page 11

"That's the first time a ship ever rammed herself, I'll bet!" Naquin said to the men on the bridge.

The triple explosion, from aft, looked like the end of everything. "Sparks and flames shot far above the foremast," said Commander Riggs. "A column of water rose and drenched the ship. She rocked like a loping horse. But we could still fight. A lookout reported another torpedo on our starboard quarter. We swung to port, and it slid by."

As they watched, the bow sank. Only the thin bulkheads just forward of Turret Two held back the sea. If they gave . . .

Damage reports came in. The ship was burning forward; she was down twenty feet by the head, with water four and a half feet over her main deck. Her speed was two knots. She was almost unmanageable, and steering had to be done by the three remaining propellers. One hundred and seventy-eight men were dead or dying; twenty-three were injured.

Taking Stock of Disaster

Lieutenant Commander Edward E. Evans of Portland, Oregon, the ship's surgeon, was dead. The sick bay and all its patients were wiped out, but Lieutenant John Higginson, from the Mayo Clinic, had left the bay a few seconds before. He was Evans' assistant. He and Lieutenant Commander W. M. Thomas, of Independence, Missouri, who was the ship's dentist, went to work.

Within two minutes from the time the torpedo exploded, the ship was under control again, headed for Tulagi at five knots, steering wildly, half sinking, afire—and still fighting with the one third of her main battery and the three quarters of her hull that remained. Five minutes later, she sighted a Jap destroyer and let him have it. He turned tail and ran.

For half an hour, the ship staggered on, the flared-out plates and dangling keel holding her back and making her yaw wildly. For some time, the boys aft didn't know exactly what had happened. Lieutenant Francis E. Malley of New York, in charge of a repair party, went forward in the deep blackness of the ship, looking for "the hole." Suddenly he stopped—because the stars were shining in his eyes. One more step, and he'd have been falling into the sea.

"Where's the bow?" he asked.

"Gone, I guess," said Ensign John A. Zehner, an Athens, Alabama, lad, who was then a boatswain and deck repairman.

Repair parties now went to work, closing sprung watertight doors, working with homemade diving masks they had made out of gas masks. The bulkheads were holding—but how long they would hold, no one knew. Some of the heavy steel plates had been twisted like paper.

Five minutes after midnight, as the NO wallowed toward the harbor on Florida Island, a Jap searchlight beam swung toward her, and she painfully turned north to avoid it. It was a bad few minutes, but the light never found her. Then a message came from the repair party: The forward bulkheads were sagging. Naquin reversed the engines and tried to get way on the ship stern first, to relieve the strain.

This failed; the ship wouldn't steer. Down below, Commander H. S. Persons, another Alabama man, from Montgomery, saw his telegraph pointer swing again to "Slow Ahead." He knew by now what that meant—and what would happen to the engine- and fire-room gangs if the bulkheads went. He wasn't too sure about his engines, either.

"When the explosions came," he said, "we were running about two hundred revolutions. The engine stopped suddenly—a complete stop—and then started again. In that minute, a lot of the machinery turned a deep blue, and we didn't know just how badly it had been hurt. It turned out later, when we tested it, that it was in perfect condition."

It took the ship nearly six hours to make the dozen miles into Tulagi Harbor. There Commander Riggs wrote in the diary: "A long, hard night."

On the bridge, sorting out their thoughts, the officers realized suddenly that, ironically, the torpedo which apparently had doomed the ship had in reality saved her—or what was left of her.

For an instant, after the torpedo struck, two thousand tons of bow and guns sagged down, pulling the ship toward the bottom. Then the second and third explosions had blasted away this dead weight, severing it completely from the rest of the hull, allowing what was still afloat to regain enough buoyancy to keep it up.

Commander Naquin said to Signalman Eaton that nothing like this ever had happened before, and Eaton, who had been thrown hard to the deck by the concussion, rubbed his bruises and said, "No, sir, it never has." That was all the comment they made; then they turned to help save the ship that had, miraculously, started to save herself.

But there was no time for rest. The New Orleans was almost defenseless. Two hundred of her crew were dead or wounded; she was open to air attack. Somehow her bulkheads forward had to be shored up, and she had to make about 1,700 miles to Sydney, Australia, open to bombs, shells and torpedoes.

Slowly they maneuvered her across the harbor and up into a steaming jungle river, mooring her close to the bank under the mangroves. Seamen became lumberjacks ashore, felling trees and dragging them to the ship. The tops were cut off and spread over rope nets, made out of strands from heavy hawsers, for camouflage. Frequently, the sirens screamed air alerts, but the Marines over on Guadalcanal sent their fighters aloft and drove off the Jap planes, time and again.

Camouflaging the Ship

Naquin went up in a scout plane and flew around over the ship when the camouflage job was done.

"How is it, Commander?" asked the pilot.

"It looks," said Naquin grimly, "just like a camouflaged cruiser with her bow missing."

One of the accompanying destroyers in the battle, Naquin remembered, was the famous Shaw, which had had *her* bow blown off in the attack on Pearl Harbor, and had been brought home to be fitted with a new one.

Then he came down and told the ship's company that the camouflage was perfect. "They'll never find us," he said, and with one tension slackened, the work went ahead.

Bulkheads were shored up; the flaring, tortured plates forward were cut away by nearly naked divers working with electric torches. Many of the men still were suffering from the concussion.

"It seemed that a sort of veil surrounded some of them," said Lieutenant Malley. "You had to shout to make them hear."

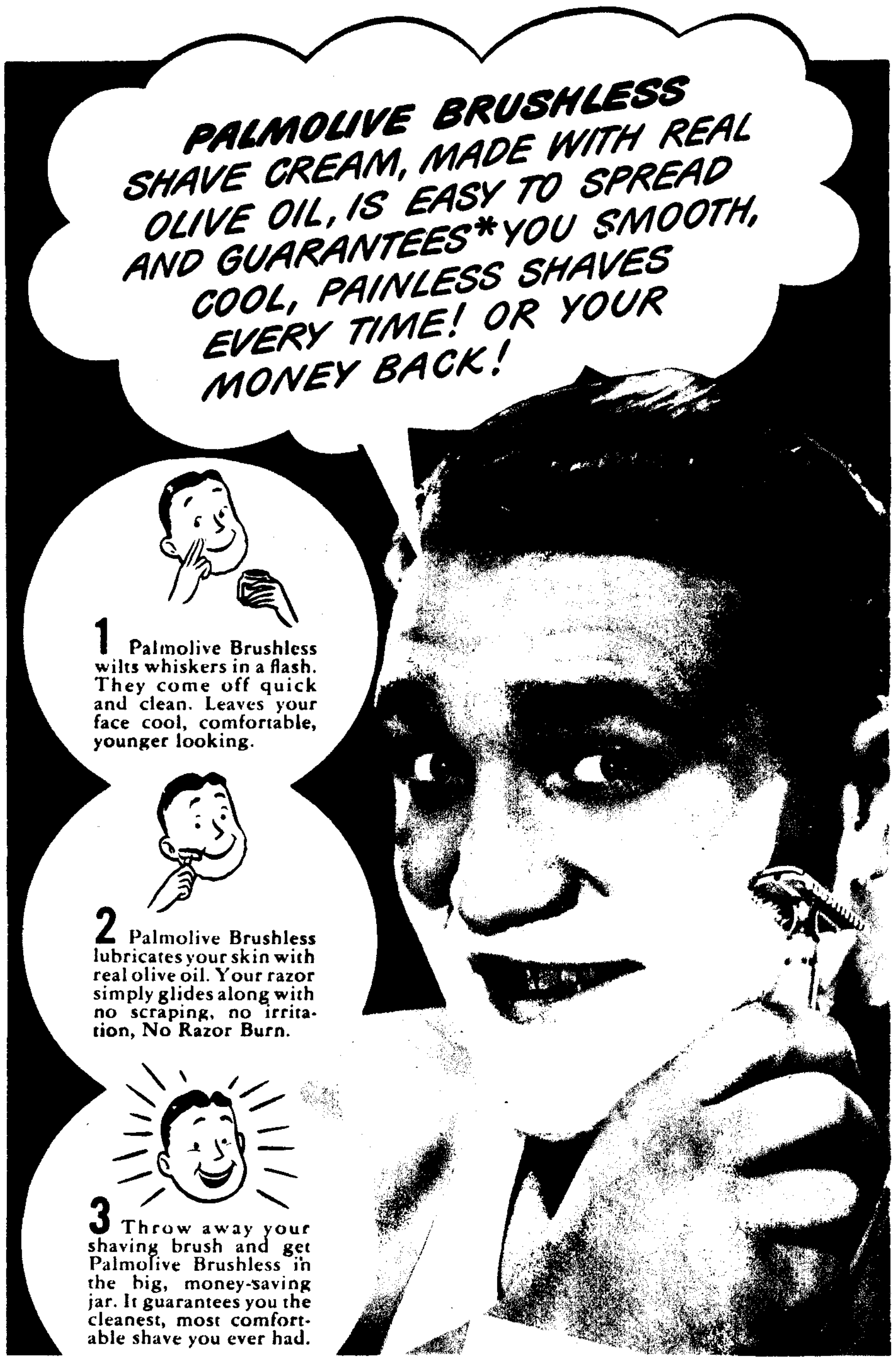
But they worked day and night, and early one evening the New Orleans reported ready for sea again. At 6:48 she got under way, leaving behind her her dead and wounded.

The luck lasted four days this time, as

PALMOLIVE BRUSHLESS

Guarantees* You a Clean, Comfortable Shave with

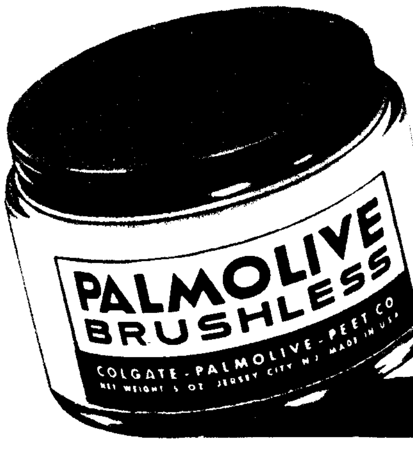
NO RAZOR BURN!


PALMOLIVE BRUSHLESS SHAVE CREAM, MADE WITH REAL OLIVE OIL, IS EASY TO SPREAD AND GUARANTEES* YOU SMOOTH, COOL, PAINLESS SHAVES EVERY TIME! OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

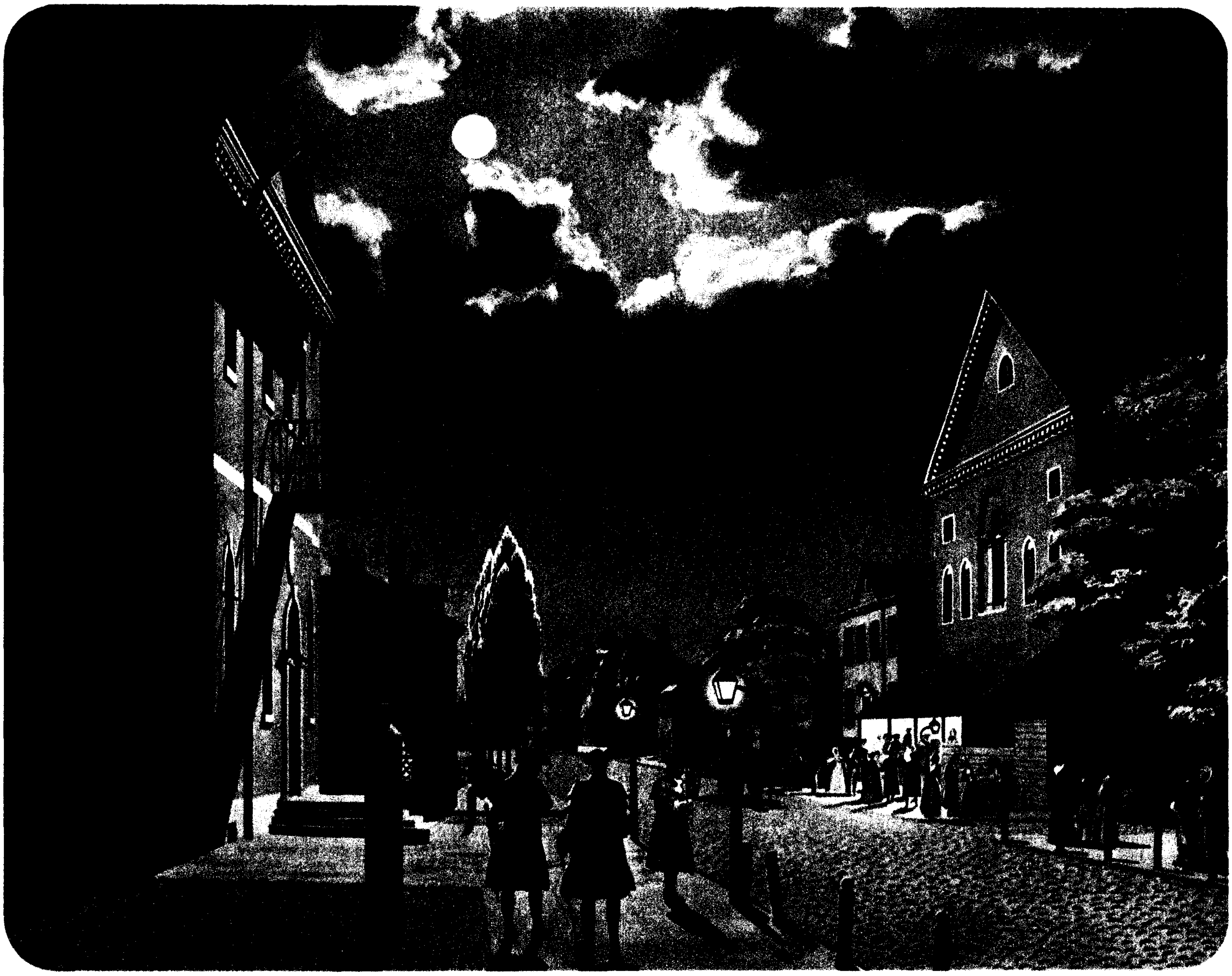
1 Palmolive Brushless wilts whiskers in a flash. They come off quick and clean. Leaves your face cool, comfortable, younger looking.

2 Palmolive Brushless lubricates your skin with real olive oil. Your razor simply glides along with no scraping, no irritation, No Razor Burn.

3 Throw away your shaving brush and get Palmolive Brushless in the big, money-saving jar. It guarantees you the cleanest, most comfortable shave you ever had.



* YOUR GUARANTEE OF NO RAZOR BURN
Buy Palmolive Brushless. Use it day after day. If you don't agree it gives you the cleanest, most comfortable shave you ever had—with No Razor Burn—mail the carton top to Palmolive, Jersey City 2, N. J., and we will immediately refund your money!



The New Theatre in Chestnut St. . . . from a print dated 1800*

PHILADELPHIA *Background of Tradition*

FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY
Continental Distilling Corporation

"NEW THEATRE...Saturday evening, March 23d, 1805, will be presented a celebrated play in 3 acts, called Point of Honor or A School for Soldiers. End of the play, Mr. Jefferson will sing a comic song."...from original handbill in archives of old Philadelphia.

Like an irresistible magnet, the social life of old Philadelphia attracted the gayer spirits of the growing Colonies. Theatre handbills couched in stately phrase bore names now legendary in the annals of the stage...names that added lustre to the fame of Philadelphia as the center of Colonial culture and the arts of pleasant living. Such is the background of tradition that is Philadelphia...a heritage of hospitality that persists today in this fine whisky...Philadelphia Blend. Here is a whisky you might rightly reserve for special occasions...yet one you can afford to enjoy, regularly and often.

86.8 proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits

*FROM A SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS DESIGNED TO CELEBRATE THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF PHILADELPHIA BLEND . . . FAMOUS SINCE 1894 the NO went zigzagging south on three engines. A Force Six storm blew up, and the shored-up bulkheads groaned, pounded by the head sea. They reversed the engines, and she struggled along, stern first, at three knots, pitching in the swells, her fantail taking it green. After a day of this, she went ahead again, taking a chance with the storm in order to get a little more speed. The gale finally blew itself out.

She eventually plowed slowly between the Heads into Sydney Harbor and tied up alongside a wharf. She was safe—for a while. Everyone was dead tired—and there were those comrades, in graves and hospitals, to sadden everyone aboard.

Meanwhile, at Puget Sound Navy Yard in Bremerton, Washington, Rear Admiral S. A. Taffinder smoked his big corncob in the Administration Building and read the secret messages that now flowed in to disrupt his Christmas. There were few details at first—but it was plain that the yard would have to build an entire new bow and have it ready for welding to the NO when she arrived. The plans were available—the ship was one of several sisters of the Astoria class. She had come out in 1934.

Admiral Taffinder called in Commander E. E. Sprung, hull expert of the yard, and told him the problem. Sprung got to work and, a few days later, plans for the new bow had taken shape on the huge mold loft floor. Steel plates came into the yard; workmen rolled up their sleeves in the damp, clammy climate, and the first steel was laid in a dry dock. Few people in the yard knew anything. The Navy simply called it Ordship Nine.

While this was going on, another bow was being put together in Sydney. This was a temporary affair, a blunt wedge patterned after the jury bow designed for the famous destroyer Shaw, which had been similarly hurt at Pearl Harbor. It was put together of anything available; some of the interior bracing was Jap steel that was captured at Tulagi when we took that place—angle irons, light rails and so forth.

The three eight-inch rifles from Turret Two were lifted out and laid on the afterdeck, to bring the stern down and the bow up. The temporary bow was built on, slowly and painfully. Then the NO, again seaworthy, steered for home. She made around fifteen knots now and she still had three heavy guns and her secondary batteries. And proudly she wore three Jap flags for the ships she had sent to the bottom.

The Japs still claimed that she was sunk, along with the Minneapolis and the Northampton. Unfortunately, they were right about the Northampton. But the badly battered "Minnie" still floated, ready to fight.

Slowly, stopping en route, the NO made her way north and east, and finally steamed past Cape Flattery and up Puget Sound into dry dock. And there was her new bow, waiting for her, and Admiral Taffinder and a crowd of yard workers.

No time was wasted. Off came the temporary bow and the NO forged slowly ahead and fitted herself up against her new stem section—a replica of the section that lay on the bottom south of Savo Island, seventy-five hundred miles away.

Commander Sprung went down into the dock to see how his new bow fitted. He cussed a little. It was out almost one eighth of an inch. But when you build 1,600 tons of ship and expect it to fit exactly to some 8,000 tons of another ship which has been wracked by fire and high explosive . . .

"Well," said the constructor, "I guess it's not so bad."

Two Parts Make a Whole

The welders went to work, and in a few days the parts were joined—the NO was whole again. Originally she had been an all-rivet job; now she was a hybrid, a quarter of her welded, and better than ever. She was part New York, where she was built originally; part Bremerton, which gave her her new section. And most of her crew came from places where they called her the N'Yawlins when they didn't call her, affectionately, the "NO ship."

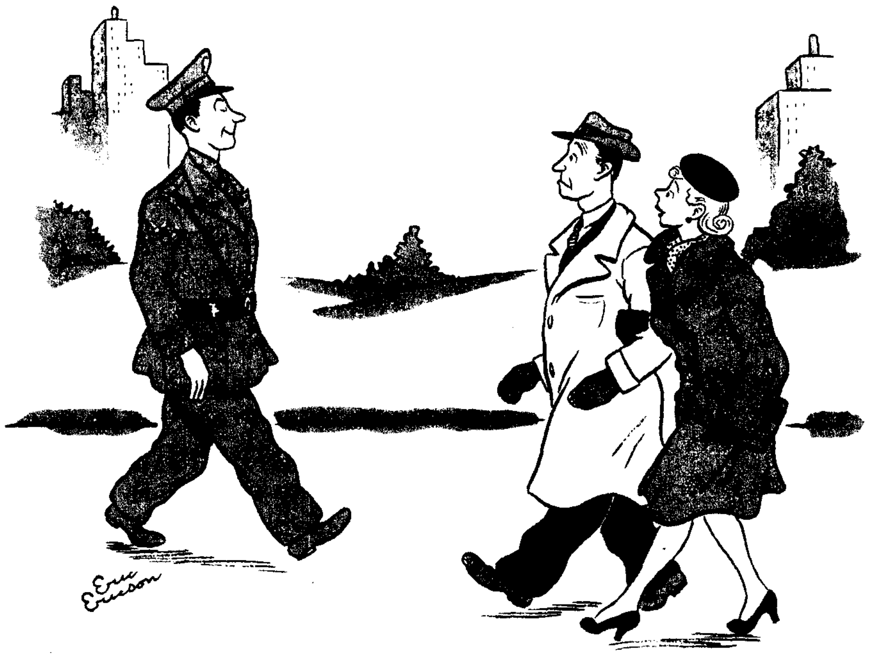
But she wasn't through yet. Later, a sister ship came into port, en route to Mare Island for repairs. They lifted out her No. 1 turret and laid it on a pier. Two months later, a crane picked it up and lowered it into the new bow of the NO ship.

Around the Navy Yard they tell you that the new bow wasn't the main thing. The whole ship had been modernized; she's faster and a more deadly fighting machine than ever. Today she's at sea again, in battle trim, looking for 'em.

So—this is a simple story of a stanch ship that, torn in two and wounded almost to the death, fought on and was kept alive by a gallant and determined crew; of how they saved her and brought her home to be revived and fight again.

Maybe some day there'll be a grim reckoning down in the steaming channels between the mangrove islands, when the guns of the Miracle Ship shout again.

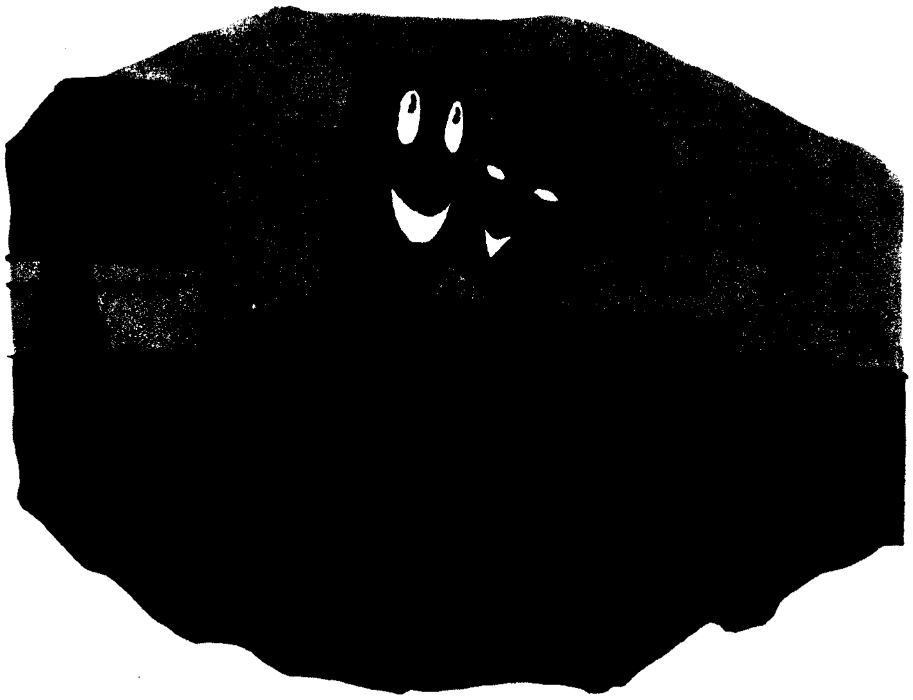
THE END



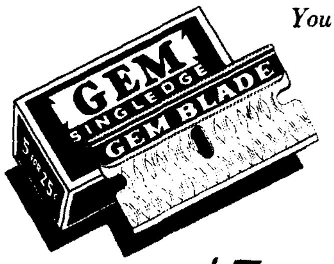
"Don't feel so bad you're 4-F, dear—it's just for the duration!"

COLLIER'S ERIC ERICSON

"You mean you'd have said 'Yes' before—
if I'd got rid of my '5 o'clock Shadow'?"



"I know I shouldn't have turned out the light, darling,
but I'm trying to remember who told me about Gem Blades."



You'll be surprised how your luck and life will improve if you avoid '5 o'clock Shadow'! Everyone likes the man with the clean chin.

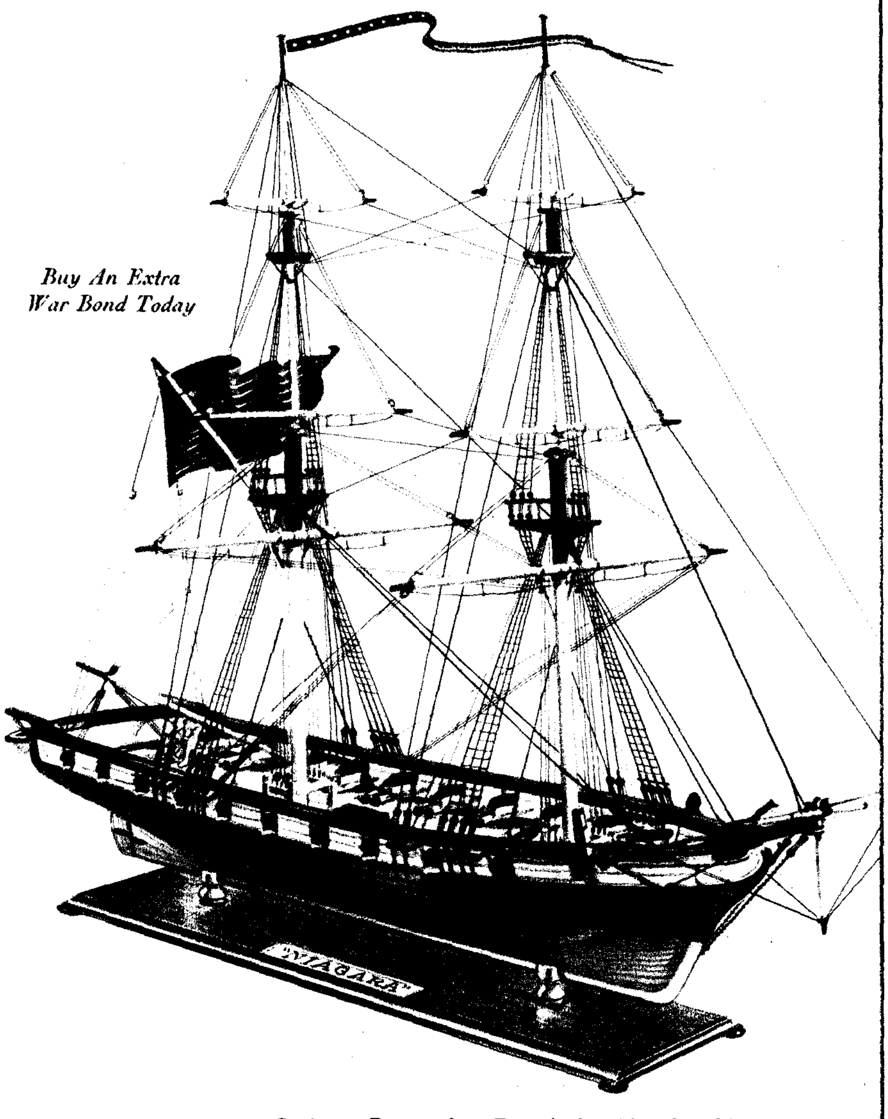
Gem Singledge Blades keep you face-neat longer because Gem's deep wedge-edge is stropped to super-keenness and stays that way for shave after shave. Next time try Gem!

AVOID '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH GEM RAZORS and BLADES

© 1944, American Safety Razor Corp.

Fame Well Won

Buy An Extra
War Bond Today



In 1813, Commodore Perry's flagship, the "Niagara," won undying fame in the Battle of Lake Erie.

G & W
FIVE 5 STAR
BLENDED WHISKEY

In the early nineteenth century the initials G & W had already become famous among judges of fine whiskey. In fact, ever since 1832, those two letters have been a guide to quality. ☆ Today—as in the past—G & W Five Star represents an outstanding value in its price class. Rare base whiskeys—laid away before war was declared—add richness and fullness to its flavor. All in all, you will find G & W Five Star a truly fine blend.

GOODERHAM & WORTS LTD., PEORIA, ILL.

G&W *Five Star*
Blended Whiskey
86 proof, 75% fruit and grain neutral spirits

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED • • • FOUNDED IN CANADA 112 YEARS AGO

The Week's Work

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Ben Hecht

Being somewhat crazy about detective stories, we are naturally gratified to find ourselves in agreement on many points with Ben Hecht, an eminent connoisseur of the who-dun-it school of literature. Mr. Hecht tells us that he prefers to make the acquaintance of a character before the character turns up his toes and dies a more or less violent death. If he encounters the character for the first time lying lifeless on the library floor, he doesn't seem to care much about who bumped him off and why. He is a person with whom Mr. Hecht has no acquaintance and in whom his interest is something less than academic. Mr. Hecht likes a warm crime, with the murder and its exposure inevitably growing out of character. In other words he likes a mystery story with real people in it. So naturally he had to write one himself. He called it I Hate Actors, and you'll find the first installment in the next issue of Collier's.

To clear up any suspicions readers may have that writers are a tribe, we give you now some notes on Collier's Jim Marshall (see Miracle Ship, p. 11):

Mr. Marshall started scribbling back in 1914, owing to laziness from which he has never completely recovered. He was then a stereotyper in the basement foundry of the Spokane, Washington, Chronicle, a sinecure of the most repulsive type. Between the first and second editions, Mr. Marshall used to gnaw at a paper-bag lunch on the basement steps, and was jealousied each day by the arrival, in private auto and clean shirt with detachable collar, of the City Hall reporter, who leaped from his vehicle and darted into the building with his ghastly political secrets precisely at noon.

Jim Marshall

IFOR THOMAS

This fellow's apparent life-without-manual-labor inspired Mr. Marshall to wash himself thoroughly one evening and hit the city editor for a job; soon thereafter, he was in full possession of a small car, a white shirt with detachable collar and some of the grimiest secrets of City Hall.

Some years later, he went to Seattle, Washington, and there wrote pieces for the Star until 1935, when he joined Collier's as Far East correspondent. He covered the Orient for several years on a beat that started at Honolulu and ran west to Bombay, north to Kalgan and south to Bandoeng in Java. He became annoyed at the Japanese on a December afternoon in 1937 when they sank two ships under him in one hour on the Yangtze River—one of which was the Panay, a name you may remember—and found himself with wet feet and no change of socks.

Mr. Marshall now lives in the Santa Cruz Mountains south of San Francisco, acts as Collier's West Coast editor, and raises prunes which are carefully dried by moonlight in spiral wrinkles for a dire and secret purpose. His place is named El Ranchito Rinconado y Escondido de los Gatos Perezosos, but it's better known as Marshall's Place, Home of the Prune with the Spiral Wrinkles.

Newcomers to Collier's have two stories in this issue: The Old Sarge, p. 21, a short short by Lucy C. Bush, and Easy Does It (p. 20), by Everett Webber and his wife, Olga.

Miss Bush writes us happily that this is her very first acceptance for magazine publication, after five years of collecting rejection slips, "and the plot for it was practically handed to me on a platter of pastrami and cold turkey at one of those parties we're always having in the coat business." Miss Bush writes direct-mail advertising for a New York coat manufacturer, a job she came to, she says, after being fired from various department-store, advertising and publicity jobs. "I've always comforted myself that the more jobs you were fired from, the more you had to write about, but that theory never paid out till now."

Mr. and Mrs. Webber are an amazingly industrious couple who farm by day, raising calves and pigs and chickens on 200 acres in southern Missouri, and then at night, after their two young children are asleep, settle down to write. "We live two and a half miles off the highway and 15 miles from the nearest town," they write, "and most days we see no one but the mail carrier. . . . Writing takes the place of social activities." Easy Does It, Mr. Webber explains, is "a sort of letting off steam after a series of discouragements such as commonly beset farmers.". . . A. P.

Pinch Me if I'm Dreaming

Continued from page 13

her hard, thinking, you and me, we have an early date with the preacher.

She drew away and looked up at him. Her hand half reached out to his face and stopped.

"What do you think of it?" he asked. "Made to order by Uncle Sam. One G.I. schnozzle."

He was feeling kind of foolish and talking fast to cover it up. The hand that had reached out to him drew back and went to her cheek and he was wondering why her eyes looked frightened.

"Why, Bill," she said, "you . . . you're beautiful!"

He grinned. "No kidding?"

She took his arm and they walked over to where he could see his mother standing by the car. The same old lizzie. He could feel Margie's eyes on his face, looking at his profile as they walked.

He said, "Hi, Mom," and he kissed her.

She held him at arm's length and looked at him. It was all there in her eyes, the worry that had been and the relief. But when she spoke she said, "Land sakes, you don't look like anybody in our family now."

That was what he liked most about her. She didn't get sentimental and make a fuss over him. She was a swell gal.

"Never mind, Mom," he said, "Margie likes the new schnozzle. I guess that makes it okay, huh?"

When Margie spoke she sounded nervous. "He always had nice eyes and a wonderful smile. But now . . . why I guess there isn't any girl who wouldn't . . . wouldn't fall for him." The last words barely came out.

"Will you gals stop talking about me?" he said. "How about letting me drive the car, Mom?"

But Margie had started a screwy idea going around in his head. That nifty girl who lived a few houses down on their street. Marianne Wilson. He'd had a crush on her once, for about two weeks. That was how long it took him to realize she'd never be able to see him for dust. It would be funny if she were to meet him now and . . . Don't be a jerk, you heel, he told himself. He almost went through a stop signal and jammed on the brakes. "Every time I go away for a while they put up new traffic lights."

"That's not the only new thing we have in this town," his mother said. "Has Margie told you about our artist?"

"Artist?" he repeated.

"Mr. Farnsworth," Margie said. "I wrote you . . ."

"Oh, yes, the man you did that posing for."

"He's been painting pictures of Glenwood," his mother said, "putting us on the map. He says it's the ideal American town."

"We didn't need anybody to tell us that," he said.

"He's taken over the old Travers garage on Elm Street and fixed it up real nice for a studio," his mother went on. "He says Margie has beautiful coloring."

"We didn't need anybody to tell us that, either," Bill said. "Say, how old is this guy?"

"Why, Bill!" Margie said. "Mr. Farnsworth is . . . oh, he's over the draft age. I guess he's in his forties. I believe you were jealous for a minute."

"I still am," he said.

But he wasn't really. That was one thing about Margie. You knew where you stood with her. She wasn't the belle of the town like . . . like Marianne Wilson, for instance, out to see how many men she could put on her string.

HIS mother let them off at the corner and took the car to finish some shopping. Margie was having dinner with them. They walked together down the tree-lined street and he was looking around for familiar faces.

The old lady who lived across the way walked by without recognizing him. And then he was looking at those three girls standing by the gate at the Wilson's place. One of them was Marianne and the other two . . . darned if they weren't her kid sisters, grown up practically overnight.

Marianne looked right at him as he was about to pass. And the way she was looking . . . She never looked at him like that before.

He said, "Hi, Marianne."

Her eyes widened. "Why . . . why, hello, Sergeant," she said.

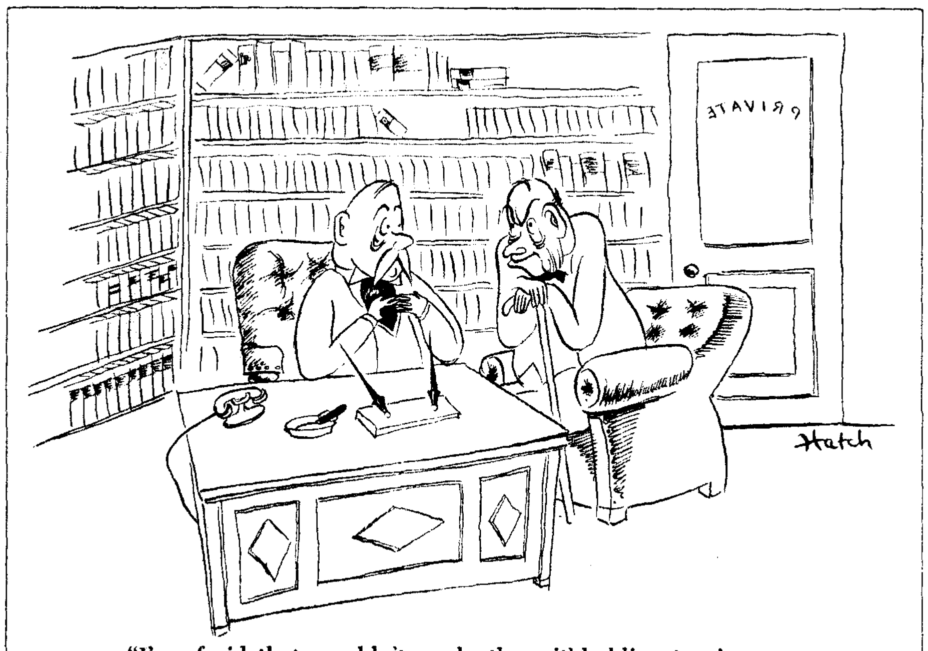
"The name," he told her, "is Bill. I'm Mrs. Harvey's little boy."

"Bill Harvey!" she said, startled. "I didn't . . . Why, you're the boy who used to live . . ."

He saw her staring and didn't tell her a thing. "Your two sisters, they've sprouted like . . . morning glories."

"But morning glories fold up at night," one of them said.

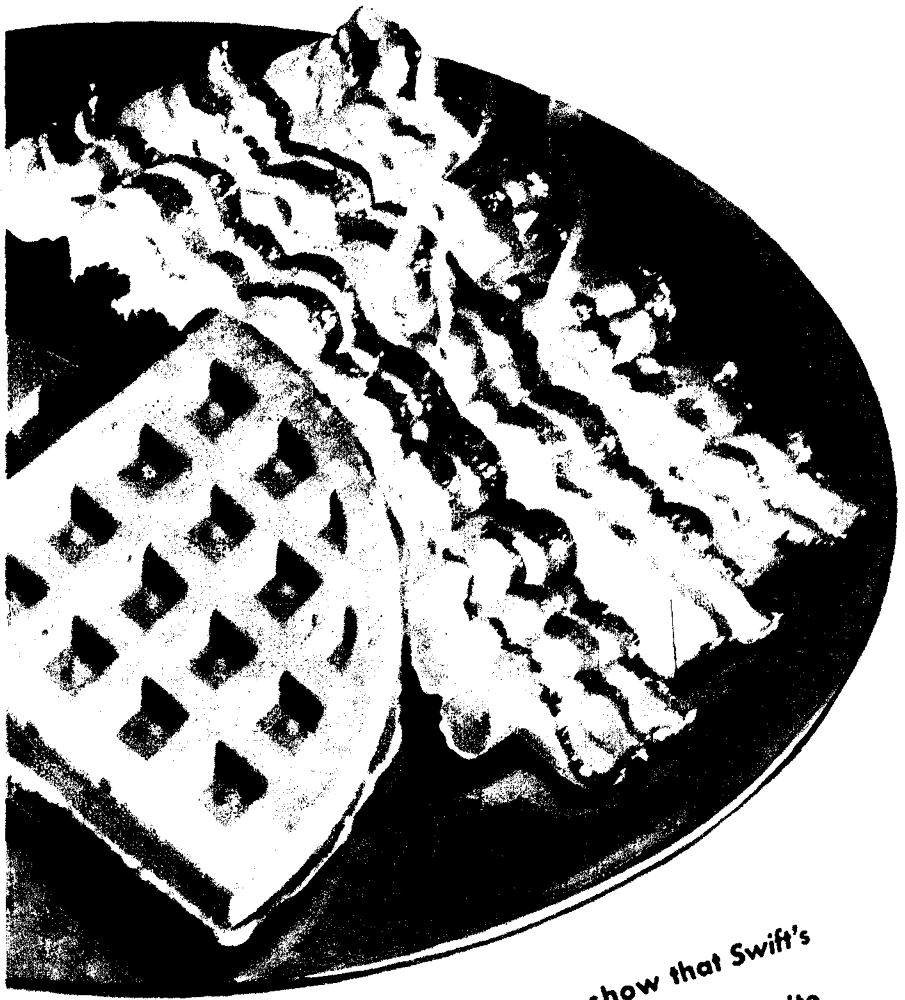
He answered her with the first silly

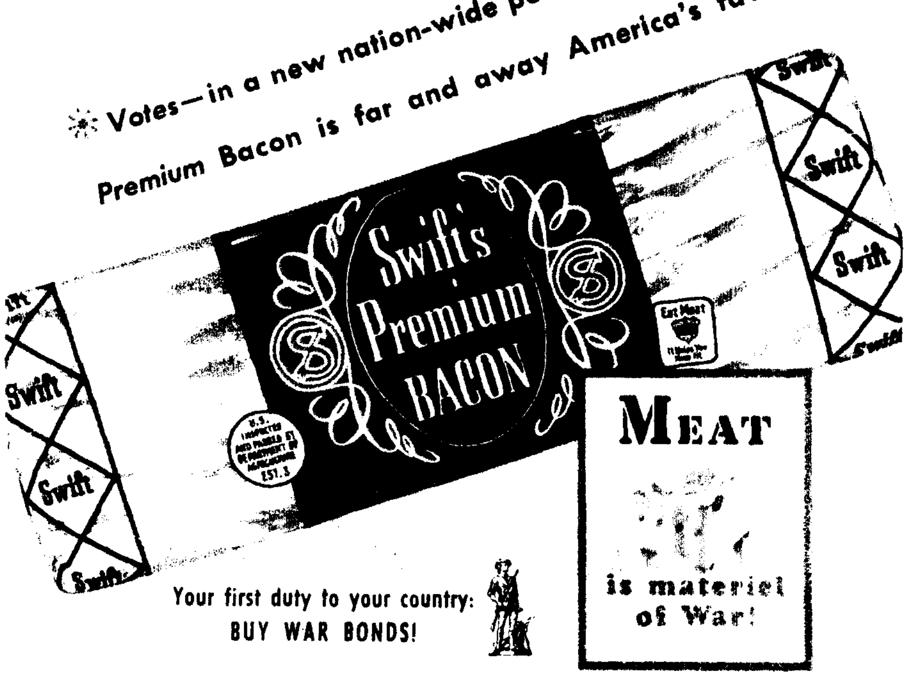


"I'm afraid that wouldn't work; the withholding tax is supposed to be withheld from the taxpayer, not the government"

COLLIER'S HATCH

It's sweet smoke taste has made it America's best-liked* bacon!




* Votes—in a new nation-wide poll—show that Swift's Premium Bacon is far and away America's favorite.
Swift's Premium BACON
Swift
Your first duty to your country: BUY WAR BONDS!
MEAT is materiel of War!

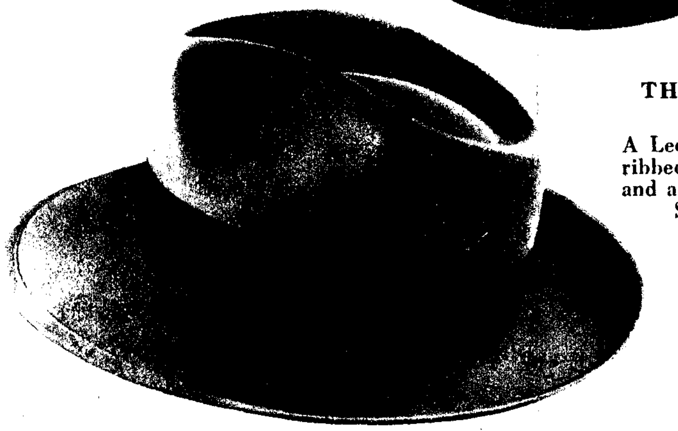
LEE WATER BLOC* HATS

win friends

Men of importance wear hats because they're smart... too smart to let appearance handicap them. LEE HATS are popular with successful men because they're good-looking—super-serviceable. The LEE WATER-BLOC patented process puts style and good looks in for keeps.

THE ELATE
$10.00
A Lee Water-Bloc with hand felted, custom edge—finest quality. New Spring colors.

THE VICTORY
$7.50
A Lee Water-Bloc Pants Pocket weight—felted, turned edge. New Spring colors.



THE CONTACT
$6.50
A Lee Water-Bloc with ribbed gabardine band and a bound edge. New Spring colors.

"Becomingness" is the guide to correct style in a man's hat. Hats designed by LEE fit your personality as well as your head. And that's why LEE WATER-BLOC HATS are your best bet for Spring. See them in your favorite men's shop.

Lee Also Makes Hats for Boys

Obtainable at all leading dealers or write giving us size, style and color

LEE HATS
358 Fifth Avenue, New York

Buy War Bonds

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

words that came into his mind. "We all do, don't we?"

"Not us," she told him pertly. "Not tonight, anyway. We're having a party."

Marianne laughed. "Sue, you're a brat." But she looked pleased when she said, "You're invited, Bill."

"Got a date," Bill said, taking Margie's arm.

Marianne hesitated for a fraction of a second. If he hadn't been looking at her eyes, he wouldn't have seen her disappointment. She sure knew how to carry things off.

"Of course, Margie's invited," she said.

Margie began, "Why . . . I . . ."

"She'd better be," he said.

That party was like some goofy, happy dream that didn't make sense. Marianne Wilson actually making a play for him, and her two cute sisters hanging around.

And there was a guy he'd known all his life, Jack Davis, a sailor on leave. He and Jack had started the evening slapping each other on the back, but before the party was over Jack was as cool as a clam, and he remembered Jack Davis had always figured Marianne was his girl.

Margie was quiet, too, when he took her home. And then he had a letdown feeling himself, and he wondered if he'd been acting like a jerk, playing up to all the girls.

He wished Margie would say something. She didn't. So he said, "Those Wilson kids sure have blossomed out, haven't they?"

She took her time about answering. "They're very beautiful," she said.

So he didn't ask her to marry him that night, as he'd planned. Somehow things didn't seem right for it. I'll ask her tomorrow, he decided.

THE next morning he was sitting on the front porch, thinking he'd drop around to Margie's house after a while, and remembering the times he'd sat watching Marianne pass by without even looking his way.

And just then he heard Marianne calling his name. She was pushing two bicycles in front of her and they'd gotten tangled up and she would have fallen if he hadn't reached her in time to put his arm around her waist. He held her for a moment, laughing.

She had on a pair of tailored slacks and a soft yellow sweater and a bright scarf over her head that was tied under her chin.

He told himself, no, nix, but he said, "I wonder if I can still manage one of those things."

He saw Margie coming as he was trying out the pedals. She would have turned back if he hadn't caught her eye.

"I was going to drop down to see you in a little while," he said.

She told him politely that she was busy this morning. She was just passing by to bring his mother a jar of preserves, she said. He watched her walk up the porch steps to his house. She had nice shoulders and nice legs and he liked the way she carried her head.

"Come on, pokey," Marianne said, "I'll race you."

They got on the main highway, and laughing and joking the way they were, they'd passed the town limits before he knew it.

"Lordy," she said, "I'm played out."

So they leaned their bikes against a fence and climbed over it and sat down in a grassy field. She lay back with her hands behind her head and looked up at the clouds. Man, he thought, she sure is nifty. He saw her looking at him sidewise, from under her eyelashes.

"You're funny," she said.

He was going to ask what kind of funny but she propped up suddenly on one elbow. "You know something? If you hadn't spoken to me yesterday, I wouldn't have remembered you. I didn't realize there was such a good-looking male right on our block."

He flushed a little. "There wasn't."

"You must have been girl shy," she said. Her long eyelashes pointed at the ground and then up at him. "Maybe you still are."

Something went through his veins like a shot of brandy.

"I am," he said. His arm went around her and he bent down to kiss her. But she sprang away, laughing.

"Why, Sergeant, a man doesn't kiss a girl the first time he goes bicycling with her."

"When does he?" he asked. He was laughing too. It looked better if you laughed.

"I really don't know," she said. "Maybe . . . maybe the second time. I'm not quite certain."

"Looks like we're going cycling tomorrow," he said.

"Is that a date?" she asked. And then he knew that it was, and as they started back he didn't feel much like laughing.

THEY stopped for a traffic light on Elm Street. He looked around for the familiar corner garage, but it wasn't there. Or rather, it seemed to have turned into somebody's home. He saw a man out in front puttering around with a tiny garden, a man with a turtle-neck sweater and a beret. He remembered suddenly. That artist. It was probably that fellow what's-his-name . . .

"Who's that?" he asked. "The big guy with the beret."

"Oh, that's Mr. Farnsworth," Marianne said. "Isn't he romantic-looking?"

"You mean that's the guy . . . Margie's been posing for?"

"Why . . . yes," Marianne said. He saw a kind of funny look come into her eyes.

"I thought he was an older man," he said. And before she could answer that one he asked, grinning, "How come he didn't pick you?"

"Why, Bill," Marianne said. "With Margie's beautiful carrot-colored hair?"

"*Carrot*-colored . . . !" Bill said.

"And anyway," Marianne went on smoothly, "I guess Margie's mother is more broad-minded than mine."

"What do you mean?" Bill asked uneasily.

"Oh . . . nothing," Marianne said. "But my mother, she wouldn't *dream* of letting me go to a man's house like . . . I mean a bachelor and . . . sort of a bohemian, like Mr. Farnsworth . . ."

"Margie is one girl," Bill cut in sharply. He stopped. He'd been going to say Margie was one girl nobody would dare make any cracks about. But the traffic light had changed and he was glad he hadn't said it. He and Marianne were having a good time. Why spoil the fun?

THEY got back to Marianne's house and there were her two sisters waiting at the front gate. Sue and Paula. They sure were cute. There was something in the way they looked at him . . . as though they envied Marianne, maybe. He wasn't quite sure.

Sue said, "How was it?"

"Fine," he said.

"That's my bicycle you were using," Sue told him.

"Thanks," he said, "it was swell."

Sue kept looking at him and he knew she was up to some kind of mischief. "How about going cycling with me tomorrow?" she asked.

"Sue!" Marianne said. "You're much too young."

Bill laughed. He chucked Sue under the chin. He winked at Paula.

"Marianne," Sue said, "Jack was here. Jack Davis."

"How is he?" Bill asked, feeling pretty good. "How's ol' Jack?"

These curving curtain-like bands of color are one of several forms of the Northern Lights, or *Aurora Borealis.*

Television—straight through electricity's playground!

The weirdly beautiful Northern Lights give man rare glimpses of the invisible electricity that plays eternally in space around our world. Sometimes it disturbs your radio reception. It plagues fliers, who blame it on "gremlins."

Man is learning some control over this vagrant electricity through the science of *electronics.* Television works because we found how to send a series of pictures, riding on "tamed" electric waves, straight through this playground of "wild" electricity . . . from a theater, say, to a thousand homes miles away.

Important weapons of war, too, have grown from electronics. In the large Farnsworth laboratories and plants where electronic television was pioneered 18 years ago, all production and research today go into military equipment . . . radios for planes and tanks and other intricate electronic devices. For Farnsworth men and women learned valuable special skills on peacetime products like the superb Capehart Phonograph-Radio.

Developments in war products promise finer Farnsworth Phonograph-Radios after the war. Electronic weapons have taught us more about television . . . Farnsworth television equipment for telecasting studios and many industrial and commercial uses will come in the first few years of peace.

Next, after television stations and networks are set up, Farnsworth *home television* sets will make their bow. Then will the dream come true . . . on a screen in your own home, you'll *see and hear* what's going on in the world — sports, shows, important events in science, art and world affairs — while they are taking place!

Television must wait for peace . . . buy the War Bonds that hasten the end of war.

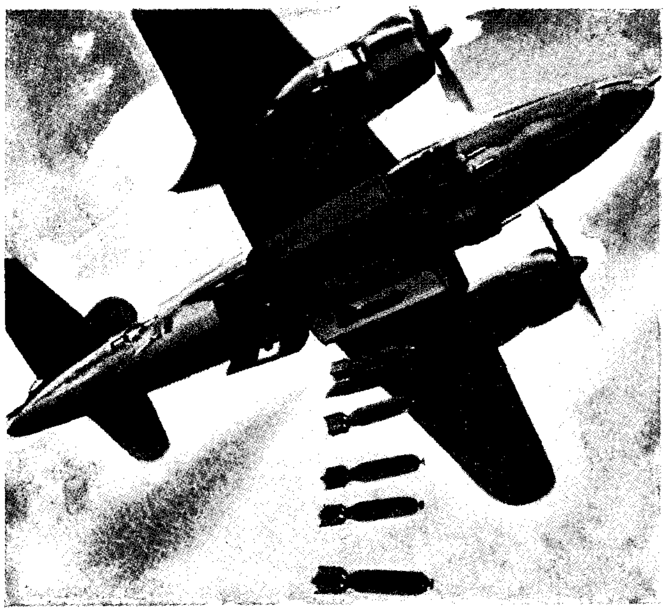
Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana Farnsworth Radio and Television Transmitters and Receivers; Aircraft Radio Equipment; Farnsworth Dissector Tube; the Capehart, the Capehart-Panamuse; the Farnsworth Phonograph-Radio.

FARNSWORTH TELEVISION

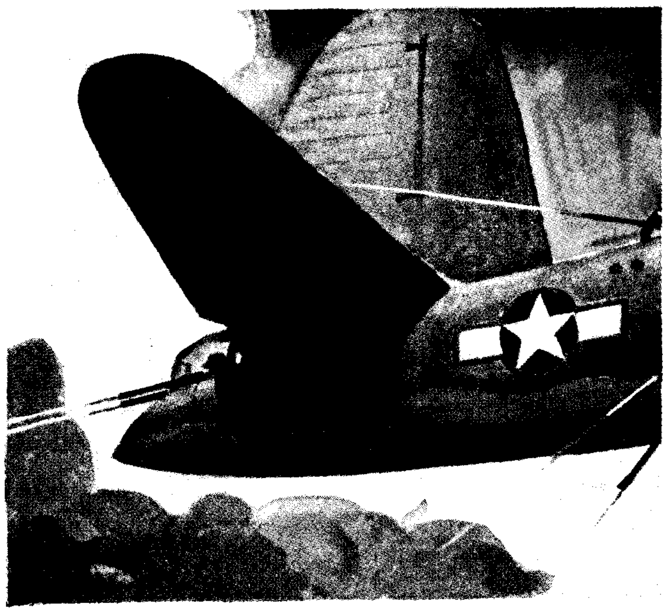
PRODUCT OF

FARNSWORTH TELEVISION & RADIO CORPORATION

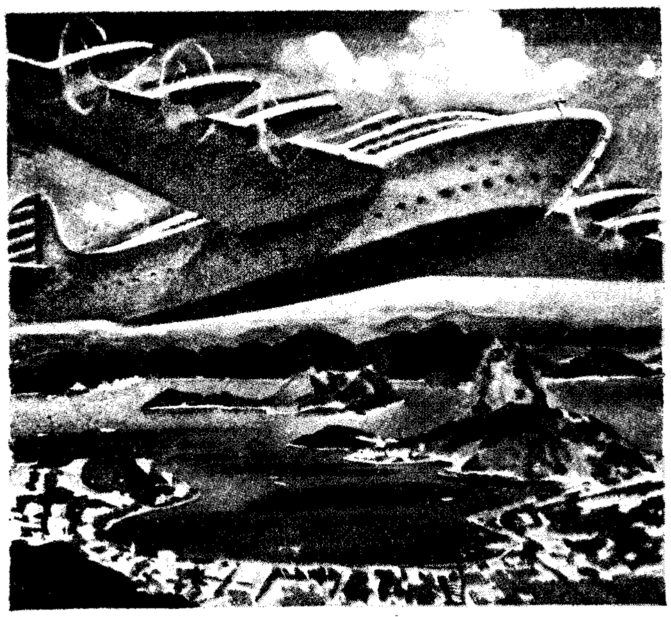
N. W. AYER & SON



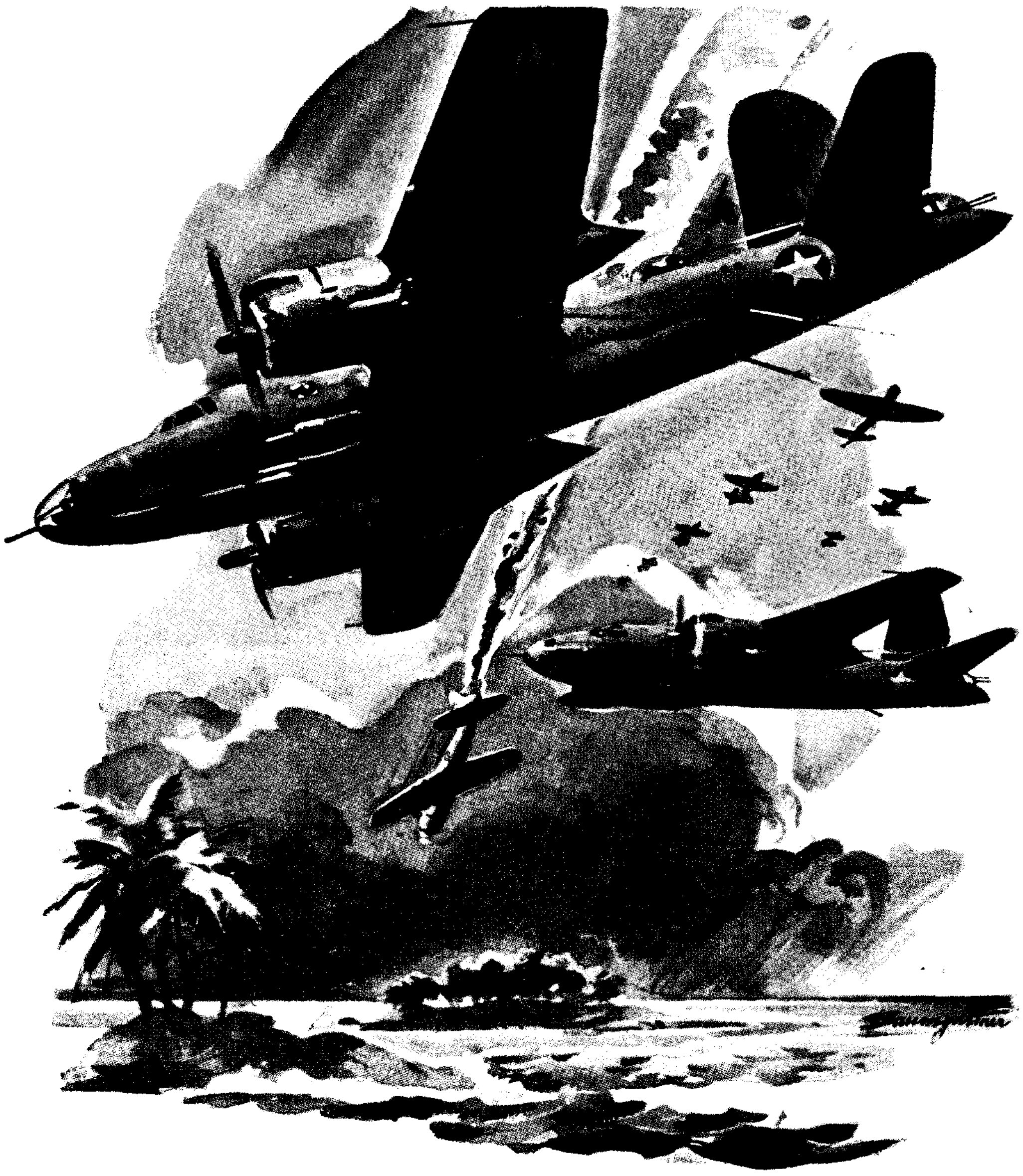
Bombpower: Within their perfectly streamlined fuselages Marauders carry an annihilating load of bombs . . . more, in fact, than carried by some heavy bombers. They may unleash several blockbusters, scores of fragmentation bombs, or hundreds of incendiaries, depending upon their mission. Such pulverizing bombpower enables them to blanket target areas, to overwhelm enemy ground defenses.



Firepower: Lethal tail turret of Marauder contains two of the many heavy guns mounted on this aerial arsenal. Newer Marauders have over twice the firepower of the ones which rang up the 90-to-6 score over New Guinea. Gun turrets designed and manufactured by Martin . . . America's first . . . are standard not only on Martin ships but on many other American planes.



Airpower already is remaking tomorrow's world. Martin has designed giant airliners of 125 tons, is planning others of 250 tons. Carrying scores of passengers, providing every comfort, these great luxury liners will make London an overnight hop from New York: Rio, a single day's flight: Australia, a weekend jaunt. Tomorrow—for comfort, speed and safety, fly Martin!



How Martin Marauders rolled up a 90 to 6 score in New Guinea

DURING the dark days of 1942 a group of Martin Marauders was rushed to hard-pressed Australia. These deadly bombers blasted Jap installations, wrecked Jap airfields, sank Jap ships, strafed Jap ground troops. When the Jap juggernaut finally shuddered to a stop, it was found that the Marauders had downed 90 Zeros in aerial combat against a loss of only 6 Martins.

SECRET OF THE MARAUDERS' SUCCESS

How were the Marauders able to score such an overwhelming victory? The answer is *power* . . . terrific bombpower to completely demolish their objectives in one swift devastating attack . . . and withering firepower from every angle to rip apart enemy interceptors seeking to bar their way. Such heavy bombload and weight of armament, carried at rocket-like speed, make the Martin Marauder no ship for grandma to fly . . . but in the hands of America's best pilots it's the hottest, hardest-hitting thing on wings!

HITCH YOUR WAGON TO A STAR

If you've got what it takes to fly ships like the Martin Marauder, now's the time to hitch your wagon to a star . . . the white star of the Army Air Force. When you ask for the Air Force, you'll get action! What's more, you'll get complete training in the trade of tomorrow . . . aviation. For action today, opportunity tomorrow, sign up with the Army Air Force!

THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY, BALTIMORE-3, MD.
THE GLENN L. MARTIN-NEBRASKA COMPANY—OMAHA

Martin
AIRCRAFT

BUILDERS OF DEPENDABLE AIRCRAFT SINCE 1909

Sue gave him a look, then her eyes went to Marianne as she answered, "Not so good at the moment."

"Sue," Marianne said, "we'll talk about it later."

Bill grinned to himself. So Jack was jealous. He used to envy Jack for the way he got along with the girls.

He leaned the bicycle against the curb. "That was swell, Marianne. Well, I'll be seeing you."

"Tomorrow," Marianne said. "Tomorrow at the same time."

"Uh . . . sure . . . sure," he answered.

"Bill," Sue said, "how about taking me to the movies tonight?"

"Don't pay any attention to the brat," Marianne told him. "She just hasn't any manners."

Bill laughed again. It sure was wonderful. "You girls draw straws and let me know which one wins." He swaggered as he walked down the street.

He called up Margie from his house. He still felt good. He said, "Hi, Margie. Just wanted to see if you were in. Thought I'd drop around."

Margie's voice came to him cool and even. "I'm sorry, Bill. I was just going over to see Mr. Farnsworth."

"Say," he said, "first thing you know I'll be getting jealous of that guy."

"I'm afraid there's nothing I can do about that," Margie told him politely, and she hung up.

He sat for a while staring at the telephone. It rang again. He picked it up hopefully, thinking, she's sorry she talked to me that way. But it wasn't Margie, it was Sue. She sounded full of mischief. "Bill, did you know Margie's picture is in a magazine?"

"What's the gag, Sue?" He could hear voices in the background, Sue's sisters, bawling her out.

"No gag," Sue said. "It's in Picture News. The painting that artist did of her. If you come over I'll show you."

"I'm just going down to the drugstore," he said, thinking fast. "I'll get a copy there."

He'd mentioned the drugstore because he'd pass Margie's house on the way, and maybe he'd see her as she was leaving, if he timed it right.

HE WENT slowly down the street toward the drugstore, and toward Margie's house. When he reached her house he stopped to light a cigarette and tie his shoe. She didn't come out. So he went to the door and rang the bell.

She had on her hat. It was a little brown felt number, and with her hair and complexion . . . She wasn't pretty, she was beautiful. She made him think of . . . Joan of Arc or something. Anyway, he could see why an artist would want to paint her picture.

She stood in the doorway. She didn't ask him in.

"Yes, Bill?"

He forced a grin. "Hi, Margie."

"I was just leaving," she said. "Was there . . . anything special?"

He felt an angry flush coming up from his neck. "Does there have to be something special?"

"Bill," she said patiently, "I told you I was going over to Mr. Farnsworth's."

There was a crack on the tip of his tongue but he held it back. You didn't say things like that to a girl like Margie. He was surprised at himself. He would have socked any guy in the jaw for saying what he'd been about to say.

"Margie," he said, "Margie, I . . ." And then he blurted out, "Margie, let's get married. Now. Right away. I should have asked you the minute I got off the train."

She closed her eyes a second and for some reason she took hold of the doorknob.

"No, Bill," she said.

"Why?" he asked. But he sort of knew why. It hadn't sounded at all as he'd thought it would. It wasn't the proposal he'd been thinking about all these months.

"Because," she said, "you . . . because you aren't sure."

"I am," he said. "Sure I'm sure."

"Then I'm not. You've changed, Bill."

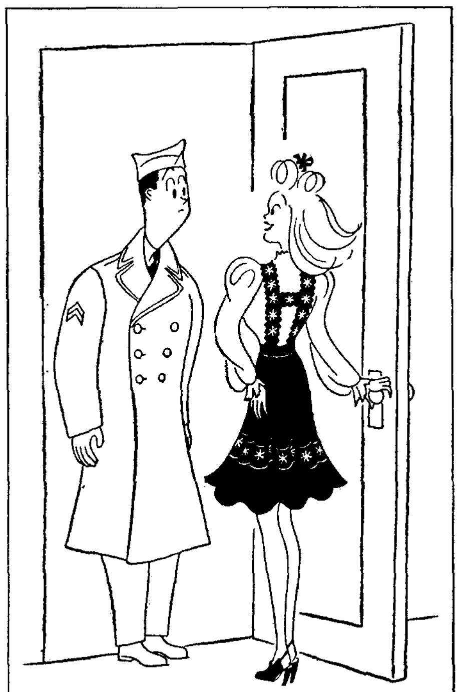
He stood looking at her for a moment. He could hardly believe the words he was hearing.

"Okay," he said. And he turned and walked quickly down the street.

HE FELT as though the pavement had been pulled from under his feet. What was this? What had he gone and done? Margie, the girl he'd loved ever since he was a kid, the girl he'd thought of as he hiked those long, weary marches, as he waited for hours in a foxhole, as he lay in the hospital with his face wrapped up in bandages. Margie, the girl he was coming home to . . .

He found himself stopping in front of the drugstore. He'd been walking to it for some reason and now he couldn't remember why.

He went in and looked around in a daze. He sat down and ordered a cup of coffee.



"Well, theoretically, you have the wrong address"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO

There was a sailor sitting at the counter, a couple of stools down. He saw who it was. Jack Davis.

"Hello, Jack," he said weakly.

Jack said, "Hello, you great big gorgeous creature." And he got up and started for the door. "When you going back to camp?"

"Three weeks," Bill said.

"Boy, is your outfit gonna kid you about your new profile," Jack Davis said. "You'll be the beauty of the regiment." And with that, he left.

Bill looked at old Mr. Olsen, the druggist, who was standing behind the counter and said, "He used to be a nice guy."

"That's just what he was saying about you," Mr. Olsen said.

He finished the coffee and stood up. He didn't want to stay here and there was nowhere else he wanted to go. A magazine on the stand caught his eye. Picture News. Miserably, he picked it up and thumbed through it. Suddenly he stopped, and there were spots before his eyes. He looked away from that picture on the page, then he stared at it again. No, it was impossible. Yet there it was, in color, even. Margie, wearing a white rose in her hair and wearing . . . practically nothing else.

He was down at the corner of Elm Street before he realized he'd been running all the way. He raced up the steps of the two-story garage building and kicked open the door of the studio. They were sitting by a small table, each holding a teacup. He began thumbing the pages of the magazine, yelling as he thumbed, and finally he found it, that picture, and plunked it down on the table, spilling some tea.

Margie looked, and let out a little scream.

Oh, it was a fine thing, all right. Two pages of pictures from the recent Farnsworth exhibit, pictures of Glenwood, an American town. And right in the center of it all, between "Glen Corners," and "Elm Street," this . . . this . . .

Margie said, "Oh, Bill, honestly I didn't know . . . It's my face but . . ." She turned to Mr. Farnsworth, her eyes flashing. "No wonder you didn't want me to see the finished picture!"

"Really," Mr. Farnsworth said, "I . . . I didn't know they were going to use it in a magazine . . ."

"Get up!" Bill said, grabbing hold of Farnsworth's chair. He got up and began backing around the table. "Wait a minute, Sergeant," he said, "I'm no slouch with my dukes, but . . ."

"That's fine," Bill said.

"But I don't want to damage government property," Farnsworth told him.

They squared off in a cleared space and Farnsworth was still backing away, but this time he was doing it with some pretty competent footwork, and in the back of his mind Bill began to realize what he meant about being no slouch with his dukes. The guy went in for amateur boxing to keep fit, and that was fine, it couldn't be better.

Somewhere he could hear Margie begging him to stop, but she might as well have hollered at a tank. He went forward swinging haymakers which Farnsworth was neatly blocking with his arms, and the next thing he knew Farnsworth had hung one straight on the middle of his G.I. schnozzle. There were red stars, there was Margie's scream, and a little later there was Mr. Farnsworth slumped in a chair with his head on his chest.

"Let's get out of here, Margie," Bill said.

"Bill!" Margie said. "Bill, your nose!"

He put his hand to his nose and it came away red.

"You'll have to go to a doctor," Margie said.

They went to Doc Stevens, the nose and throat specialist.

"Whoever did that job," the doc said, "was an artist."

"You're telling me," Bill said.

"What I mean," Doc Stevens said, "is that he knocked it just enough out of line so it doesn't look too bad, and yet you look like your old self."

HE REMEMBERED then that the doc was a great kidder.

"Well, Bill," he said seriously, "your breathing is all right, and you can have the bridge put back where it was, any time."

"I guess I'll let it stay the way it is," Bill said.

"It's your face," the doc told him.

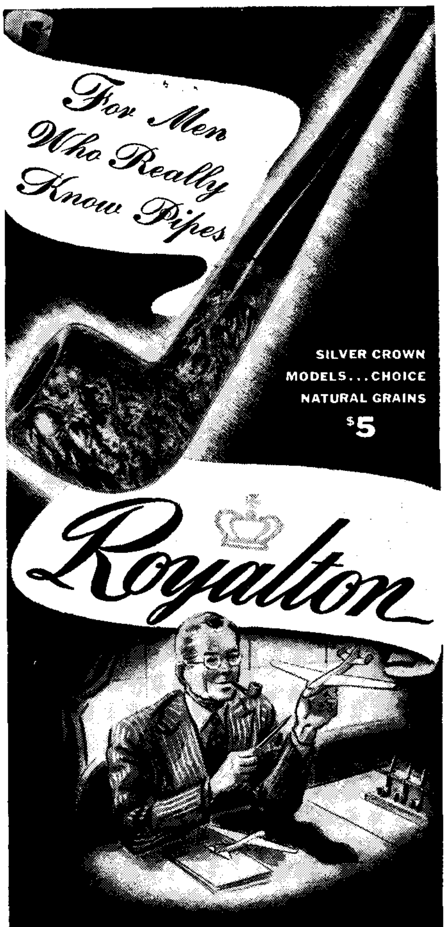
"Yeah," Bill agreed. "Now it is. It wasn't before."

He walked out with Margie's hand on his arm and the first place they went was to the marriage license bureau. He got mixed up and kissed her after they'd signed the blanks.

"Silly," she said, "that's what you do after we're married."

When they came out he saw one of the Wilson girls crossing the street, with the wind blowing. He sighed. It was some dream while it lasted. But he was glad it was over.

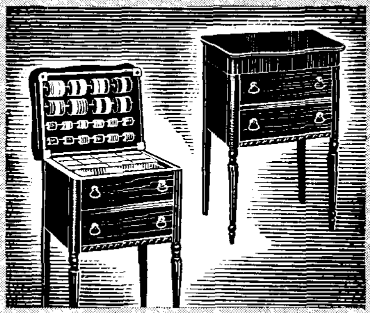
THE END



For Men Who Really Know Pipes
SILVER CROWN MODELS... CHOICE NATURAL GRAINS $5
Royalton

No man can appraise the intangible assets of a truly fine pipe—or evaluate the dreams and reminiscences, plans and visions, and the contentment derived from its smoking . . . But many men know and appreciate such a pipe and ask for it by name—Royalton . . .

HENRY, LEONARD & THOMAS, OZONE PK., NEW YORK



POST-WAR PRESENT

You've known Caswell-Runyan furniture quality since 1907 . . . in sewing cabinets like this, in cedar chests and other small pieces.

It is true we're concentrating on war work now, but we're charting new horizons and we'll have interesting creations for post-war. Slip this ad in your scrapbook of things you'll buy when the whistles blow "All Clear!" for the world.

Remember the name Caswell-Runyan.

ILLUSTRATED: Perfect Sewing Cabinet, Mahogany or Walnut . . . about $20.

FURNITURE ACCENTS FOR MODERN LIVING

CASWELL-RUNYAN

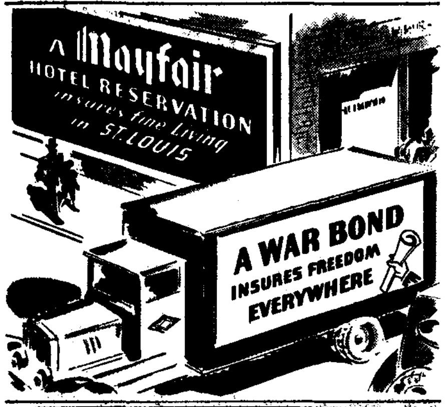
HUNTINGTON, INDIANA

THIS COUNTRY HAS A GOOD 5¢ CIGAR

Wedgewood PANETELAS

Unfortunately our output is limited, but if you see them displayed and if your taste runs to quality rather than size, you may find new smoking pleasure in WEDGEWOOD.

PENNSTATE CIGAR CORP.
ALLEGHENY AVE. & BOUDINOT ST., PHILA. 34, PA.

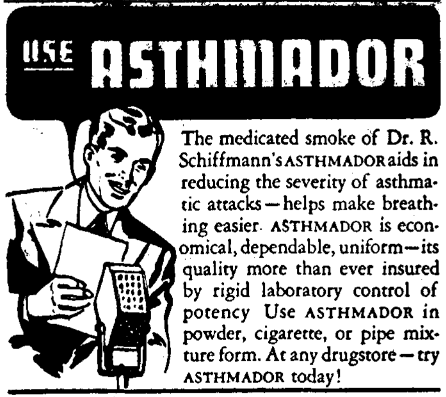

A Mayfair HOTEL RESERVATION insures fine living in ST. LOUIS

A WAR BOND INSURES FREEDOM EVERYWHERE

"FIRST in FUDGE"

Fudge 5¢

Quality 5¢ Candies
WELCH'S


USE ASTHMADOR

The medicated smoke of Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR aids in reducing the severity of asthmatic attacks—helps make breathing easier. ASTHMADOR is economical, dependable, uniform—its quality more than ever insured by rigid laboratory control of potency. Use ASTHMADOR in powder, cigarette, or pipe mixture form. At any drugstore—try ASTHMADOR today!

Marlin HIGH SPEED BLADES

ZIP OFF WHISKERS LIKE MAGIC

EIGHTEEN FOR 25¢

GUARANTEED BY
THE MARLIN FIREARMS CO.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

HEALTH QUIZ

	YES	NO
Do you have headaches?	☐	☐
Do you lack pep or vim?	☐	☐
Do you get irritable easily?	☐	☐
Do you feel depressed—nervous?	☐	☐

The liver should pour out about two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

Beyond Price

Continued from page 12

of deep antagonism lived on afterward.

Hosford was an Army flier stationed at a new base not far from where they lived. He'd arrived from a long term of combat flying and the ribbons he wore stretched clear across his breast. He'd been wounded and was now training advanced pilots, appeared, too, on radio programs and in hero shows.

Steve spoke, briefly, but did not put out his hand. The other smiled.

"Glad to see you, Gwynne—or, I should say, *Commander* Gwynne. Congratulations."

"Why, Sandy, I didn't notice," Kathe exclaimed. "How wonderful! When did it happen?"

They were all gathered about him now, chattering infernally about his new stripe. Some were people he did not know, others were acquaintances, there were a few old friends. They lifted their glasses to him—from now on it would be a cinch, admiral in no time. . . .

Hosford, with just the proper tone of apology at seeming to usurp the host's role, asked him if he could bring him a drink, and when he came back with the highball, put it in Steve's hand with the same deprecatory politeness. Not to look at him, Steve kept his eyes on Kathe.

He had not, for what reason he did not know, sent her word of his promotion, and she made no comment on that. She was never one to ask why you did or didn't do this or that. She was too tantalizingly self-contained.

He drank several highballs and at first the liquor brought relief, even carried him through a dance or two with Kathe and with Susannah. The party was going well, as Kathe's parties always did. The girls were pretty, the men, some of whom had come from or would soon be going overseas, responded as he remembered responding in the past, to the gala mood, the drinks, the beauty of the women. Kathe did a slow rumba with Luther Pride, never losing, for all the seductiveness of the dance, the subtle aloofness that was peculiarly hers.

But as the effect of the drinks wore off, his uneasiness returned. The rooms grew too small, the ceilings drew down too low above him. Kathe was dancing now with Jim Hosford. She was always dancing with Hosford, it seemed to Steve.

HE WIPED the sweat from his cold face. People spoke to him and he could not understand what they said, the noise and the confusion were becoming unbearable. And what if he couldn't stand it? What if he went to pieces altogether?

But out of doors, when he threw himself down on the grass, with only the high, clear evening sky above, an acute dread remained. Hopelessness swept through him. What could he do? What was the matter with him? Nothing—that was the desperate part of it. Fancies—a nightmare that it ought to be possible to wake from, to overcome with reason, common sense, by an act of will. But he knew, too, that there was no connection between what he felt and either will or reason.

It had begun quite suddenly about a week before, while he was sleeping. He remembered no dream, merely came awake filled with unspeakable fear. He was trapped, sickeningly conscious of the narrow space about him, the sealed hatches, the fathoms of water above and all about—they were proceeding that night submerged—of the fact that there was no way out of this coffin in which he was caught alive. Sheer animal terror lifted him from his bunk, drove him out into the control room.

But the control room, too, was cramped and cluttered, and he was tortured by the fear that he might begin to yell, disgrace himself. Fortunately, dawn was not far distant, and when he stepped out into fresh air and daylight the worst of his apprehension subsided.

After this, he gave orders to proceed on the surface. Night and day he spent most of the time on deck, and did not experience another violent crisis, although the underlying horror persisted. The men noticed, of course, that he was not sleeping and one of the officers remarked when they parted:

"Better get yourself tuned up, old man; you'll need all of it when the real show starts."

It was known that as soon as the ship was overhauled, they would be going into combat. Three weeks or at most a month to get himself into shape—that would be all. "And I must be ready!" He cried the words aloud. The chance for which his whole life had been a preparation was before him, and he couldn't miss it. "I can't, I can't. . . ."

A screen door swung to with a faint bang and a girl came down into the garden—not Kathe, too slim and small for Kathe. Damn them, anyhow, couldn't they let him alone?

"Are you out there, Sandy?" It was Susannah Pride.

After an instant, he replied, "Over here, by the hedge."

"I missed you," she said, finding her way through the deepening twilight. "I looked everywhere."

"I didn't think I was needed, the party was going such great guns."

"Don't get up, Steve." Rather hesitantly, she sat down beside him.

"Cigarette?" His tone was edged and ungracious.

"Please."

He braced his arm against his knee to offer her the package, hoped she would not see the trembling of his hand when he held out the lighter.

"Are you on leave, Steve?"

"Yes, they'll be going over the ship for a while." *And when she's ready to go, I'd rather be dead than not go with her.* He knew this was true, he had rather be dead. Not from any fancy heroics, from something deeper. A man's job. A man's profession. A man's duty. You might as well cut out his heart.

He'd forgotten Susannah. She was easy to forget, just as she was easy to be with. He'd been forgetting her ever since he and Luther, arrogant young plebes, hated it when she tagged after them, a thin colt of a girl they looked down upon because she was all of two or three years younger than they were.

"But it's been ever so long since I saw you, Steve—maybe you don't realize how long. It seems to me like years."

WITH an effort he gave her his attention. "And what have you been up to, Suzy, in all that time?"

"Oh, it hasn't been too good, I'm afraid."

"Sorry to hear that. Anything specially wrong?"

"Well, for one thing, I—got myself engaged."

"You, Susannah?" Again he felt surprised that she should be a woman and—in her delicate, fine-drawn way—beautiful.

"Yes, it doesn't seem possible anybody could be so dumb."

"Why dumb?"

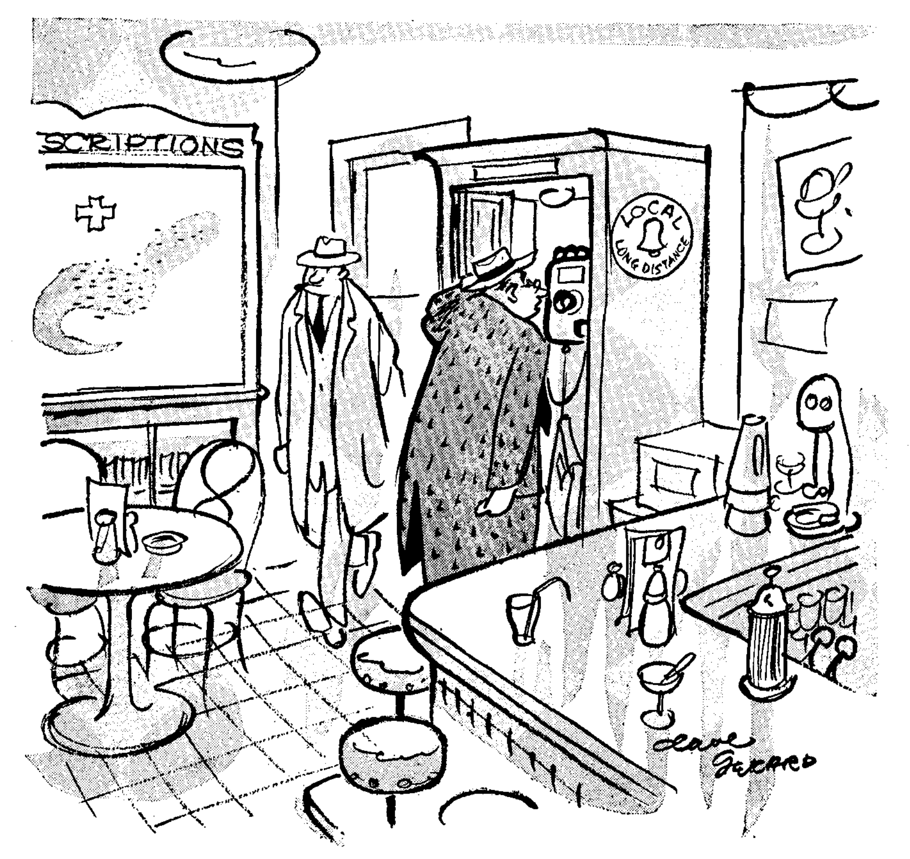
"Sometimes it's easy, I suppose, to fool yourself. When you"—her voice sank a little in her throat—"*want* to. Anyhow, I had to get sick before I knew how much I did not want to marry him."

"I don't see how being sick—"

She hesitated. "I suppose it was one of those things they call a nervous breakdown. I, well, I began to be afraid of things—all kinds of things you couldn't possibly be afraid of."

He was interested now. What kind of things, he wanted to ask—of being shut in? But he wouldn't speak of that, it might give him away.

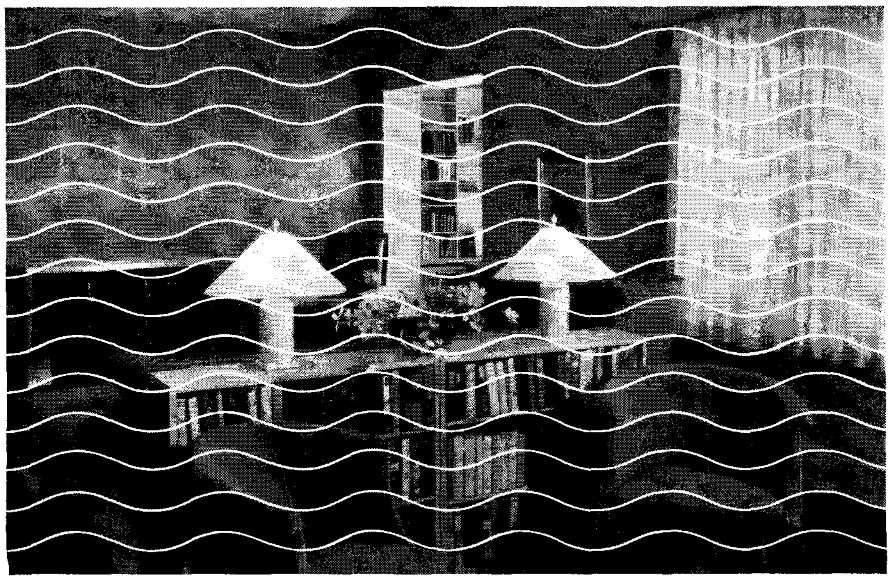
"You think," she was saying, "that



"Meet the bus at Elm and Vine, will you, dear? The groceries and other packages got on, but I didn't quite make it"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

WITHOUT MODUFLOW—*heat is intermittently supplied, with periods of heat and no heat. Result—drafts, floors too cold, ceilings too hot, with fuel waste.*

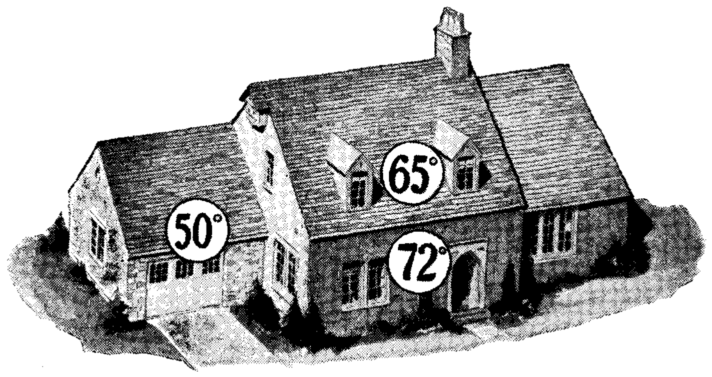


WITH MODUFLOW—*heat is evenly distributed and continuously supplied at the desired temperature. Result—solid, smooth comfort with fuel economy.*

POSTWAR CONTROLS WILL REVOLUTIONIZE HOME HEATING

New MODUFLOW Control System Provides Continuous Heat Flow at Exact Temperature Needed... Eliminates Drafts and Saves Fuel

MODUFLOW is the name of a unique, continuous-flow heat control system just announced by Minneapolis-Honeywell. It means heat *modulated* to just the desired degree with a uniform, continuous *flow*. It is the exact opposite of the ordinary "on and off" or intermittent heat supply that prevails today, and which authorities predict will be obsolete in the better homes of tomorrow.



MODUFLOW SECTIONAL CONTROL

For new postwar homes, MODUFLOW Sectional Control will provide the luxury and economy of selected temperatures for individual rooms or areas.

With MODUFLOW you can maintain a uniform no-gap temperature in your home with your present automatic heating system. Or, with MODUFLOW Sectional Control in your new postwar home, you can keep your living room at 72 degrees, for example, your bedrooms at 65 degrees, your built-in garage at 50 degrees, and so on.

The MODUFLOW system is not an experiment. For more than a decade it has been successfully used in large public buildings. Now M-H engineers have perfected it for application to the home.

FOR EXISTING HOMES

MODUFLOW can be installed in many present heating systems by the simple addition of a few ingenious controls. The cost of installation is low—no more than you would pay for a modern washing machine. It will pay for itself in fuel saving.

FOR NEW HOMES

With present heating equipment, all rooms in a home are heated alike. However, areas seldom occupied do not need the same volume of heat as areas in constant use. Bedrooms, store rooms, recreation or rumpus rooms, your built-in garage, all these require less heat than living rooms, dining rooms, nurseries, etc.

MODUFLOW Sectional Heating Control for new homes will provide a heat supply for each space or area in your home according to the temperature required for that space or area. Saving heat in little used rooms and applying it where it is necessary for comfort is the great improvement which MODUFLOW Sectional Heating Control will offer all planners of new homes, after the war.

DO NOT BE CONFUSED

MODUFLOW is a system of controls to be applied to your heating plant. It must not be confused with heating equipment and does not take its place.

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

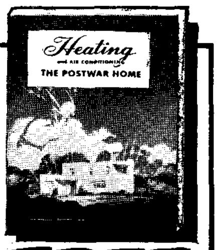
Get the whole story of MODUFLOW Control. Send the coupon for new, graphically illustrated booklet, "Heating and Air Conditioning the Postwar Home," free to all home owners and home planners.

SEND FOR THIS BOOK

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL REGULATOR COMPANY
2720 Fourth Avenue South - Minneapolis 8, Minnesota

Please send my free copy of "Heating and Air Conditioning The Postwar Home."

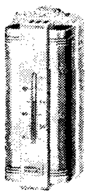
Name______________________________
Address______________________________
City__________________State__________



FREE

LISTEN . . . Blue Jacket Choir, with Danny O'Neil, from Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Columbia coast-to-coast network, every Sunday morning 11:05 to 11:30 Eastern War Time.

MINNEAPOLIS
Honeywell
TEMPERATURE CONTROLS



you're afraid of a crowd, or of looking out of a high window, or even to swallow your food." She shook her head. "It sounds crazy, doesn't it?"

Yes, there was that, too, added on to all the rest—the fear that you were crazy. And it was strengthening to see Susannah, so calm, so *restored* after this time of illness.

"What I had to learn," she went on, "was that it wasn't those things, really, I was afraid of at all. It was something else."

He felt a queer throb of reluctance to have her go on, as if her words would take him along a path he did not want to follow.

"It was something I didn't want to believe—that I would not face. So I pushed it down out of sight altogether. But—to keep it there, not to allow myself to be conscious of it, took too much strength, so—well, my nerves began to play me tricks."

She was sitting up, leaning on one arm, her hand spread flat on the grass. And in the dim light her face looked very pure and beautiful with the two wings of brown hair smoothly enfolding it. A face with strong, high bones, cheeks faintly shadowed, a wide and generous mouth.

"Susannah," he exclaimed involuntarily, "you're lovely. You're lovely to look at and you're so *good*."

"Steve!"

"And changed, too. Grown up. I've always thought of you as a little girl."

"Yes," she smiled a little, "you always have." It was, he thought, rather a queer tone of voice.

IN THE silence that fell between them, he heard, suddenly, the noises of the party—the rattle of cocktail shakers, a man's sudden burst of laughter, the phonograph playing Pistol-Packin' Mama and, incongruously, he saw, for a flash, the serene, dizzying moonlight of Panama.

Work, play, war, a few people—that was what you took for life. But it wasn't. Underneath, inside yourself, was the other world, the secret universe, out of which could rise feelings as violent as the crazy fear that had him by the throat, or the rapture Kathe's sun-ripe beauty could evoke. A world into which you yourself looked with reluctance, fiercely guarded from all other eyes. And yet Susannah had exposed a part of that world to him!

"Why, Susannah," he asked, "why did you tell me this? Was it because you thought I looked sick? Was it because you—" But he did not want to know what she thought. Instead he wanted, all at once, to talk, to let the words he had restrained so long pour out. He wanted to tell about what had happened to him, and also to explain it, to make it mean an ordinary and, above all, a purely physical disability.

"As a matter of fact, it's true. I have been off my feed. You see I'd been hitting it up pretty hard before I went to sea this time. I wasn't in good shape and the job was a tough one in a way. I got so I couldn't sleep or eat and what it added up to was a case of the jitters." Her frankness had so disarmed him that he even heard himself add: "I actually got a touch of claustrophobia."

"Oh, no, Steve, I don't believe it!"

He laughed a little, grimly. "I wish I didn't. Hell of a thing for a submarine man to get."

"But it couldn't be—not the real thing. You've always been too normal, too well."

"It was a good imitation, then."

"Imitation—yes." She paused. "Have you ever heard—I mean, there's something the doctors call hysteria."

"Oh, that—" Why should she drag that in? He knew something about that so-called hysteria, everybody did. He'd read how a man with perfectly good eyes would be unable to see, or with perfectly good legs would be unable to walk. But that was when he'd been under fire too long, in conditions too frightful for any human being to endure. And when he couldn't stand it any longer, his nerves, they said, would automatically act for *him*. Incapacitate him, so he'd have to get out. Some kind of hysteria, it was called. But he couldn't see what it had to do with him. He'd never been under fire.

Susannah did not pursue the subject. Instead, she said after a moment, "I didn't think you ever hit it up, Steve."

"Well, it wasn't exactly that. It was just stepping out too much, with Kathe. She could sleep till afternoon if she wanted to, but I had to report at the Yard at seven A. M. Then, when night came, she'd be raring to go again. She knew everybody—Army people, too, like this fellow Hosford."

Why did he have to drag in Hosford? He didn't want to talk about him or think about him. Especially not about the last time he'd seen him. It was not long after the cruise began. They were to be back at the home port for an hour or two and he had wired Kathe to come down there to see him. When they pulled in she was standing on the dock in the pale March sunlight, her absent—and he liked to think—mysterious smile on her lips. Her hair was bright under her fur cap, her skin soft as cream against the dark furs about her shoulders. The whole ship was charged with her presence, he could see the excitement of it in the men. And in his tight little cabin, he had held her hands and kissed her lovely mouth again and again. Then, to keep her close a moment longer, he had walked to the gate with her.

Outside, her green, white-topped convertible waited. There were suitcases in the back and in front he saw Hosford. The sight of the man waiting for her was like a physical blow—one of those jolting blows that make you so angry you almost, but not quite, forget the pain.

"Why in hell is that fellow here?"

"Why, Steve, we're going on a house party—didn't I tell you?"

For some reason he was immeasurably relieved. "No. A party where?"

"In Green Valley. At the West's place."

"Oh, of course. Sorry I got off the beam, but that guy is too damn' good-looking."

At the same time, such a longing to be there, too, to be going with her on this gay week end overcame him, that it had made a dizziness in his head. Sharp and clear and all of a piece it had come back to him how those week ends were. He remembered the icy freshness of the pool, the lazy hours in the hot sun. He saw how differently beautiful she would be in the evening, in her low-cut dress—elegant, immaculate, her burnished hair still damp, a shining quality about her body that made all other women seem drab in contrast.

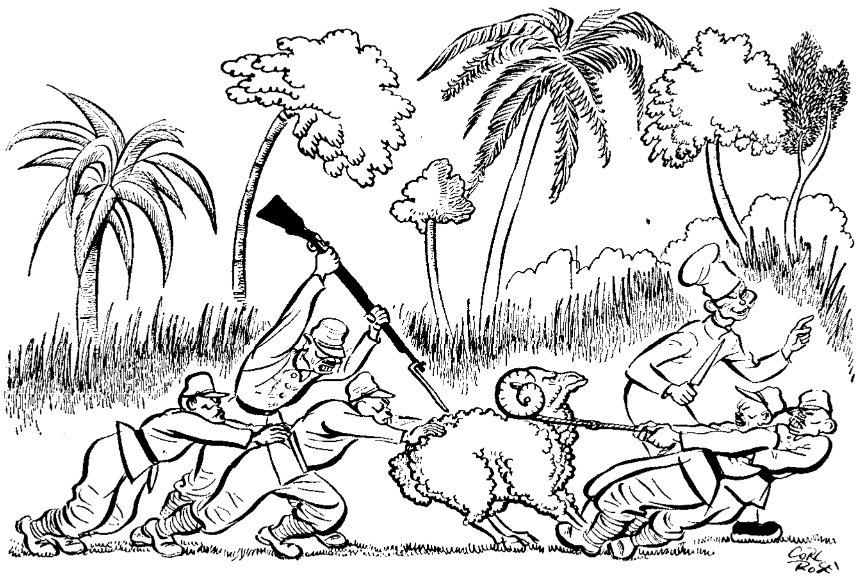
A flagged terrace overlooked the wide valley and he remembered how, after the first cocktail or two, a kind of magic would come upon the scene. Suddenly, he would see the exact shape of the hills in the sharp, exciting way artists must see form, and the sunset colors would take on strange pathos and beauty. Dusk would rise like a tide blotting out the valley, while a wash of gold lingered on the purple hilltops. In the leisurely murmur of voices he would occasionally hear Kathe's, that had a clear, light resonance like a clock striking. Not that she talked much, only in the casual, intermittent way that is most pleasing to a man.

BUT it was not with him she would be there this time, it was with Hosford, and savagely he resented it. They were leaving together for Green Valley—he was going back to his ship. For the first time in his life he did not want to go, felt almost as if he could not go, as if it were beyond his power to do so. He stood rooted to the sidewalk, saw her get into the car, saw Hosford turn and look down into her face, lifted like a cup for him to drink from. *Rot*—was he crazy—getting off things like that? Besides, it wasn't fair to Kathe. Forget it, he told himself.

And, queerly enough, once back aboard ship, he did forget it. Routine business took all his attention and it wasn't until he ran into Cleve West in Bermuda that he thought of it again in any definite way. Not until Cleve said he and his wife had not been living in Green Valley for some time. They'd rented their place the year before so that his wife could go to her people in California. Steve was stunned and then, with almost feverish haste, he achieved an explanation. He found it in Kathe's exact words—she had not said *they were going to visit the Wests*, only that they were going to the West's place. So, of course, it had been rented to people she knew.

"I used to have a dream," Susannah was saying, "when I was ill. It frightened me terribly. I would think I was on a railway track with the train roaring down on top of me and I rooted there, not able to move or make a sound. Just before it hit me, I would always wake up, but it left me shattered for hours afterward. Then, finally, a night came when I didn't wake up. The

---



CARL ROSE

The chef brought in the ram with the aid of five soldiers

VELLY CLEVER!

THE story of a new Japanese mistake—the execution of the greatest hero of the Malayan States—one which even a thousand "So sorries" from the Mikado himself could never rectify, today is convulsing the Chinese with laughter. At the same time, Japanese discomfiture is assertedly being felt as far away from Pahang, Malaya, as Tokyo itself.

According to stories coming out of Japanese-occupied Pahang into Free China, the Jap invaders, anxious to make a good impression on their "guests," have done the worst possible thing for local good will by killing a fighting ram, Kuala, undefeated champion of all the states as well as idol of the people.

Now, in Malaya, where ram fighting is possibly the Number One national sport, outstanding ram battlers win fans by tens of thousands and command loyalty and respect of a rare quality from the multitude of faithful admirers. Kuala was this sort of hero. To the Malaysian he was "good old Kuala," the unbeaten, and to him was accorded the same delirious brand of affection that bull-fight enthusiasts of Spain reserve for their favorite matador.

Unaware, high-ranking officers of the occupation troops attempted a "friendship party," the guests of which were said to be cousins of a sultan who himself had presented the fiery Kuala to his relatives. When the sultan's cousins sat down to dine with their Jap hosts, it was said that this was done with considerable reluctance, but dictated by necessity. The Japs were overanxious to win their help and sympathy for the "temporary" occupation. Nothing had been spared to make the feast elaborate.

One of the dishes served was ram steak, with local vegetables, potatoes and gravy. The Japs were particularly proud of this triumph, and the guests were as interested in its source.

"Our chef," said a Jap, sucking his teeth, "he's a wonder. He brought in the ram this morning with the aid of only five of our soldiers."

Since rams are never killed in Malaya until they are quite old and tough, and because the meat served by the Japs was tender and obviously that of a young animal, the diners ate the food with a feeling of uneasiness.

Only after their departure did they discover that their own beloved Kuala had been stolen by a cook, supported by a number of Jap soldiers with bayonets. The news of Kuala's slaughter spread like wildfire. Resentment was universal, as the horror of the thing was finally understood by the ram's devoted fans. All the Japs have been able to do thus far, according to the story, has not in the least softened the bitter hearts of the conquered people.

But what makes the Chinese consider the story with a most delicious quality of irony which will taunt their enemies for a long time to come is the report of the chef's loyalty.

"He knew very well what he was doing," they say. "We have discovered that he was Chinese. He picked the fighting ram deliberately. After all, there are more ways than one to give a Jap indigestion."

JOHN HEWLETT

Today
KEEP AMERICA STRONG BUY WAR BONDS
orrow

GM Diesels will be on hand to show that they can do an even bigger job in America's trucks. Simple in mechanical construction; sturdily and precisely built; economical in operation and upkeep, GM Diesels will prove as indispensable in peace as they are proving vital in war.

WHEN THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE —IN WAR OR PEACE

YOU will find GM Diesels hard at work in every theater of the war. They power massive tanks moving into battle—heavy trucks in endless supply lines, tractors to clear landing fields, landing and assault boats, big submarines and fast subchasers in home and in foreign waters.

In every respect, these GM Diesel Engines are living up to all that was predicted for them—and more. In many instances they are doing an even greater variety of jobs than they were designed for. They are standing up under conditions that couldn't possibly have been foreseen.

When the war is over, GM Diesels will be ready to serve the peace as they are serving in war. With this difference: expanded production facilities, together with improvements and refinements in design and construction, will make them even more available for use—more capable of reliable, low-cost performance.

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
DIESEL
POWER

ENGINES . . *15 to 250 H.P.* . . . ***DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION,*** *Detroit, Mich.*

ENGINES . . *150 to 2000 H.P.* . . . *CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Cleveland, Ohio*

LOCOMOTIVES . . . . *ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION, La Grange, Ill.*

I ate too MUCH
I ate too FAST
OH BOY! DO I FEEL DISMAL!

Outraged Nature takes quick revenge when we eat too quickly and too much. When your stomach rebels, get relief from that queasy, uneasy feeling—take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL.

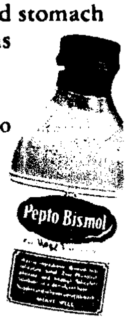
●

Never Upset an Upset Stomach! Don't aggravate an already irritated stomach with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics.

Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL! This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither antacid nor laxative. *Its action is different.* It spreads a soothing, protective coating over irritated stomach and intestinal walls . . . thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets.

Get a bottle today! If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Three sizes at your druggist's—or by the dose at drug store fountains.



Makers of Unguentine*

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*Norwich

PEPTO-BISMOL
FOR UpSET STOMACH

This formula is known and sold in Canada as P. B.

train kept on coming and when it got to me, I put out my hand and swung myself on board. And was carried away to safety. When that happened—I was well."

The dream seemed, in some way, familiar to Steve, as if he'd dreamed it himself, or heard it told. The way a fairy tale or a legend is familiar, even when you hear it the first time. He wondered, too, what it was Susannah had found it so hard to face. Something to do with a man, he supposed. Maybe somebody she loved who did not care for her.

"Your engagement," he said, "did you break it then?"

"Yes."

She said something else but he did not know what it was. There had risen into his mind, quite suddenly, a fragment of talk he had overheard in a wardroom and long since forgotten. It had happened before his marriage in the very first days of his acquaintance with Kathe.

"Did you ever bite into a nice ripe peach and crack your tooth on the stone *inside?*" It was a red-necked lieutenant commander he didn't like who was talking. "A stone, by the way, with a nice flavor of cyanide? Well, she's that peach, Kathe Blaine is. Pure poison. I knew the nice kid she's just divorced—annexed him when he was in the chips and kicked him out when he lost it. That's Kathe—under all the cheesecake." In the chips—and now other words he had heard came back to him—someone saying of Hosford that he belonged to the fabulously rich Hosfords of Pittsburgh.

Why should he remember these things now? Or had he ever forgotten them? He could no longer think, no longer control the storm that was rising inside him. Susannah's voice came from a long way off.

"Listen, Steve," Susannah said, "you must believe me. Whatever happened on your ship, it was not the fault of the ship. And if it hadn't been claustrophobia, as you call it, it would have been something else. I know, everybody knows a little about these things nowadays. If there's something in your heart, some conflict, some unwillingness—"

"No," he shouted suddenly, "no, no, no. It's nothing of the kind. I was tired, I tell you, run down." He was furious with Susannah, she was a sentimental fool like all women. *Leave my heart out of it. . . .* And yet, at the same time, he didn't want her to go. He couldn't face the darkness and the night under a roof, inside the crowding walls.

"Susannah, don't go now, don't—"

"I must, Steve, they'll be looking for me. But don't you come, you stay here where it's quiet."

HOW good she was, how understanding! "Suzy," he cried, "hold onto me, will you? Don't ever let go of me again."

"I won't, Steve, I never have." She took his hand in hers. "Listen, Steve, I'll be home tonight. I mean—if for any reason you should need me." Then she went off quickly across the lawn and he heard them call to her, heard her laughing answer. "With Steve, of course, carrying on in the bushes."

The party was breaking up, good nights being said, cars grinding into gear. Then silence. Only inside himself the tumult grew, the sense of danger that sharpened along all his nerves. Kathe—the nice kid she kicked out when he was no longer in the chips—Kathe's straight, full body, her red-gold hair, Kathe—a garden, burning and still in sunlight. Kathe, Kathe . . .

He was running now toward the house. Through the open French windows, as he went up the steps, he could see into the bright sitting room, empty now, with the chairs pushed back and a litter of emptied glasses and overflowing ash trays.

"Why, Steve"—it was Kathe's voice, she was sitting in the swinging seat on the porch, with Hosford beside her—"darling, you've been behaving so oddly." In the dim light he saw the line of her white teeth between her lips, lazily parted in her absent, half-smile. "Didn't you like your party?"

"My party?"

"Why, yes, as it turned out. And quite appropriate, too, to celebrate your promotion."

"I was tired."

Hosford, who had risen, put in hastily: "I'm clearing out, Gwynne. Glad to have had this chance to congratulate you."

"On what?" The question was rude and he added nothing to mitigate it. The storm was blowing up, sweeping him with it to an unimaginable and final goal. It was like Susannah's train, roaring along the track, and, by heaven, he'd let it come, he'd stay, he'd wait for this growing knowledge, whatever it might be, that was thundering down upon him.

KATHE was still smiling her smile, and suddenly he saw that it was not mysterious at all. It was false. How could he not have seen it before? How could he not have known all that was now so plain? "Good God!" he shouted it out loud, "so this is it! So this is what I didn't see. The lies, the rottenness! Why, the very sight of you—"

"Steve!" She had sprung to her feet but Hosford took the word from her.

"I'm sorry, Gwynne, it shouldn't have happened like this. I wanted you to know a long time ago. In fact, I almost thought you did."

As anybody but a fool would have . . .

"I—love Kathe, and"—there was an almost imperceptible pause—"I would like to marry her."

For all the tumult inside him Steve heard the slight hesitation, knew that these were the words Kathe had been waiting for, and that they had not been said before.

Slow, then, and triumphant, she turned to Hosford, oblivious of everything except her lover. And Steve saw her face, pale in the lamplight, like one of those white lilies he'd sometimes come upon in the jungle, in whose ravishing sweetness is the smell of death.

Suddenly, he was running across the room, down the steps, out into the dark streets. It seemed to him he heard a fragmentary cry of her light voice, then only the echo of his own footsteps.

I almost thought you knew—Hosford had said. And perhaps he had known, from the beginning, and would not accept. He found Susannah at home as she had said she would be. When he told her everything, her only remark was a question.

"Where are you spending the night, Steve?"

"Why, I hadn't thought," he answered, surprised.

"Where is your ship?"

"Still in the pen. They won't be unloading her until tomorrow."

"Why not go there?"

"But—do you think—?"

"Why not? You're free, Steve. Inside. You're free from fear—the awful fear of knowing something you did not want to know."

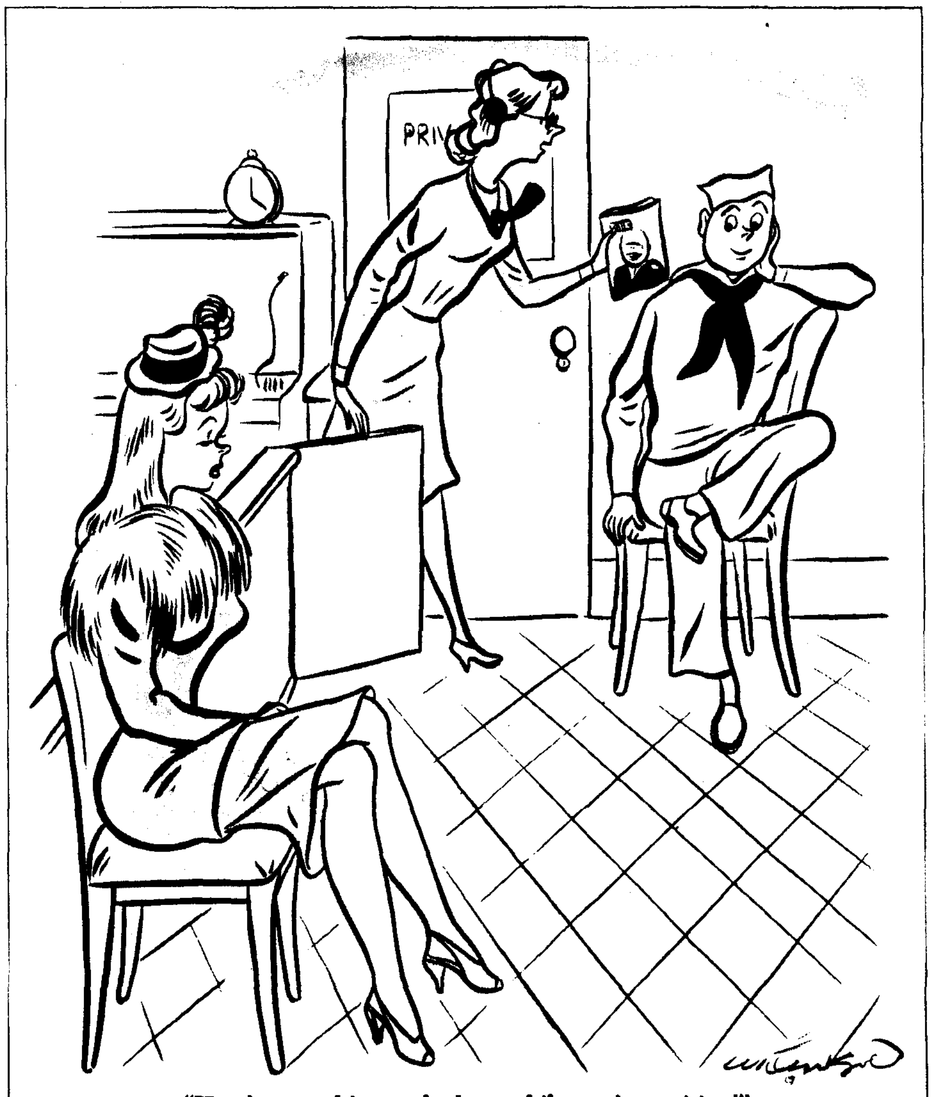
"I don't dare believe it, Susannah. It would be too good to be true."

"But you paid for it."

"Yes, I've paid for it." And it had cost plenty—his happiness, his faith, his home. But what he had bought, if she was right, was beyond all price—a man's chance to do his work. "Susannah—" he exclaimed, "Susannah—" But he did not finish. What he had meant to say he did not know. Whatever it was, he would tell her another day.

He left her and went down to the Navy Yard where his ship lay, deserted except for the slow sentry who marched and turned and marched along the dock. And when he went on board, he knew it was all right. When his ship was ready to sail, he would be ready, too—ready to take her to meet her destiny and his own.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Here's something to look at while you're waiting!" FRITZ WILKINSON

WORKING FOR TODAY

Many and varied are the activities of those who serve their country and their community in the smart uniform of the A.W.V.S. (American Women's Voluntary Services). Norge joins the nation in saluting the members of this permanent organization which is working so hard for victory today and planning a continuance of its usefulness to the armed forces and civilians in the post-war era.

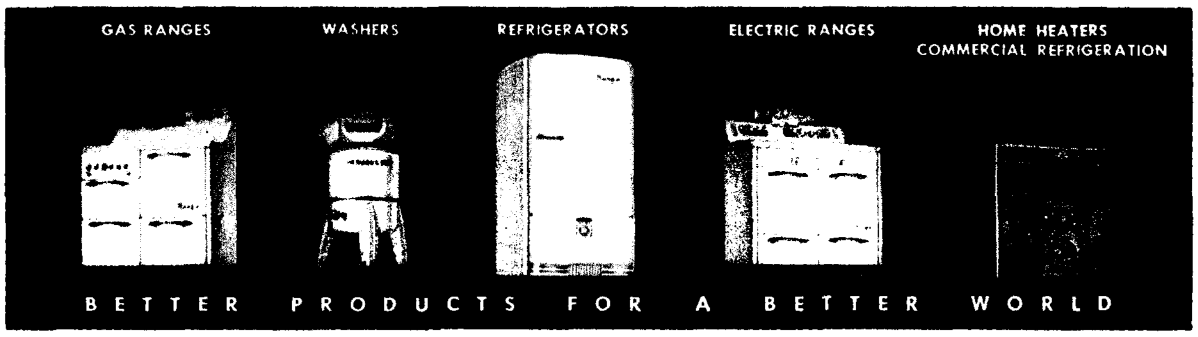
NORGE

HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES

..PLANNING FOR TOMORROW

Norge, too, is exclusively *at war* in all of its plants, producing more than forty items of utmost importance to our armed forces. And Norge appliances are likewise doing their part by conserving and preserving food, lightening household tasks and adding generally to the efficiency of war-busy families. But as Norge works for today, Norge plans for tomorrow. Because of the new skills and new techniques acquired as the result of war assignments, Norge post-war Rollator refrigerators, gas and electric ranges, washers and home heaters will be better designed, better engineered, better built. Norge is eager to resume its rightful place in the hearts and homes of America. The women of tomorrow can look to Norge for real *products of experience*—better products for a better world. Norge Division, Borg-Warner Corporation, Detroit 26, Michigan.

A BORG-WARNER INDUSTRY



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

When it's over — see Norge before you buy... meanwhile BUY MORE WAR BONDS

"...for outstanding production of war material."

NATIONAL APPLIANCE CONSERVATION PROGRAM

"BETTER CARE—LESS REPAIR"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The French Fight for Rome

Continued from page 16

most difficult missions of this war—to flush the Huns from their deep caves, dugouts and other shell resistant defensive points in the mountains of Italy's winding Apennine backbone as a prelude to the sea-borne dash toward Rome. Their objective was to clear the enemy from the rugged country dominating the two principal west-coast roads to the Eternal City. Down the western shoulders of those mountains run lateral, or feeder roads, connecting with the two main highways to the capital.

Obviously, no great forward movement of General Mark Clark's Anglo-American Army along the main routes to Rome was possible until the French had pried the Huns loose from the positions which they could use to bring down a heavy assault on the Fifth Army's landward flank. This the French did, and more. They drew toward their sector elements of the Third German Panzer Division when the Huns' Fifth Mountain Division failed to check the French attacks.

German reinforcements came from the north. The Germans thus weakened themselves there by sending more troops to try to hold the French, who have taken proportionately more prisoners than either the British or Americans.

A spirited French attack immediately preceded the men of Clark's "Hook" up the west coast on the morning of January 22d when the new drive on Rome began after four and a half months of slow progress since the Salerno landing on September 9th.

In that period, the Fifth Army gained less than a mile a day from Salerno to more advanced positions at the Rapido and the Garigliano rivers. At home, editorials noted that "something was wrong" on the Fifth Army front and that the Army was moving slowly. They measured the airline distances and failed to see that nature made tank traps of Italy's mountains, tortuous valleys, flimsy roads, and also failed to see the ease with which such terrain could be defended.

Nowhere in this war, certainly not on the flat steppes of the Russian front, have the Allied armies had to meet such difficult country for the deployment of troops, their mechanical weapons and trucks. The faraway strategists who became impatient at the thousand-yard-a-day advances ahead of a forty-mile-an-hour supply system, left out of their calculations a constant known as geography. Men's fighting methods may change. Geography never changes, and when strategems for quick victories fail, and the fighting settles down to slug and mud, geography determines the pattern of warfare. In Italy, it is fought up a mountain and down its opposite slope, and up another and down again. In that sense, the Fifth Army has advanced, not a mile or so daily, but perhaps four and, in some cases, ten times as much.

An Allied Double Play

On January 22d, General Mark Clark made his bid to circumvent geography by landing forces behind the German so-called Gustav or Winter Line. In the tactical preparation which made Clark's sea-borne end run possible, the French played a fine part. When British and American forces "landed deep in the rear of the present enemy front lines," the French had driven what amounted to a salient into enemy lines across the Liri Valley. Their forwardmost positions were well over and ahead of the main Fifth Army positions.

I was with General Juin, the commander of French forces the morning he attacked bleak Monte San Croce, a towering lump of cold gray crags dominating the valley where lay San Biago and westward the road to Atina. At Atina, the road swings southward sharply toward Cassino, the big barrier on the inland route to the capital. Both legs—San Biago to Atina, and Atina to Cassino—of the road had to be taken before the bulk of the Fifth Army could burst through Cassino toward Frosinone and the Alban hills and its goal.

All the Allied generals pass a considerable portion of their time at the front. It is a habit, in fact, for all Allied field officers to stay with their troops. But the French, partly of necessity and partly by choice, almost overdo it.

Good soldiers though the Goums and others are, they aren't leaders. The result is that French second and first lieutenants, captains and majors are in the thick of things constantly. Their officer casualties are higher than in any other part of the United Nations Army on this front. I know of one company in which all the French officers were killed in one day.

On-the-Spot Tactician

Juin, a compact, rosy-faced man of medium height, who looks as though he might be a Breton, sets an example where none is needed. He doesn't even make plans from maps, but goes forward under fire to look over the terrain where the next day's fighting is to take place, and drafts his tactics on the spot. He is usually accompanied by Brigadier General Teddy Roosevelt, Fifth Army liaison officer with the French forces, who is renowned among the French for his ability to be in several places practically at once, and also for the manner in which he murders the French language.

Juin spent the entire morning with his troops within 800 yards of the enemy. It was so cold the water in the shell holes was frozen. The mud was still and all morning hoar frost lay white on the valley floor.

Almost all the officers I met that day were veterans of the last war and had fought in France in this one. All had been in action in Tunisia, and a more grim, purposeful and undemonstrative group I have never met. They talked little and were professional and matter-of-fact and almost aloof. They remained French in spite of the khaki G.I. uniforms. They retained only the crested, oval-shaped helmets of their traditional uniform and yet they were unmistakably Gallic.

Their discipline was more marked than that of American or even British soldiers. Even the lowest noncom, even war correspondents, rated salutes from privates.

They imparted to the strictly Italian towns through which they blasted their ways a Savoyard quality, immediately the towns were occupied. Within an hour of occupation, an Italian town like Venafro becomes French if only for the new signs which immediately go up. *"Sens Unique," "Direction Interdit," "Quartier General."*

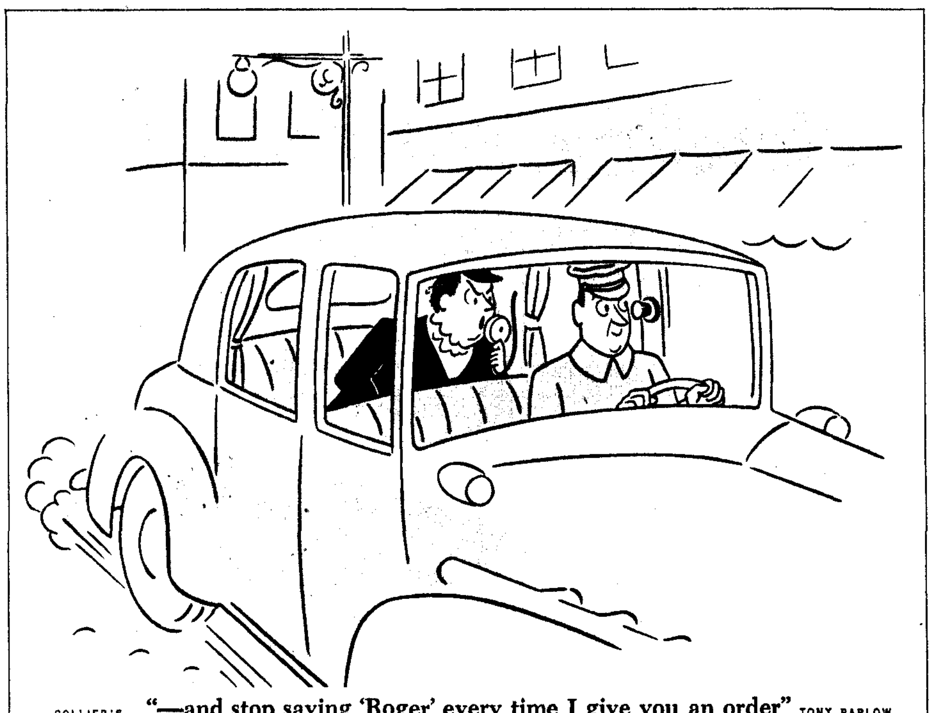
All Allied soldiers paint girl names on their jeeps. The French name theirs *"Quo Vadis"* or *"N'importe."* As you approach the French front, road signs will be in two languages, and then English disappears. For all you know, you might be in France. The voices you hear at night in the streets carry the accents of Bordeaux, Paris, Poitiers, Lyon, Brest and Marseille.

The French have been well equipped by the Americans in every department except the gastronomic one. Our fancily packed K Rations (ideal for taking on patrols and long trips where cooking or even smoking a cigarette is impossible day or night) contain all possible vitamins and calories but not quite the belly-filling, satisfying bulk of hard bread and cheese and wine.

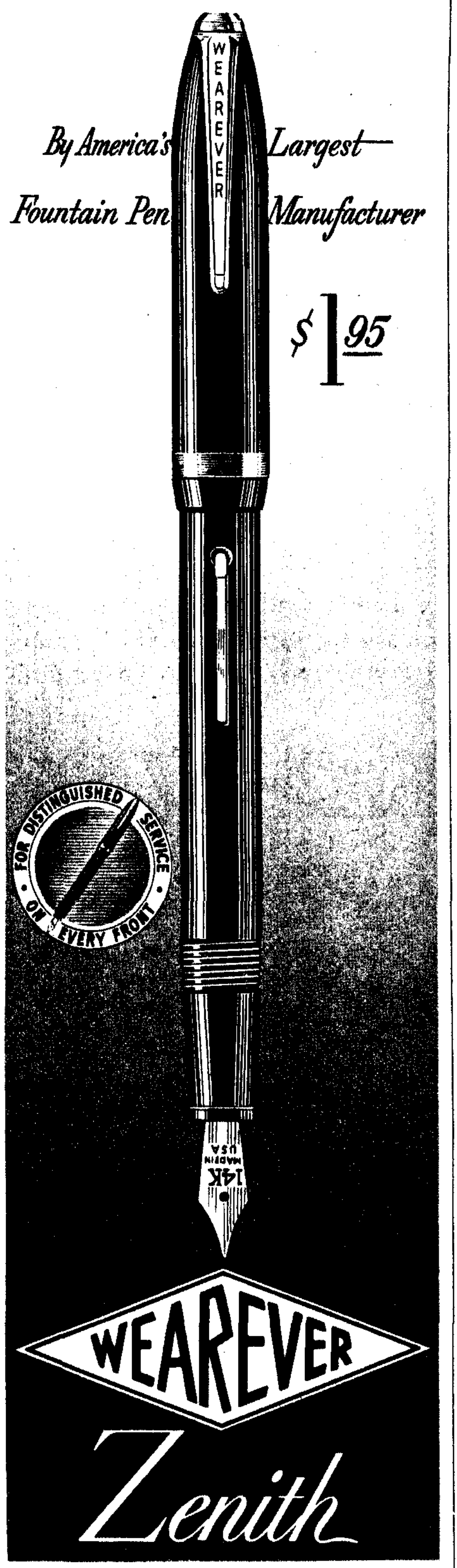
The French don't like our rations. They don't insist on bread, wine and cheese, but they would like something better than C Rations for their officers' messes. The variety in C Rations is extremely limited, and much of the ration is taken up by biscuits, candies, synthetic lemonade and bouillon, which have no place in the Gallic diet. They don't complain. They accept our gastronomic shortcomings as another of the burdens of war, and their mess sergeants do their utmost with the minimum we furnish them.

The French consider it a poor day when they snatch only twenty or so prisoners. Among those taken on their sector recently, there were some from Alsace-Lorraine. They were therefore French. They had been impressed into service as labor troops by the Germans and they deserted, along with a few Russians, Poles and Austrians. Until they were captured, however, they had not known that they were opposite their own countrymen.

The morale of Germans, as it can be measured by that of the prisoners captured in the last two months, is much lower than when I left the Fifth Army in the first week of November. Then there were still a few who believed in ultimate victory. Now there are none. True, those



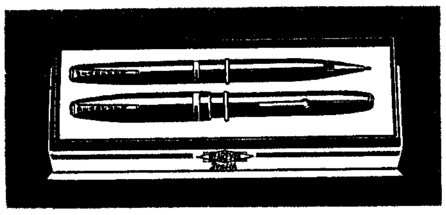
COLLIER'S "—and stop saying 'Roger' every time I give you an order" TONY BARLOW


By America's Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturer
$1.95
WEAREVER
FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ON EVERY FRONT
14K U.S.A.
WEAREVER
Zenith

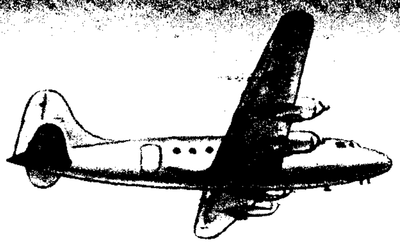
Did you write him today?

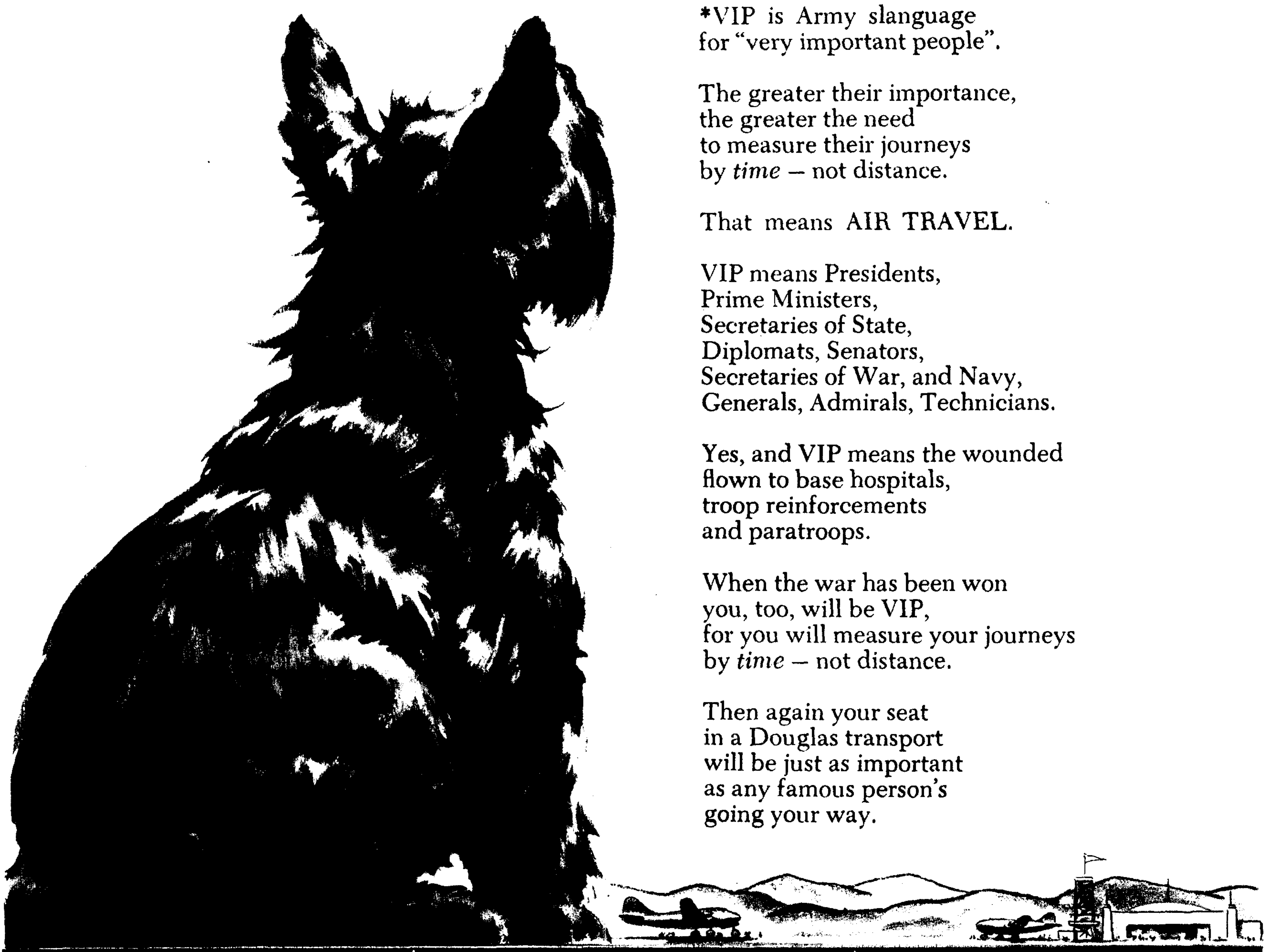
Home-front hint: When you put down this magazine, pick up a pen and write your service man a letter *right away!* Be chatty, optimistic . . . send good news. It's all-important for his morale! Perhaps you will write with a Wearever Zenith pen—ruby-topped, beautiful, an efficient writing tool. But *whatever* pen you use, write him today if you can. Wearever Zenith is made in limited quantities for civilian needs by DAVID KAHN, Inc. (established 1896)

Wearever Zenith Pen and Pencil Set in attractive gift box $2.75



Why VIP* Fly





*VIP is Army slanguage
for "very important people".

The greater their importance,
the greater the need
to measure their journeys
by *time* – not distance.

That means AIR TRAVEL.

VIP means Presidents,
Prime Ministers,
Secretaries of State,
Diplomats, Senators,
Secretaries of War, and Navy,
Generals, Admirals, Technicians.

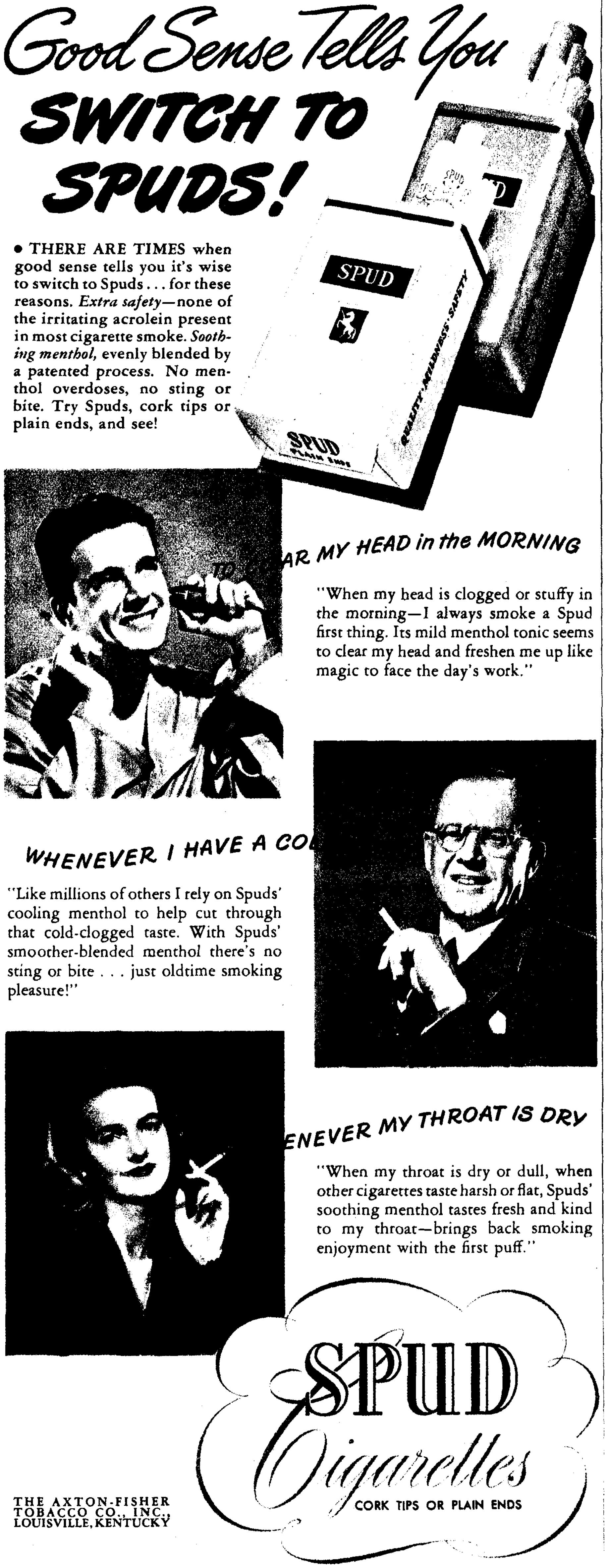
Yes, and VIP means the wounded
flown to base hospitals,
troop reinforcements
and paratroops.

When the war has been won
you, too, will be VIP,
for you will measure your journeys
by *time* – not distance.

Then again your seat
in a Douglas transport
will be just as important
as any famous person's
going your way.

Douglas
AIRCRAFT
Santa Monica, Calif.
Long Beach El Segundo, and Daggett, Calif., Tulsa, Oklahoma, Oklahoma City, Chicago
Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.

These World-Wide Airlines Are Douglas Equipped: American Airlines . . . Braniff Airways . . . Chicago & Southern Air Lines . . . Colonial Airlines . . . Delta Air Lines . . . Eastern Air Lines . . . Western Air Lines . . . Northeast Airlines . . . Northwest Airlines . . . Pan American Airways . . . Pennsylvania-Central Airlines . . . Transcontinental and Western Air . . . United Air Lines . . . China National Airways . . . Pan American-Grace Airways, Inc. . . . Avianca (Aerovias Nacionales de Colombia) . . . Cia. Mexicana de Aviacion . . . Panair Do Brazil . . . Cia. Nacional Cubana de Aviacion, S. A. . . . Uraba, Medellin and Central Airways, Inc. . . . Cruzeiro do Sul (Brazil) . . . Primeras Lineas Uruguayas de Navegacion Aerea, S. A. . . . Aerovias de Guatemala, S. A. . . . Canadian Pacific Airlines, Ltd. . . . Australian National Airlines . . . Royal Dutch Airlines (K.L.M.) . . . Royal Netherlands Indies Airways (K.N.I.L.M.) . . . Sabena (Belgian Congo) . . . Swissair (Switzerland) . . . A. B. Aerotransport (Sweden) . . . Indian National Airways (India) . . . L.A.P.E. (Spain) . . . Aer Lingus (Ireland) . . . American Airlines of Mexico . . . British Overseas Airways Corp. (BOAC) (England).



• THERE ARE TIMES when good sense tells you it's wise to switch to Spuds . . . for these reasons. *Extra safety*—none of the irritating acrolein present in most cigarette smoke. *Soothing menthol,* evenly blended by a patented process. No menthol overdoses, no sting or bite. Try Spuds, cork tips or plain ends, and see!

"When my head is clogged or stuffy in the morning—I always smoke a Spud first thing. Its mild menthol tonic seems to clear my head and freshen me up like magic to face the day's work."

"Like millions of others I rely on Spuds' cooling menthol to help cut through that cold-clogged taste. With Spuds' smoother-blended menthol there's no sting or bite . . . just oldtime smoking pleasure!"

"When my throat is dry or dull, when other cigarettes taste harsh or flat, Spuds' soothing menthol tastes fresh and kind to my throat—brings back smoking enjoyment with the first puff."

THE AXTON-FISHER
TOBACCO CO., INC.,
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

captured are mostly labor troops who don't even wear regular German army uniforms but oddly assorted dress, half military, half civilian—tailors, cooks, ditchdiggers—and almost all drafted from the occupied regions.

Some Russians and Poles didn't even know they were in Italy or whom they were fighting. They tell stories of overhearing German officers talk about "taking a little trip to Canada soon"—meaning they know they will be captured if they are not killed. Canada is where most of the prisoners taken on this front are sent.

Problem in Patriotism

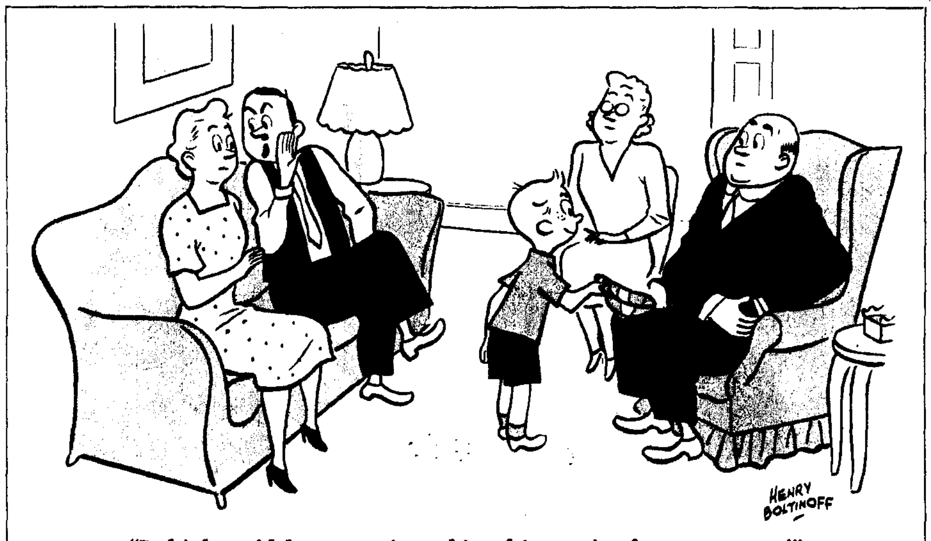
Frenchmen taken by Frenchmen present a neat little problem. They want to fight beside their countrymen against the Germans, but Juin won't put them into the line. If captured by the Germans, they could be shot as deserters. They will probably be given work to do behind the lines, where the likelihood of recapture is least.

The presence on the Fifth Army front of our French allies isn't the only major change wrought on this front since I last visited it. The most striking difference is in the professional aspect the whole place has assumed. Vehicles seem to know where they are going. Men seem to know what they are doing. All the frenzy has gone, and the British and American armies (particularly the latter in which a certain greenness was noticeable last September and October) have settled down to their jobs.

You never hear any beefing and taunting between Britons and Americans up here, where such friction would matter. That doesn't happen any more, anyway, except in base areas where brass hats and privates alike haven't got enough to do and have too many movies, too many cigarettes and too much money to spend on the American side, and too little on the British side. Here, Englishmen and Americans have learned to know and respect one another's good qualities and to tolerate one another's idiosyncrasies.

The visible changes include well-ordered and amply-stocked dumps of food, fuel, ammunition, bridging materials and weapons, some of them new and still secret. In these dumps the work of men and women in the factories of the United States and Great Britain, but particularly the former, is visible. By the end of January, even before the new attack had got under way, the fate of the Germans in Italy, and certainly the fate of Rome, was decided. The avalanche was poised to roll northward.

THE END



"I think we'd better quit making him recite for our guests!"

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

Any Week

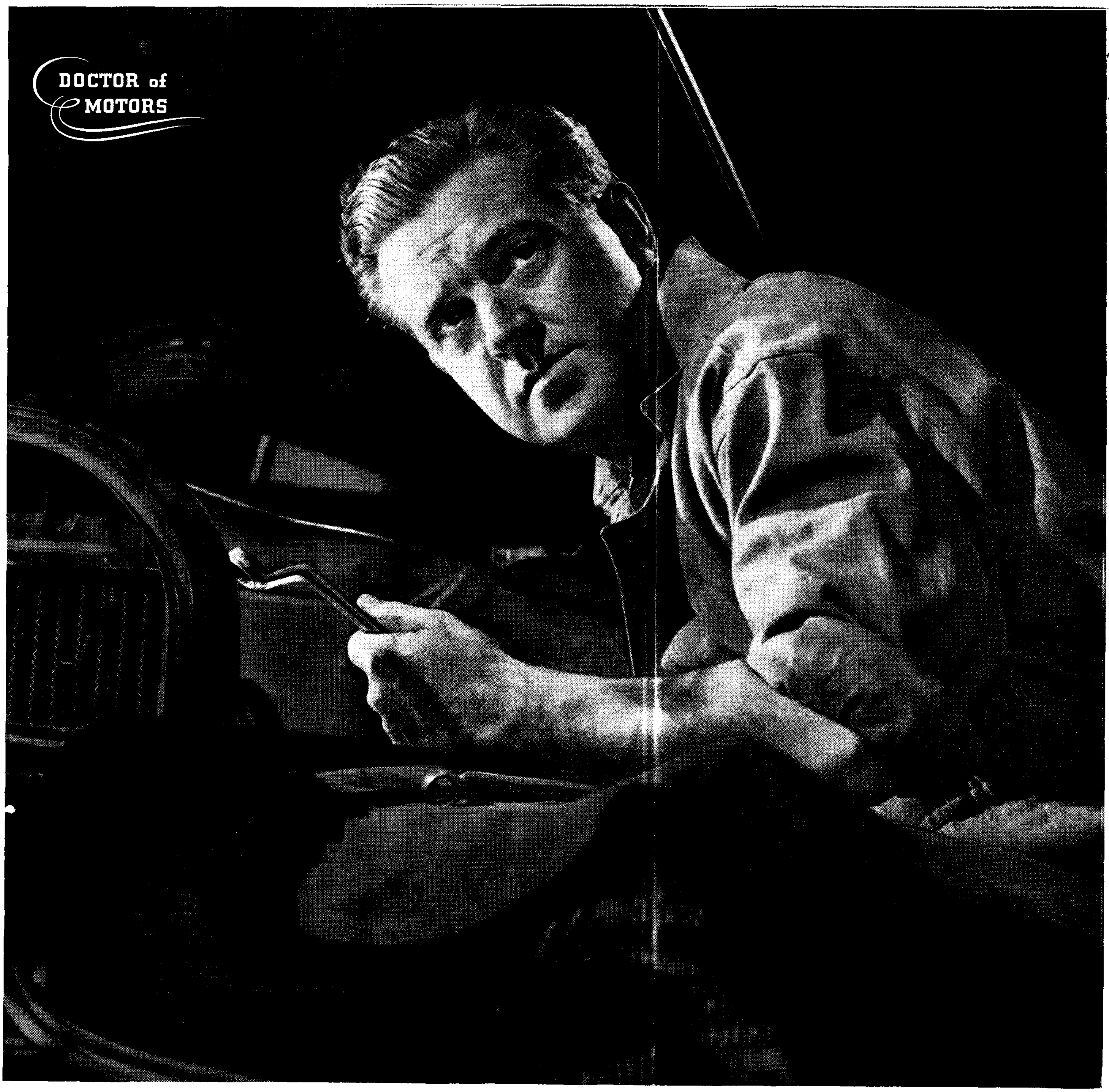
Continued from page 4

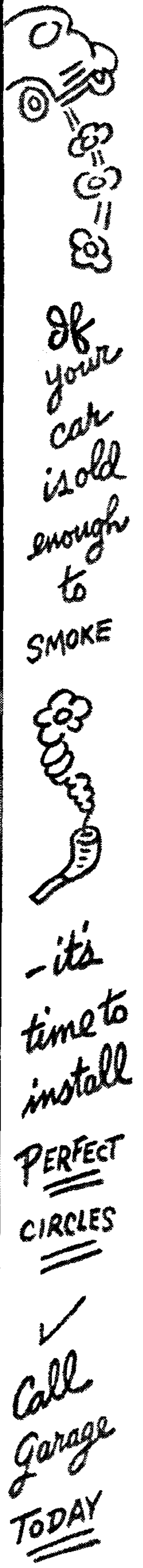
everything, but never have we seen anybody who looked so much like what a senator ought to look like. Since there are several uncertainties existing between his current editorial job and the Presidency—speak up. Which of you states needs a senator to whom you can point with pride?

CORRECTION: Mr. Alvin E. O'Konski, editor of the Montreal River Miner, of Hurley, Wisconsin, protests that we are "slightly wrong on the number of taverns Hurley has." This because we wrote a stirring bit about the wetness of Hurley (Pop. 3,000)—prohibitionists proclaiming it the wettest community in the country. "As of July first, 1943," writes Mr. O'Konski, "we had seventy-six licensed taverns, not sixty-five." Mr. O'Konski writes, too, that he is sending us an irate editorial from his paper on the subject. But it hasn't arrived, and that, therefore, is about all we can tell you about drinking in Hurley. And we hope you give us credit for enough restraint to say nothing about the Hurley hurley-burley.

INCIDENTALLY, we were drinking our beer and minding our own business in a Detroit tavern. A very noisy and bloodthirsty gentleman at the next table was telling his friends how he'd win the war if encouraged. He was very, very indignant that our troops weren't at that moment storming the Nazi defenses of Western Europe. We asked the waiter who he was. "Dunno," replied the waiter, "unless he's one of them governments-in-exile."

IT'S not much of a week in these offices that doesn't fetch us at least one story about Mr. Wingate Cram of Bangor, Maine. This one is about a day, many years ago, when Mr. Cram, fresh from Harvard, was walking down the street with his father. Like the current Cram, the father was widely celebrated for an enduring, philosophical wit. One of the elder Cram's contemporaries saw them from the opposite side of the street, thought that this was an appropriate time to be cordial, crossed the street and said to Cram, Sr., "Guess maybe you been wondering why I ain't spoken to you for ten years." The elder Cram looked at the man with mild astonishment. Then: "Why? Haven't you, Fred?" Then taking his son Wingate by the arm, he proceeded down the street. "And now, my son," said he sorrowfully, "we'll never know." W. D.


DOCTOR of MOTORS


If your car is old enough to SMOKE
- it's time to install PERFECT CIRCLES
✓ Call Garage TODAY

HE'S A STICKLER FOR RESULTS

Hard work? You bet your life it is! And *good* work, too.

For every job he does *must* be right before it leaves his shop. The Doctor of Motors would not have it otherwise.

Experience has convinced him the shortest cut to satisfaction is painstaking exactness!

It has taught him that it pays to do each job right the first time. And he does just that!

The Doctor of Motors has a right to demand painstaking exactness in the parts he installs, too!

He has a right to insist upon piston rings which save oil and gas and increase power!

He's been doing these things for years . . . and because we have *met* his demands, he's installing Perfect Circles in increasing millions every year.

The Perfect Circle Companies, Hagerstown, Indiana, and Toronto, Ontario.

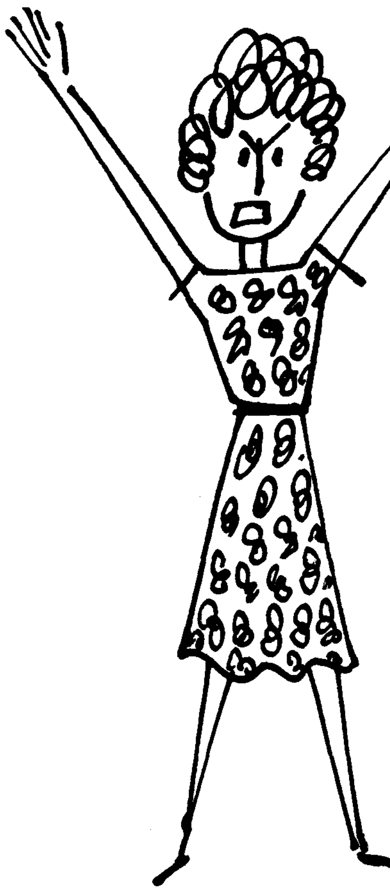
Care for your car for your country

Install

PERFECT CIRCLE

PISTON RINGS

Buying U. S. War Bonds Today is an Investment in Security Tomorrow



When I get mad, I BAWL!

USUALLY, my boss is a real considerate fellow. Usually, my disposition is pretty good. But yesterday—

Mr. Chambers—he's my boss—was showing one of the vice presidents through the plant. When they came to my department, Mr. C. was saying how short-handed he was and how hard everybody works.

"But here's one department," he said, "where the work gets done *by itself*. It's all on account of that new Comptometer. The figures just keep right on rolling along!"

Well, he went on with how marvelous the Comptometer is—and never a word about me. Never a peep about the job I was doing. Hardly knew I was there. . . . That burned me up. So, when the big shot left, I just *sat*.

"Miss Simpson," said the boss, "no work to do?"

"Oh, no, everything's been done, Mr. C.," I said. "It seems that the Comptometer dashed in here bright and early and whipped off its little jacket and went at those figures hammer and tongs. When I came in it was pressing its own buttons and ringing its bell like crazy!"

He kind of gasped: "Would you like an aspirin, Miss Simpson?"

"No! You've got compliments for everybody who works hard these days, but not a word for me! Not a word about how I went to the Comptometer School to learn how to operate that machine! Not a word about how I turn out figures, 8:30 to 5:00 every day! What good's the Comptometer without m-me? I'm j-just the F-Forgotten W-Woman, that's all!"

When I get mad, I bawl! And I sure was bawling, darn it.

"Miss Simpson," he said, handing me his handkerchief, "I think so highly of that machine, I'm going to give it the afternoon off."

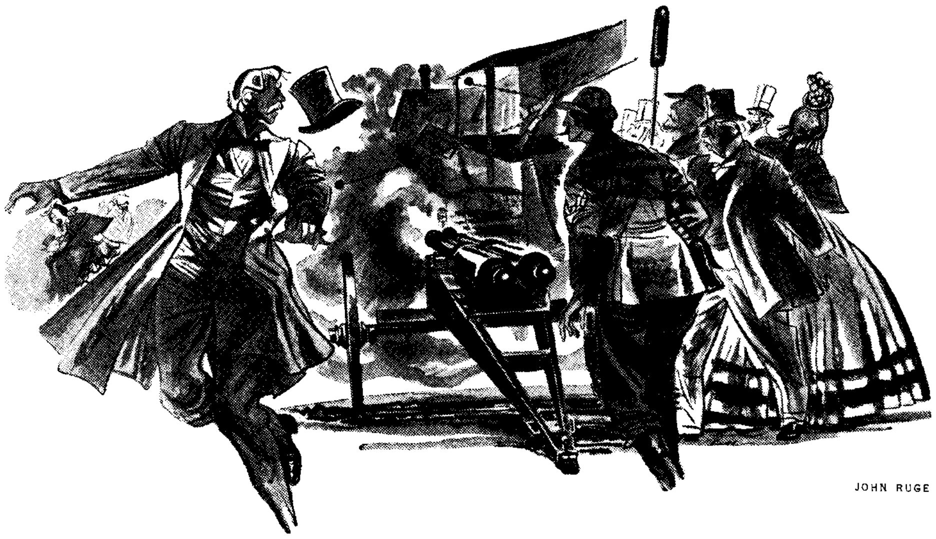
"Give the *machine* the after—? What good am I without the Comp—?"

When I said that, he grinned. "Just be sure the Comptometer dashes in here bright and early tomorrow morning." And he chucked me my hat.

Felt & Tarrant Manufacturing Company, 1714 North Paulina Street, Chicago 22, Illinois.

COMPTOMETER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
ADDING-CALCULATING MACHINES

N. W. AYER & SON


JOHN RUGE

TROUBLE DOUBLE

JOHN GILLELAND was something of a genius of his day. If his ordnance-revolutionizing plan had worked, the history of the world would have been stepped up considerably. John Gilleland lived at Athens, Georgia. He viewed with alarm the encroachment of the Federals, so sat himself down to figure out a means of bringing the Civil War to a speedy end.

The multiple firing of heavy charges in those days was unheard of, but John Gilleland set out to devise a piece of field artillery that would, with one lighting of the fuse, actually "mow 'em down." He well-nigh succeeded.

Despite his illusions of mayhem, Gilleland was highly regarded by the citizenry of Athens, and when he disclosed his plan and his requested needs, householders poured forth with all their scraps of iron. Gilleland forthwith melted down the iron, poured it into strange molds, and there emerged before the astonished eyes of the townspeople the world's first double-barreled cannon. Mounted on wheels, it was a beautiful, and apparently deadly, piece of armament, indeed.

The idea was to fire from the barrels, which were built into the cannon in the same type of alignment as found in the double-barreled shotgun, two cannon balls, each about four inches in diameter. The balls were cast, each with a heavy iron staple embedded. A long, heavy chain was forged, and each end stoutly affixed to a staple. Thus Gilleland had a long chain with a heavy cannon ball on each end. Now all that had to be done was to stuff the balls down the twin barrels and fire them out. In this process, the chain would become tautly extended, and in its mad parallel slash just above the ground would, like a giant sickle, cut down the enemy.

The big cannon was wheeled to the head of Main Street for the christening demonstration. The barrels were heavily charged with black powder, wadding was tamped in, and then the two balls were rammed down the iron tubes. The crowd now looked upon a new kind of cannon with fifty or more feet of heavy chain drooling from the mouths of the twin barrels. History was on the verge of being made.

The fuse was lighted. Both barrels of the cannon fired with a deafening roar that sounded like the end of all eternity. But one of the barrels fired a split moment before its mate belched forth.

Down Main Street charged a whirlwind juggernaut of stretched iron chain, flinging two cannon balls in ten thousand different directions. Like a Herculean flail, it tore at the town. Women screamed for their children; men moaned, their eyes glued to this mad dancing monster; dogs howled; mules brayed and tore away in a mad rush from the path of the iron cyclone.

A swing of the chain jerked the pillars from an upstairs balcony, and down crashed fernery, porch and all. Two mules were killed. A stubborn cow went wall-eyed and stayed that way for days. Store fronts were smashed. Buggies were wrecked. Beyond the town, the runaway chain came to rest. Fortunately, no persons were seriously injured.

No one would risk a second trial shot with the cannon, and the dream of John Gilleland went up in one great blast. To this day, the cannon reposes, a silent reminder, on the north lawn of Athens' City Hall.

HIRAM J. HERBERT

War Below Zero

Continued from page 15

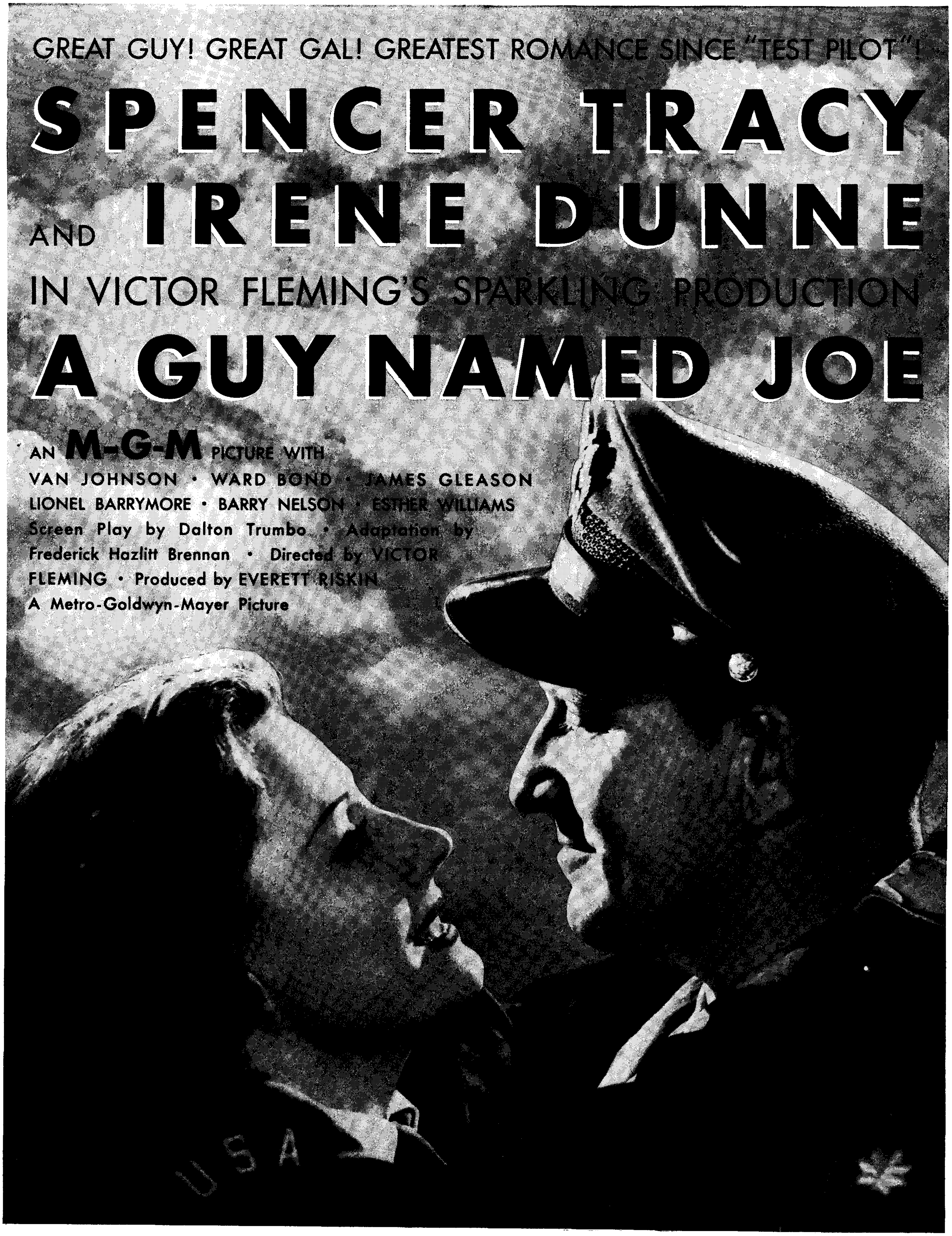
they asked for a weather report, and again the reply in secret code ordered them on.

They throttled back and reduced engine r.p.m. to conserve fuel, dropped their auxiliary tanks, held on grimly as long as they could; at last Lieutenant McManus in a P-38 called that he would have to set down. He dragged the Cap for several miles, decided that the surface was smooth enough to try a wheels-down landing, dropped both flaps and prepared to come in under power. For a moment all went well; then the nose wheel buckled, the ship over-ended at fifty miles an hour, there was an ominous puff of black smoke, and silence.

Without hesitation the rest of his comrades in the flight set down their ships one by one, sliding on their bellies to safe stops, and floundered knee-deep across the soft white snow toward Mac's ship. The last peashooter made a pass over the wreckage, then pulled straight up from a 350-mile-an-hour dive and executed a triumphant slow roll: the signal to the rest that Mac was alive and only slightly hurt.

The six ships—twenty-five men in all—had come down in perhaps the largest successful crash landing in history; save for the bitter sight of their broken planes, which would never fly again, they were okay. Hurriedly they made camp, divided their rations to last fifteen days, detailed the gunners to melt snow for drinking water, sat down to their first meal in twenty hours. The radiomen set up aerials suspended from box kites and ran the engines to recharge batteries; by evening, they got through a report to the auxiliary field giving their positions, which the navigators had checked by sun shots.

That night the storm closed in and they



GREAT GUY! GREAT GAL! GREATEST ROMANCE SINCE "TEST PILOT"!

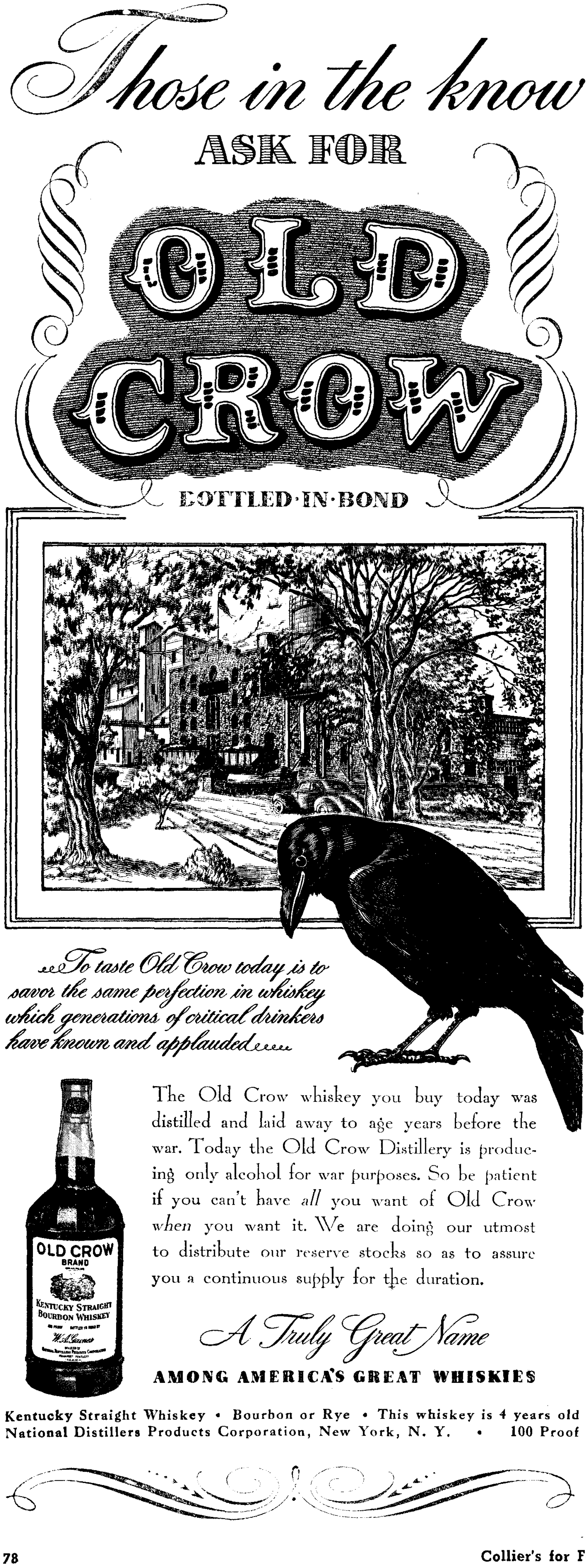
SPENCER TRACY

AND IRENE DUNNE

IN VICTOR FLEMING'S SPARKLING PRODUCTION

A GUY NAMED JOE

AN M-G-M PICTURE WITH
VAN JOHNSON • WARD BOND • JAMES GLEASON
LIONEL BARRYMORE • BARRY NELSON • ESTHER WILLIAMS
Screen Play by Dalton Trumbo • Adaptation by
Frederick Hazlitt Brennan • Directed by VICTOR
FLEMING • Produced by EVERETT RISKIN
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



Those in the know
ASK FOR
OLD CROW
BOTTLED·IN·BOND

To taste Old Crow today is to savor the same perfection in whiskey which generations of critical drinkers have known and applauded

The Old Crow whiskey you buy today was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. Today the Old Crow Distillery is producing only alcohol for war purposes. So be patient if you can't have *all* you want of Old Crow *when* you want it. We are doing our utmost to distribute our reserve stocks so as to assure you a continuous supply for the duration.

A Truly Great Name
AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y. • 100 Proof

knew the rescue planes might be delayed for days. They made themselves comfortable and settled down to wait. They devised a cooking stove for each B-17, using a large oxygen bottle and an engine exhaust stack, with supercharger oil for fuel and a parachute strap for a wick. Walls of snow hung with tarpaulins made a cozy kitchen. For recreation they practiced target-shooting with their 45s, destroying the bombsights and other secret paraphernalia.

They even set up a battery-operated radio-beam receiving set, and got music from Reykjavik in Iceland; they all staged an old-fashioned square dance on the wing of the B-17.

With the end of bad weather, the rescue ships made up for lost time, swarming above the wreck in an aerial circus: two transports, two Army B-24s, a Navy Catalina. They dropped food, medical supplies, even a quart of Scotch whisky wrapped in a sleeping bag, to ward off colds. Unfortunately, the cork came out of the bottle on the way down; there was a mad scramble to see who would be the one to use the bag that night. The Catalina sent added word that Navy Lieutenant Crockett, who had been with Byrd at the South Pole, was starting toward them with a dog team. Eight days after their crash landing, the entire party was successfully evacuated to a near-by base, and returned to the States.

The Arctic's Secret Weapon

Later we checked our own weather records with the orders the pilots had received in secret code. The reports concerning the two auxiliary fields had been deliberately reversed. The flight had been lured on to disaster by false information, sent either from an enemy submarine or from a secret German radio station somewhere on Greenland's eastern coast.

The Arctic fights with any weapon that comes to hand; and of all its secret weapons, the most treacherous is haze. Sky and white ice and snow blend together into a universal brilliance; there are no horizons, and in that strange milky whiteness, your own sense of balance is lost; if you straighten too suddenly you will stagger and topple backward, because you cannot tell when you are standing upright. A pilot flying contact with perfect visibility cannot estimate his distance from the ground; he may try to make a landing when he is fifty feet in the air or —more fatal still—he may dive his plane at full speed into the ice.

It was this dreaded haze that caused the disaster to the Flying Fortress piloted by Lieutenant A. L. Monteverde of Anaheim, California, and precipitated one of the longest and most grueling rescue operations in the history of the North: a saga of sacrifice and suffering and endurance during six heartbreaking months on the Greenland Icecap. Mind you, none of the men involved was a hardened Polar explorer; they were ordinary American youngsters who had never seen the Arctic before. A few short months ago they had been students or soda jerkers or bank tellers in little towns in Pennsylvania or Texas; they were the kid next door. But they were made of the stuff of heroes. . . .

On November 5th, we received a radio from a C-53 transport that it was down on the Icecap at 9,200 feet. They had developed engine trouble on the way from Iceland to Greenland, but had landed successfully; they gave their position as 61° north, 42° 30′ west. When we laid this position out, the longitude they gave would have placed them out in the ocean.

On November 8th, we managed to rouse them again, and once more they reported the same position, but now gave their elevation as 2,000 feet. Their radio batteries were getting weaker from the cold, and we lost contact. Whether their charts were wrong, or whether they had landed on a fragment of shore-ice and drifted out to sea, we do not know to this day. We never heard from them again.

Some forty planes from the various Greenland bases participated in the vast but futile search that followed. The weather was closing in, icing conditions were increasing, the fierce ground haze made flying more and more difficult. On the evening of November 9th, one of the searching planes in turn was reported down. It was Monteverde's Fortress.

The Arctic had struck with staggering suddenness. One moment Monteverde had been flying low beneath the overcast, scanning the ground for signs of the missing transport; the next moment he felt the ship jolt violently, as though a supercharger had blown up, and it seemed to halt in midair. The left wing tip scraped the ice as it banked; the blow righted the ship in the nick of time. It slid two hundred yards on its belly and came to a grinding stop, its fuselage broken in two at the radio compartment, its flying days ended forever.

For an instant, Monteverde sat stunned. A dry snow was driving against the metal sides of the plane with a steady seething sound; the thought flashed through his dazed mind that the ship was on fire, and he dived out through the window of the pilot's compartment. A member of the crew, Sergeant Spina, was lying on the ground near the crumpled propellers, both bones broken in his wrist; there was blood on the snow. Another crew member, Best, had been hurled through the plastic glass nose, and his face was badly slashed. All the others were bruised and scratched.

Hurriedly, Monteverde and his navigator, Lieutenant O'Hara, carried the injured man back into the rear half of the broken fuselage. In his haste, O'Hara got some snow down inside his boots, but he did not stop to remove it—an oversight for which he was to pay dearly. The rest of the crew salvaged what rations and blankets they could find scattered in the snow, and made a rapid survey of their position.

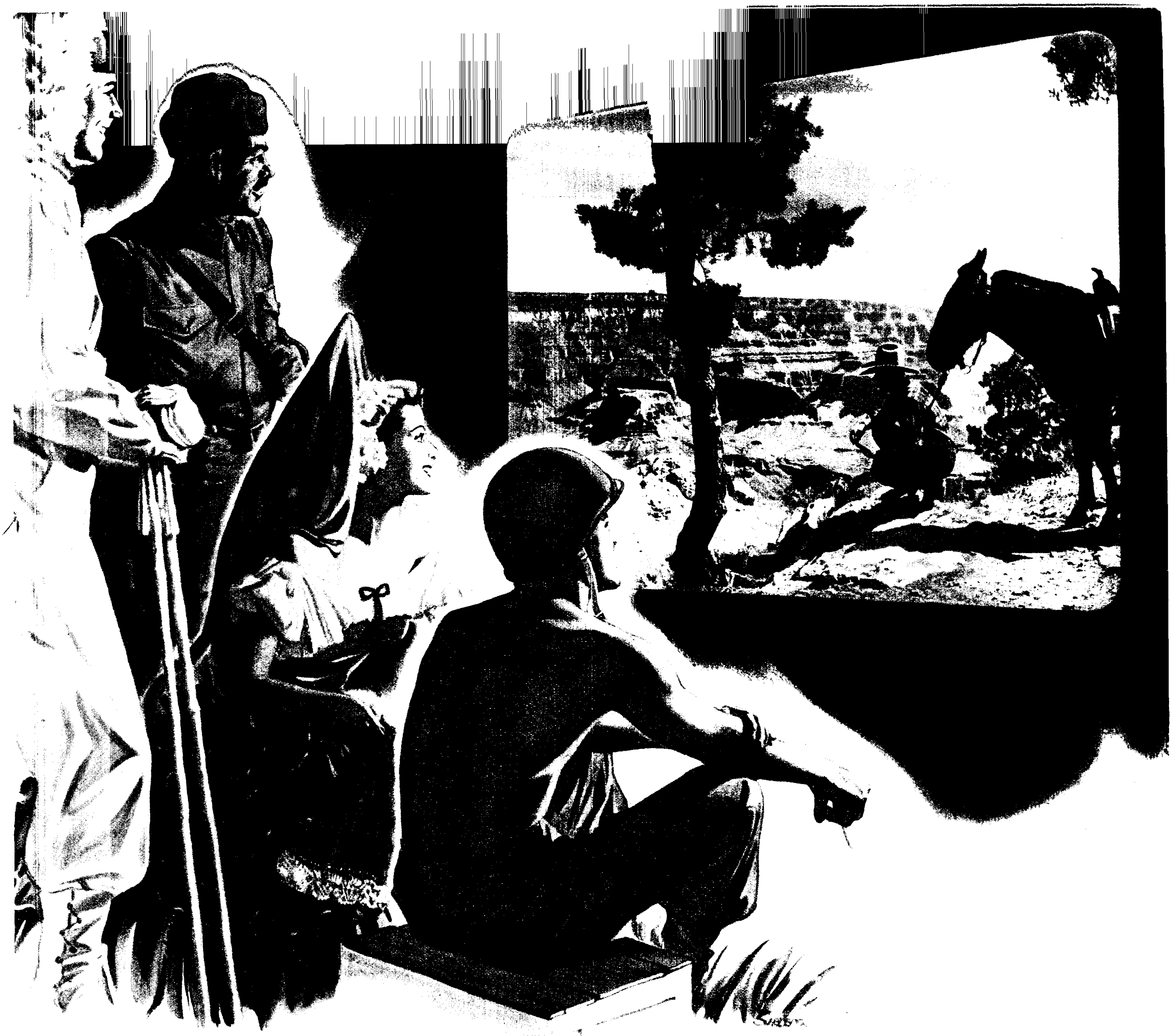
It was not a reassuring one. There was a deep fissure just ahead of the plane, another one under its tail; the wreck rested on the very edge of the dark crevasse. Their radio was smashed, they had no light and no stove, everyone had frostbitten fingers or toes. No rescue party could find them as long as the driving snow and winds continued. They rigged a tarpaulin over the break in the fuselage, and for three days they waited for the weather to break.

Staring into Oblivion

The end of the storm only made the hopelessness of their position more apparent. They were completely encircled by deep crevasses; no plane could possibly land near them; it was doubtful whether anyone could reach them on foot. In desperation O'Hara and Lieutenant Spencer, the copilot, elected to strike out across the ice in hope of reaching the coast. They had gone only a little distance from the plane; O'Hara, in the lead, heard Spencer murmur, "I don't think this snow is any too—" The sentence ended abruptly. He turned: there was only a gaping hole where Spencer had stood.

Cautiously, O'Hara crept on hands and knees over the sagging crust to the edge of the hole. For a moment he could see only the eerie blackness; gradually his eyes adjusted themselves and he could make out the sheer sides of blue-green ice. Some hundred feet down, a loose chunk of ice was wedged across the narrow throat of the slit. Miraculously this block had broken Spencer's fall. The copilot lay on his stomach on this teetering perch, staring down into oblivion, hardly daring to breathe.

Somehow O'Hara found his voice and



They're still seeing THIS AMAZING AMERICA *All Over the World!*

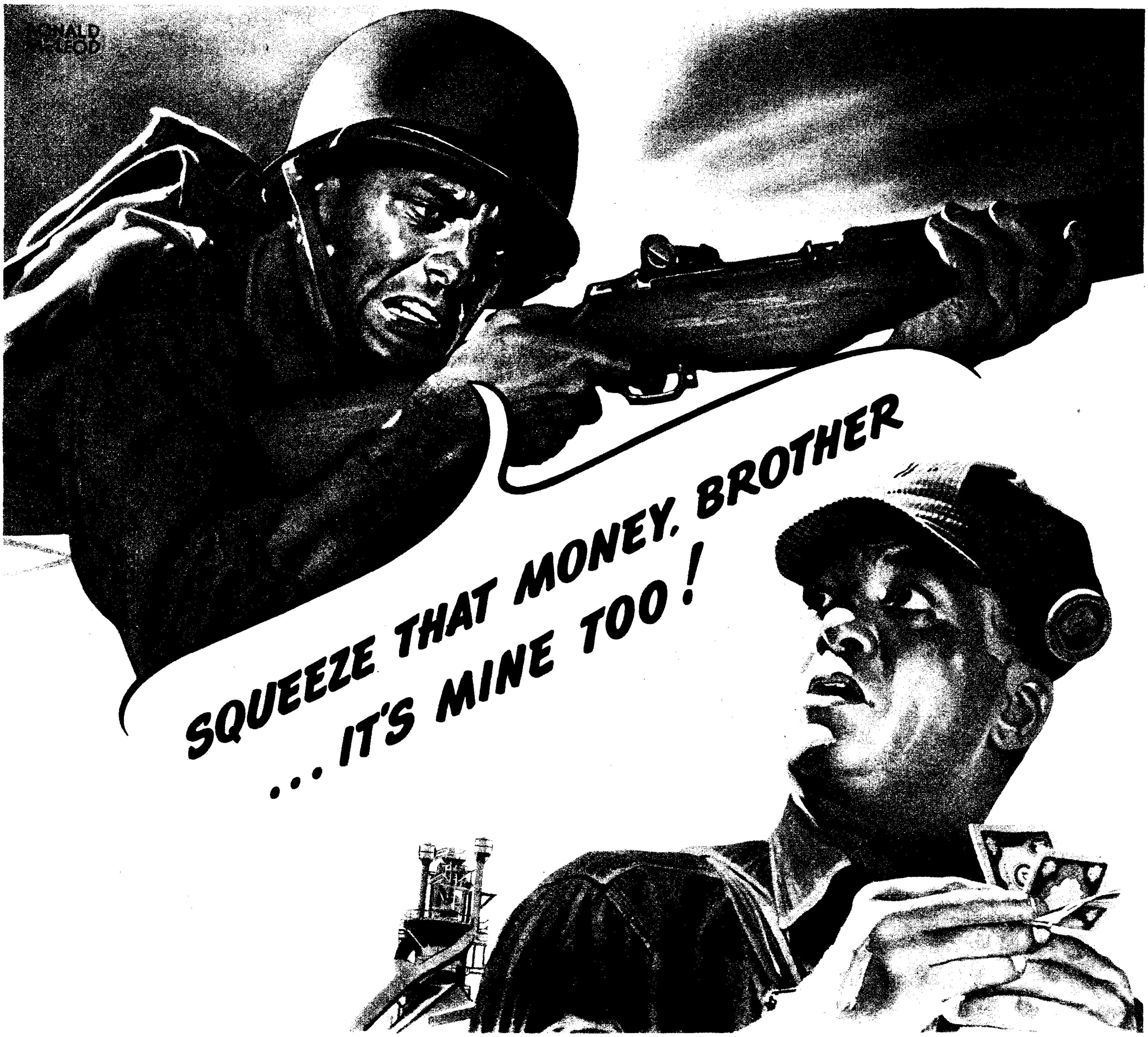
PEARL HARBOR stopped sightseeing travel all over this land—turned the energies and facilities of the Greyhound Bus System into the urgent job of carrying war-manpower. But that didn't stop millions of Americans from dreaming about the magnificent land for which they are fighting. It didn't stop allied and neighboring nations from wanting more intimate information about the fabulous and fascinating U. S. A.

Greyhound's Technicolor film, "This Amazing America," has helped satisfy that hunger for nearly 11 million people—a vast number of them in the armed forces. A Ski Trooper in Alaska, a Russian Officer at the U. S. Embassy in Moscow, a lovely senorita in South America, a shirtless Marine somewhere in the Pacific—these are typical of the millions who are today enjoying this picture. An Army Chaplain in Alaska writes: *"I have shown it at outposts . . . in hospitals . . . on transports . . . before battles. The men have always enthused. Thank you for this contribution to morale."*

Yet such pictures, however beautiful, are only a stop-gap for the travel-starved millions who will, after Victory, revel in the scenic loveliness of this continent. ***When that great day comes, look to Greyhound for pleasant, sightseeing travel by highway to all America—at a new high level of luxury and convenience.***

NOTE: Many schools, clubs, churches (having 16mm sound projectors) are anxious to borrow the film, "This Amazing America." But prints are not easy to obtain—and the armed forces come first. If you like, direct your request to Greyhound Information Center, 1505 N. B. C. Building, Cleveland 14, Ohio—we'll do our best to fill it.

GREYHOUND



Sure, that Saturday night pay envelope's bulging. But let me tell you something, brother, before you spend a dime . . . *That money's mine too!*

I can take it. The mess out here. And missing my wife and kid.

What I *can't* take is you making it tougher for me. Or my widow, if that's how it goes. And brother, it *will* make it tough—if you splurge one dime tonight. You're making money. More money than there's stuff to buy. Money that can sock the cost of living to kingdom come—if you blow it! So hang on, till the job's done. On to every last dime—till the squeal means a hole in the seat of your pants!

You're working . . . and *I'm fighting* . . . for the same thing. But *you* could lose it for both of us—without thinking. A guy like you could start bidding me right out of the picture tonight. And my wife and kid. There not being as much as everybody'd like to buy—and you having the green stuff. But remember this, brother—everything you buy helps to send prices kiting.Up. UP. AND UP. Till that fat pay envelope can't buy you a square meal.

Stop spending. For yourself. *Your* kids. And mine. That, brother, is sense. Not sacrifice.

Know what I'd do with that dough . . . if I'd the luck to have it?

I'd buy War Bonds—and, God, would *I* hang onto them! (Bonds buy guns—and give you four bucks for your three!) . . . I'd pay back that insurance loan from when Mollie had the baby . . . I'd pony up for taxes cheerfully (knowing they're the cheapest way to pay for this war) . . . I'd sock some in the savings bank, while I could . . . I'd lift a load off my mind with more life insurance.

And I wouldn't buy a shoelace till I'd looked myself square in the eye and knew I couldn't do without. (You get to knowin'—out here—what you can do without.)

I wouldn't try to profit from this war—and I wouldn't ask more for anything I had to sell—seeing we're all in this together.

I've got your future in my rifle hand, brother. But you've got both of ours, in the inside of that stuffed-up envelope. You and all the other guys that are lookin' at the Main Street shops tonight.

Squeeze that money, brother. It's got blood on it!

Use it up . . . wear it out,
make it do . . . or do without

HELP US KEEP PRICES DOWN

A UNITED STATES WAR MESSAGE PREPARED BY THE WAR ADVERTISING COUNCIL; APPROVED BY THE OFFICE OF WAR INFORMATION; AND CONTRIBUTED BY THE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS OF AMERICA shouted for help. The crew from the wrecked plane came running. Swiftly they made a rope of parachute shroud lines, lowered it to Spencer, and very slowly—for the chunk of ice slipped threateningly every time he moved—he got a loop around his waist. Inch by inch, they hauled him upward until he was within a few feet of the surface.

The projecting rim of the hole presented a new hazard; but someone found a jungle bolo knife attached to one of the parachutes. They lowered it to the dangling flier, and he chopped and hacked at the jagged crust until he had enlarged the opening. Struggling, clawing, stabbing with his knife blade at the ice above him, Spencer wormed out of the crevasse and onto solid ground again. They made no more attempts to explore the Icecap.

When they returned to the plane, O'Hara mentioned for the first time that his legs had lost all feeling. A hasty examination confirmed his worst fears: both feet were frozen. Monteverde unbuttoned his own shirt and pressed the hard, icy stumps against the warm flesh, rubbing them and trying in vain to restore the circulation. O'Hara sat in silence; he knew only too well what any delay in rescue would mean. Every hour was precious now.

Since the crash, the crew had been working ceaselessly to repair the wrecked radio. The machine was full of ice, but Corporal Howarth thawed it out with the signaling light, and at last managed to send out their approximate position. The receiver was not working; there was no way of telling if their message had been picked up. There was nothing to do but sit inside the plane and wait.

When the Ice Began to Shift

That night, as they huddled in the darkness, they heard the ominous sound of rivets popping. The ice was shifting. Bit by bit, the rear half of the broken fuselage was slipping backward into the crevasse.

For two weeks, our planes had been searching for the lost B-17, taking off before daylight and often coming in long after dark. Gales reached 170 miles an hour, and the blowing snow and haze made visibility difficult. Downdrafts were so violent that an airplane would be thrown out of control without warning; one medium bomber dropped from 2,500 to 500 feet in a split second.

On the 24th of November, we located the wrecked Fortress in a badly crevassed and inaccessible area in southeast Greenland, some 40 miles from Comanche Bay. We circled it and dropped supplies, including sleeping bags, stoves, medicine and clothing; but the high winds near the ground caught the parachutes as they fell, and before the stranded men could reach them, they sailed tantalizingly out of reach and disappeared into the deep crevasses. Only the supplies which we dropped free-fall were rescued.

We instructed them to stay put and reported their position to the Coast Guard cutter Northland, which headed for Comanche Bay at full speed. Meantime, from our auxiliary weather station at Comanche, Lieutenant Max Demarest and S/Sgt. Tetley started out with a couple of motor sleds and two dog teams, in an attempt to evacuate the Fortress crew overland.

Sergeant Tetley was from San Antonio, Texas, and had never seen the Arctic until the previous August; he and Demarest were the first men ever to travel on the Icecap in winter. Their progress was necessarily slow; they had to zigzag around the impassable crevasses, Lieutenant Demarest skiing ahead to test the ground, Sergeant Tetley bringing up one sled at a time and then skiing back to fetch the other.

As the sled drivers drew nearer, the Northland reached Comanche Bay, and a Grumman Amphibian J2F4, piloted by Lieutenant Pritchard, took off and managed a successful landing on floats in a snow-filled valley near the B-17. We flew over the Grumman and dropped snowshoes and ropes to Lieutenant Pritchard, and he made his way over the ice to the scene of the wreck, reaching the stranded crew on the afternoon of November 28th, twenty days after the crash.

One look at O'Hara's frozen and blackened feet told him there was no time to lose. Since neither O'Hara nor Spina, the other seriously injured man, could make the journey back to the plane on foot, it was decided to get medical help, and Pritchard took two other men who were walking casualties and flew them back to Comanche Bay.

Late that night, Demarest and Tetley brought their loaded sleds to the edge of the crevassed area where the B-17 lay, and made their way with flashlights the rest of the distance. They found the crew in high spirits. Their ordeal seemed to be over, and they celebrated the approaching rescue with canned chicken and ice cream made of compressed chocolate mixed with snow. Demarest put new dressings on Spina's broken arm, attended the other frostbitten members of the crew, and that midnight he and Tetley headed back to get the sleds and bring them to the plane.

The trail was broken now, and Demarest did not bother to feel his way ahead on skis. The crew, waving to them eagerly as they headed over the last lap saw Demarest make a circle to swing his sled around so it would be headed in the right direction. Without warning, the crust beneath him gave way, and sled and driver plunged into a crevasse. Far down at the bottom of the crack, the shocked crew could see the tail of the shattered tow sled; but there was no sign of Demarest. After hours of effort, they were forced to give up hope.

The Arctic is a relentless enemy; it follows up an advantage without mercy. Lieutenant Pritchard returned that afternoon in his Grumman. Just as he arrived, a message was received from the Northland that bad weather was closing in again, and he would have to start back immediately. With two other members of the B-17 crew who could walk, he headed back to the amphibian. It was the last anyone ever saw of him. Some days later, the wreck of his plane was located from the air; evidently he had flown into a mountain in the fog, and all three men were killed outright.

Days of Shattered Hopes

Lieutenant Monteverde and his crew received the news in stunned silence. Day after day, the storm penned them in; there was no hope of moving out with the remaining motor sled.

At the first break, a week later, we sent a B-17 with Captain Turner of the Air Transport Command to drop supplies. For weeks and months, "Pappy" Turner kept up this hazardous routine, going over the wreck whenever possible and dropping fresh food and medical items and cheerful messages. In all, he made thirty-four trips. The crew came to look on his plane as a symbol of hope, a proof that somehow, sometime, their comrades in the Air Forces would find a way to get them out.

On December 7th, O'Hara's feet were in such bad shape that it was decided Tetley should make a run for it, taking the sick man and two members of the crew, Lieutenant Spencer and Private Wedel, an assistant engineer, of Clinton, Kansas. Tetley took along sleeping bags, a tent and three days' rations. They made O'Hara comfortable in his sleeping bag on the sled, Spencer went ahead on snowshoes to test for crevasses, Tetley drove the sled, and Wedel followed on foot.

A couple of miles from the wreck, they halted to make an adjustment in the sled, and Wedel came alongside to speak to O'Hara. Suddenly O'Hara heard Wedel exclaim, felt Wedel's mittened hands clutch the sleeping bag, then slide helplessly over his legs as his grip weakened. Tetley gunned the sled, ran it off the crumbling crust in the nick of time. They ran back and peered down the crevasse into which Wedel had plunged, but there was no sign of life.

Now they appreciated more than ever Wedel's mechanical ability. The sled began to give trouble; the lubricating oil froze and broke a fuel line, the motor quit, the sled came to a final halt. The drifting snow piled high against their tent that night; by morning, the sled was completely buried. They made the injured man as comfortable as possible, and crouched at the bottom of their burrow to wait.

Despite the agony of O'Hara's condition—later both his legs had to be amputated at the knee—his courage wavered only once: he had a birthday coming, and the thought of celebrating this event so far from home weighed on his mind. When the day came, his two comrades presented him with a pack of cigarettes which Spencer had kept hidden in his sleeping bag all these months.

At the Mercy of the Elements

Meantime, the best efforts of the Army Air Forces, not only in Greenland but back in Washington, were turned to the problem of getting out the stranded men at the two camps. The Royal Canadian Air Force also lent a hand; two experienced Canadian bush pilots, flying a Barkley Grow, made a rescue attempt at the end of December, but lost their plane when it landed on thin ice off the shore of southern Greenland during a snow squall.

Although they were only 400 yards from shore, it took the pilots three and a half days to work their way in a rubber boat through the ice-choked waters to the beach. They were picked up by Eskimo hunters and made their way to an air base by dog sled a week later.

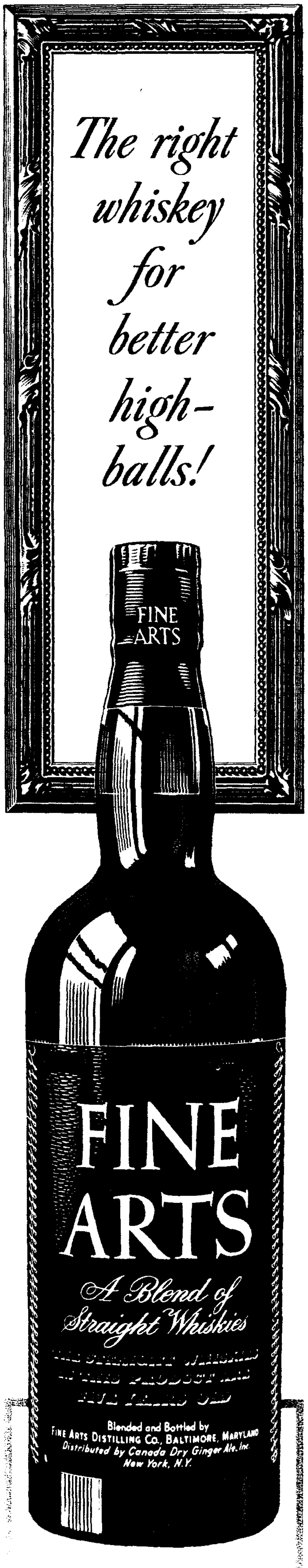
Early in February, the constant gales let up a little, and I decided to attempt a belly-landing on the Icecap near the motor-sled camp. On February 5th, in a Navy Catalina with Lieutenant Dunlap, we circled the area and concluded it was worth a try. With wheels retracted and wing floats down, we struck the snow and slithered and slipped over the sheer white field, our hull plowing two feet deep in the drifts, the wash of our propellers sending great clouds of snow like spray in the air.

For the first time in sixty days, the three men at the motor-sled camp saw a human being. O'Hara had lost more than 100 pounds; but the other two men, thanks to Captain Turner's faithful efforts to drop them supplies, had actually gained some twenty pounds each.

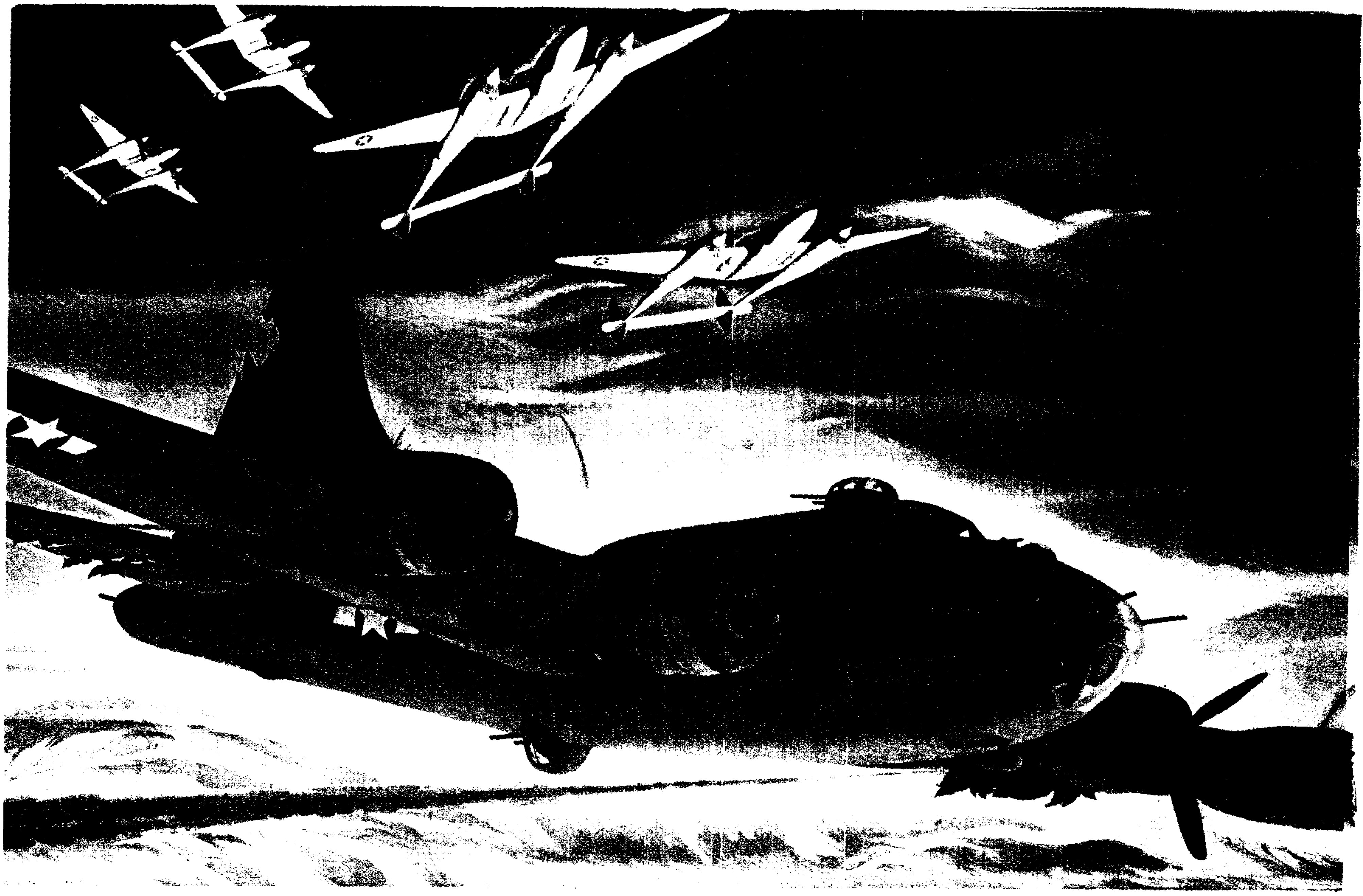
The injured man safely aboard, we gave her the gun. The plane stood stock-still. In the intense cold, the metal hull had frozen fast to the ice. We placed a couple of men on each float, and ordered a couple more to run back and forth along the wings, rocking the ship from side to side until we broke the grip of the ice and started the plane. She froze fast again the moment we halted to take the crew aboard.

Once more we rocked her until she broke loose, and this time we started up and taxied slowly in a large circle in the snow. One by one, as we passed them, the men jumped onto a metal ladder hanging from the door of the port gun blister. The crew inside the plane grabbed each new arrival and hauled him unceremoniously aboard. As the plane completed its circle, without stopping, we gathered speed and took off for the base.

(To be concluded next week)


The right whiskey for better high-balls!
FINE ARTS
FINE ARTS
A Blend of Straight Whiskies
Blended and Bottled by
Fine Arts Distilling Co., Baltimore, Maryland
Distributed by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



Guardian Angels

The fireworks are all over. The "Sad Sack" is nearly home. A few minutes more, and she'll put her crew down safe on a friendly field.

She went out this morning full of fight, with her belly full of bombs . . . all four motors roaring defiance at every German in Italy.

She hammered the Nazi railyards at Terni, and left them a tangle of wreckage.

But she had to take a few on the chin to do it.

1ST LT. DONALD J. JUSTER, of St. Albans, N. Y. . . . Air Medal with 9 *Oak Leaf Clusters. Bombardier of the* **Flying Fortress the "Sad Sack" . . .**

"I'll say an escort of fighter planes is a mighty sweet sight to see! It's like the old Wild West movies—when the wagon train is surrounded by Indians and the cavalry rides to the rescue! Bombers and fighters, working together, make the A.A.F. an unbeatable team. And if you don't think so, take a look at Germany's big industrial centers from the air."

1ST LT. JOHN D. JOYCE, of Griffith, Indiana . . . Air Medal with 10 Clusters, *Distinguished Flying Cross recommended* **. . . P-38 Pilot.**

"I've helped escort the 'Sad Sack' on many a bombing mission . . . and seen Don Juster bullseye his bombs on plenty of Jerry objectives. And I want to tell you that's when *teamwork* pays off . . . teamwork between fighter pilots, between fighters and bombers, between members of bomber crews . . . teamwork that makes the A.A.F. the 'greatest team in the world'!"

When the escort fighters picked her up, the "Sad Sack" was on the spot . . . straggling behind her formation, with one engine knocked out by flak . . . trying to fight off a Focke-Wulf pack that was swarming in for the kill.

The sweetest sight her crew ever saw was that escort of P-38's . . . screaming down to the rescue with their noseguns squirting fire . . . chasing the Jerries out of there or shooting them down in flames.

That's why bomber-men call them "Guardian Angels", these escort fighter planes. For they bring back bombers and bomber crews to fly and fight again!

And that's the kind of team *you'll* be on when you wear A.A.F. wings . . . Pilots, Navigators, Bombardiers, Gunners, doing their job *together* . . . flying and fighting for the *team*, "the greatest team in the world!"

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE

MEN OF 17 . . .

You can get ready now for your place on the great A.A.F. flying team. Go to the nearest Aviation Cadet Examining Board . . . see if you can qualify for the Air Corps Enlisted Reserve. If you qualify, you will receive the Enlisted Reserve insignia . . . but will not be called for training until you are 18 or over.

When called, your special aptitudes will be studied further to determine the type of training you will receive. For the A.A.F. not only builds a combat crew from the pick of the crop, but carefully selects for each position the man with the best capabilities for the job . . . and then adds the thorough training which makes this all-star team the world's finest.

Prepare yourself in advance by taking C.A.P. Cadet Training as given by your local Civil Air Patrol. Also see your High School principal or adviser about recommended courses in the Air Service Division of the High School Victory Corps. Both afford valuable pre-aviation training.

(Essential workers in War Industry or Agriculture—do not apply.)

KEEP 'EM FLYING!

For information regarding Naval Aviation Cadet Training, apply at the Naval Aviation Cadet Selection Board in any Office of Naval Officer Procurement, or at any Navy Recruiting Station; or, if you are in the Navy, Marine Corps, or Coast Guard, apply through your commanding officer. . . . This advertisement has the approval of the Joint Army Navy Personnel Board.

FLY AND FIGHT WITH THE AAF GREATEST TEAM IN THE WORLD

ARMY AIR FORCES

Easy Does It

Continued from page 20

his mouth, he said, "Cuss his old hide! He's found that barrel!"

Mr. Tucket came on up, sucking at his scraggly red mustache as we got out. He said, "Chad, that there's going to be right smart of a barrel little later on if somebody don't run onto it. Howdy, Mis' Greenwood. Howdy."

Mom is always thinking good of people, but she hasn't had a lot of use for Mr. Tucket since he worked an old stump-sucking mule off on us that it took Pop nearly a year to get shut of. She just sort of passed and repassed on the weather with him and went on in with the baby running ahead of her.

Mr. Tucket said, "What I come out for, Chad, I thought that durn' dog'd have them pups by now. Thought yesterday was her time. That's how I run onto the barrel, lookin' for her. Didn't know you was gone."

POP stiffened up at the way he called Lily a durn' dog. "You know she allus goes two days over," he said, not too friendly. "But I can't keep you in pups and forty rod, too. It'd break a man up."

"Now you just come by the store next time you're in town and I'll fix you up for what little samplin' I done." Mr. Tucket started toward his car and then he turned and said, "Oh, by the way, Chad. Of course, I ain't on the draft board, but I sort of heard you never sent back them gov'ment papers they sent you. I ain't buttin' in, but this could be mighty serious."

Pop shook his head. "They must've sent 'em to somebody else. I never got no papers—but then, we been to see the old lady's brother last couple weeks."

"This was more'n a couple weeks back."

Pop spit out his chew and said, "Oh, them. Well, I throwed them things away. They looked about like them relief papers I signed up eight-ten year ago, and first thing I knowed, they was working the daylights out of me on the road two mornin's a week before I could draw my groceries. I don't want no more relief. I'm makin' out."

"But this is different. These was some more draft papers to fill out, so's you can be drafted if you ain't helping out the country here at home. And you ain't turned a furrow, of course. Hezz Blackmore, he hadn't, neither, and they taken him yesterday."

Pop sort of started like somebody had run onto him with his clothes off. He kept opening his mouth and finally he wheezed, "Why—why, Lord, Mr. Tucket, you all get somebody in my place. I wouldn't be worth a durn to you. I'm an awful pore shot."

Mr. Tucket drew his eyebrows down real fierce, like when he's hitting you up for your grocery bill and growled, "Now looky, Chad, it's foolin' with Uncle Sam when you don't sign up. First thing you know, you'll be throwed in the pen."

The sweat shined in Pop's black whiskers where he needed a shave. "Don't talk about the pen!" he begged. "I don't want no trouble with Uncle Sam. I'm for 'im. I'd been votin' for 'im every time if I'd had ary dollar for my poll tax."

Mr. Tucket said, "Now, Chad, I'm your friend. I'll help you fill out another set of papers if you'll come to town in the mornin', and I'll help you explain how you never meant no harm, and I wouldn't doubt if they'd give up throwin' you in the pen. But, of course, them nor nobody else can keep you from bein' drafted when your turn comes. Naturally, if you was tending a bunch of cows and hogs and had in, say, four-five acres of beans for a canning factory—why that there would be helpin' out at home—"

Pop smeared off sweat, not paying any mind when Nevallion asked could we join the Army with him. "Lord, Mr. Tucket," he said, "they ain't no factory around here, exceptin' for tomatoes, and you know we ain't got no cows or hogs."

Mr. Tucket puckered up his thick mouth like he was thinking and then he said, "Well, hell far, I might let you tend some stock for me, just as a favor—and I believe tomatoes is a war crop, come to think of it. Tell you what: I'll furnish you with that old blind mare of mine to go with your Jenny and put up the seed and fertilizer on credit and let you have that there creek bottom down there I offered to let you put in a while back, and we'll go halves on the crop. You better see can you get a contract with one of the factories."

Pop said, "Well, shorely you could handle another little old five acres at your factory, couldn't you?"

It turned out that Mr. Tucket happened to have the contract in his pocket he had tried to talk Pop into before. Mr. Tucket showed him where to sign, and then he said it was a lucky thing for us that Balaam Metcalf, that milked for him, was going off to Kansas City tomorrow to work in a factory, and in the morning he would have him fetch out the cows and hogs and some feed and the cream separator, and we would get a fourth of the profit, less two bits a day for the milk we used.

Mom got back from the lot just then with an apron full of guinea eggs she had run onto and had to be told all about it. I could see she was ashamed of the way she hadn't liked Mr. Tucket, and she made him come in and eat fried guinea eggs and corn bread and granny sop with us, and he bragged more and more on the cooking while she apologized and run it down.

It was good daylight next morning when Pop hollered up the ladder for me and Nevallion to jump into our pants if we wanted to see nine of the prettiest pups ever we laid eyes on.

We crawled under the porch with him and the baby. Old Lily thumped her tail on the ground, proud as a peacock as the pups nuzzled and whined, and she had a right to be. Every one was solid red like her and with ears that might' near drug the ground.

After breakfast, Pop said he would go to town to fill out his draft papers and bring out the old blind mare, and for Nevallion to light out over to Parkerses' folks and borrow some old plow points we could chip off to a sharp edge and use on our plow, and for me to go to Pritchetses' folks and borrow another singletree and clevis and a double set of plowlines and ask could we use their singlestock to lay off our rows when we got the ground busted out.

THE blind mare made a better team with Jenny than you might think. We had a good marble ground under a pin oak where we could kind of watch for Pop, and as soon as we got a few rounds plowed we would quit for a game or two. He was busy propping up the fences where the posts had rotted off.

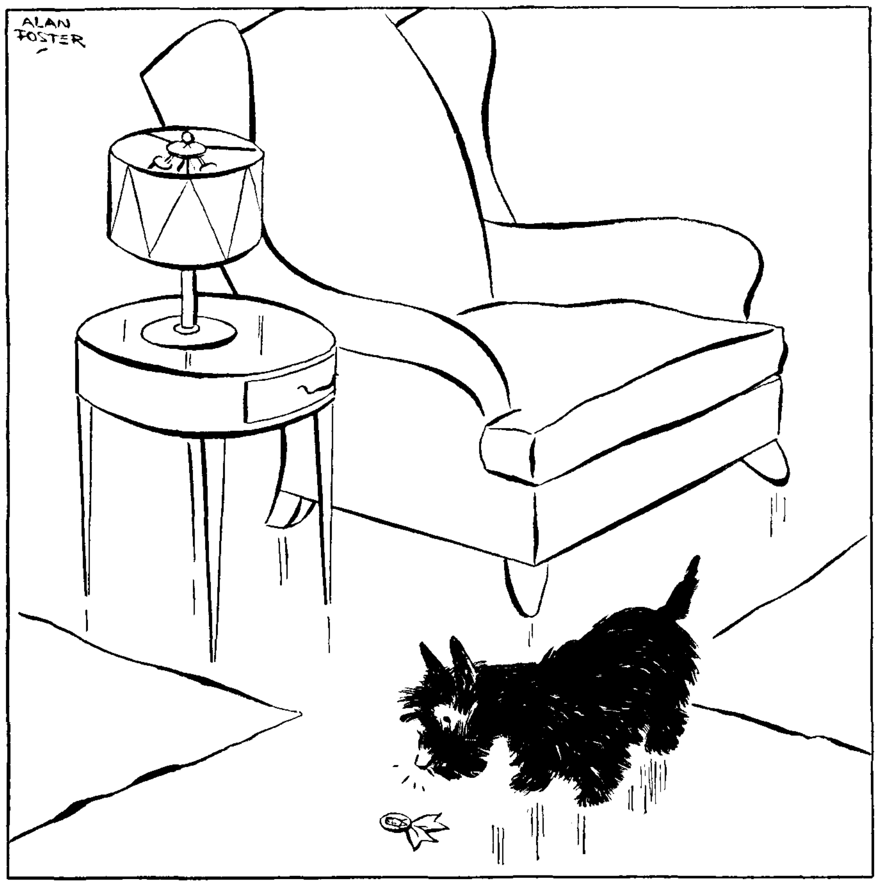
But about the fourth day, he heard me yelling at Nevallion to quit taterhilling the marbles when I said no taterhilling first, and he sneaked up on us, and I'd sooner have had a licking than the shaming he gave us for playing off. So we lit in then, and by the next night, the five acres were all plowed and drug down, and next day Pop learned us to lay off the rows with Jenny. It took over two days to plant, and just as we got the last hill down, it started sprinkling.

Well, it rained about every other day for I guess the next month till we couldn't plow the weeds out, and ever' last tomato seed came up, so the hills would have to be thinned.

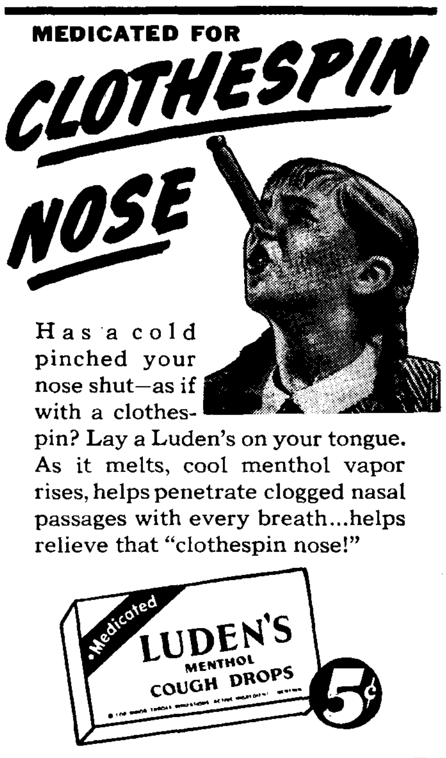
Pop got more and more restless all the

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



"I wonder if that's an old Willkie button—or a new one"


MEDICATED FOR
CLOTHESPIN NOSE

Has a cold pinched your nose shut—as if with a clothespin? Lay a Luden's on your tongue. As it melts, cool menthol vapor rises, helps penetrate clogged nasal passages with every breath...helps relieve that "clothespin nose!"

Medicated LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS 5¢

NEW LUDEN'S HONEY-LICORICE COUGH DROPS!

Here's a new flavor in cough relief by the makers of Luden's Menthol Cough Drops Both are medicated. Both 5¢.

This tiny MAICO brings you a world of SOUND

90% of America's precision hearing test instruments are Made by Maico

● Small, light and easy to wear. Assures hearing normal conversation clearly, even whispers. WRITE today for *"New Experience in Hearing"*.

THE MAICO COMPANY
2632 Nicollet Ave., Dept. 55-S, Minneapolis, Minn.

Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Sky-Rite
AIR-MAIL STATIONERY

Air Mail is the thing today and Sky-Rite Stationery's lightness makes it economical. Brilliant White, crackly—use it for Peace and War mail.
Sold at all Better Stores
Dealers—write for Catalog
Distributors Coast to Coast
AGENCY PAPER CO.
New York 13, N. Y.
Factories
New York
Chicago

A SNAPSHOTS ON PLAYING CARDS

Gift of the Year! Any photograph—yourself, the baby, house, dog or your whole family—on fine playing cards, in gift box. Your print ret'd. Send check for $3.65 with picture to

PHOTO PLAYING CARDS
2509 Tulare St., Dept. C., Fresno 1, Cal.

PEBECO PETE SAYS:

"I specialize in budget stretching—And help to make your smile more fetching!"

1. Pebeco Tooth Powder gives you 60% *more* than average of 6 other leading tooth powders . . . stretches your budget further!

2. Makes teeth sparkle. No other dentifrice cleans teeth better than Pebeco.

3. You get no grit in Pebeco Powder! It cannot scratch tooth enamel.

4. Tastes peppy, too . . . makes mouth feel clean and minty-fresh. Get Pebeco Powder today!

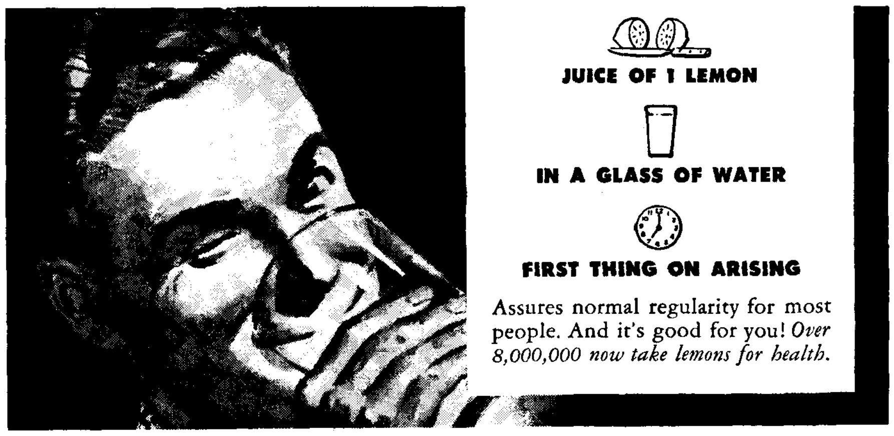
GIANT SIZE ONLY 25¢

Big 10¢ size, too

Also Pebeco Tooth Paste—clean, refreshing flavor—10¢, 50¢

Copr., 1943, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.
PEBECO
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
TOOTH POWDER
25¢
NEW WARTIME METAL-SAVING CONTAINER
SAME GENEROUS AMOUNT OF TOOTH POWDER AS IN FORMER METAL CONTAINER
LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORPORATION
DISTRIBUTOR
BLOOMFIEL

SWEEPING THE COUNTRY! THIS NEW NATURAL WAY TO KEEP REGULAR


JUICE OF 1 LEMON

IN A GLASS OF WATER

FIRST THING ON ARISING

Assures normal regularity for most people. And it's good for you! *Over 8,000,000 now take lemons for health.*

This simple health drink, lemon and water, in most cases makes harsh laxatives wholly unnecessary.

If you are like most people, you'll find that lemon and water, *taken first thing on arising,* insures prompt, normal elimination day after day. And unlike harsh laxatives, which irritate the system and impair nutrition, lemon and water is *good* for you!

A healthful habit. Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C, supply valuable amounts of B_1 and P. They alkalinize—aid digestion. Lemon and water has a refreshing tang, too—clears the mouth, wakes you up, starts you going.

Try this morning health drink ten days. Juice of one lemon in a glass of water *first thing when you get up.*

P.S. Some prefer the juice of one lemon in a half glass of water with ¼ to ½ teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate) added. Drink as the foaming quiets.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

California Sunkist

Keep regular the Healthful way!

LEMON and WATER

...first thing on arising

time and he kept talking about how Uncle Elrod's June apples would already be about gone, and his early melons would be getting ripe. And when Mr. Tucket told us that a man from up by the Army camp had a rooster that he thought could whip that blue shank of the sheriff's, and that a bunch was going down in the woods where the sheriff's wife wouldn't know about it and find out, all he said was, "Who cares?"

He got to where he wouldn't even play the organ of nights, or sing. He can drown out a whole choir when he sets his mind to it, and the crowd, too, but he just kind of grunted when we heard that Hollering Luke would soon start the camp meeting. Most times, he would rather go to camp meeting than eat, and every year he has to get prayed through again, and he always throws his pipe and tobacco away and is mighty miserable to live with till he backslides and starts smoking again.

FINALLY one day he said it was surely dry enough to work the patch and we'd just as well get it over with, so we borrowed a double shovel from Mr. Horsbeck and hooked it to old Jenny. Slipping the plowline over his shoulders, Pop said for us young'uns to light down the rows and thin and do it right or we'd regret it.

The dirt turned up pretty and black behind the plow, leaving the green row, but we didn't have time to enjoy the looks of it with the blazing sun on our backs and the air so steamy you couldn't get your breath. Pop plowed down and then back to us and stopped.

"Done sweated my shoulders through," he said, and then he yelled at a mockingbird going like a young guinea on a pine snag: "Durn you, if I had you hitched to this plow, I'd take some of them high spirits out of you." Then he said, "Boys, it won't pay to wear old Jenny out before the day's even started."

So we moved over to the shade and Pop smoked his pipe and played Hull-gull, how many? with us, but we kept winning his rocks, and finally he said, "Well, we got to get goin', soon as I smoke one more pipe. Wisht we had one of them cold melons Uncle Elrod's like enough got in his spring."

But before he got the pipe smoked out, a car stopped up by the road, and a big fat man and two skinny ones clambered the fence and came toward us. They had on their Sunday clothes and smoked cigars.

Pop jumped up. "Keep your traps shut," he told us, and his voice kind of trembled: "They may be revenues the prostituting attorney has sent out. If you see me take a fresh chew, that'll mean for you to sneak off and dump what's left of the barrel."

Pop doesn't have any use for a whole barrel at a time, of course, for himself, but all the counties in our end of the state have voted in probation, so, when he can get sorghum, he makes a little extra for the rooster fights and fox hunts—and, used to, for the camp meetings before he got saved.

The men came on up, smiling politelike, and the fat one said, "Mr. Greenwood?" and raised his sandy eyebrows up.

"Reckon so," Pop said, and sort of let the man shake his hand, and then the man took him to one side and talked real low.

Pop kept shaking his head and finally he knocked out his pipe and got out his chewing and haggled him off a chunk with his teeth, and me and Nevallion sort of moseyed away.

Once in the brush, we cut up the mountain for the barn and got the straw off the barrel and worried it up to the door. It was heavy, still half full, but we finally heaved it over. It went sloshing into the hog pen and the hogs, fat and muddy, lit into it. A big possum was in the bottom, but he was pickled good and didn't smell so bad, and Nevallion slung him in, too.

Well, we laughed till we cried. The hogs would take a few slurps and then run around going, "Whoof! Whoof!" like when you make the lye water too strong to keep off the cholera, and then they'd go back for more. It went to their heads in a hurry, and in a little they were staggering and falling and getting up again. Then we heard Pop yell, hoarse and wild, and he came tearing up through the brush with the three men.

He was pale and shaking. "Lord, boys," he wheezed, "I never thought what I was doin' when I taken that chew. These is just some fellers the sheriff sent out to get a little stuff for the rooster fights tonight—"

His voice kind of petered out and he wilted down on a rock. The men got an old tin can and scraped up a little out of the barrel and tasted it around, and they said it beat anything they had got hold of in a long time, and the fat one said he wished he was one of the hogs.

They tried to cheer Pop up, but he was in kind of a trance, not even paying any mind when old Lily brought the pups out. Nevallion told them about her and told them the pups' names and showed them the bobcat hides. I didn't feel like bragging any, myself. I was scared about the barrel and mighty sorry for Pop, he looked so whipped out.

Mom cooked him up a good dinner and told him not to worry, that we would get along without the money from the barrel, but he just moped around and was still at it next morning.

"But I don't hold it agin you young'uns," he said at breakfast. "Still it takes the heart out of a man."

When the dew had dried off, Mom took the baby and went to pick blackberries with a neighbor lady, and Pop said he would help us slop the hogs.

You can look down on the tomato patch from the hog pen, and as we stood there, he said what was the use. Here he had worked his fool head off already, and there was a long ways yet to go. And, for all we knew, about the time the tomatoes started to set on, the bugs or worms or a hailstorm would ruin them, and then, like enough, a flood come down the creek and take what was left.

"Look at that barrel," he said. "I done the best I knowed how, and just when it was getting to where a man could take some pride in it, what of it was left, why, look what happened. The Lord's a-punishin' me for trying to keep out of the Army. He knowed I wasn't cut out to be ary farmer, same as I did." He stood there a little and finally he said, "You boys go patch that left front tar. We're going to town before your mom gets back."

IN TOWN we drove right up to the courthouse, and inside he asked a man in a white shirt where the draft office was, and in we went. A lady was going through some papers behind a long counter, and Pop said, "Why, I never knowed you worked here, Myrt. I want to join up in the Army."

I stood gawping, and then the woman said, "But you've got a family, Chad, and you've got your crop to take care of."

"Old Tucket'll take care of it if he's pushed to it. It's half his'n. But I never come in to argue. Give me my gun and my suit, and let's get it over with."

She said well, she would tell him the truth. Mr. Tucket had pulled a pretty abdominal trick on him. "You see," she added, "he knew all the time the Army wouldn't take you because you're over thirty-eight."

Pop was mighty rough starting the car he was so mad. He put her right on up to twenty, and the mud flew high as we clattered down the street, and when we saw Mr. Tucket sitting in front of his store with a fan, he said, "Durn the old tub o' guts! Durn his old greasy hide! I'd stop and give 'im a good whippin' if I wasn't scared I'd lose my temper and go too far."

All at once, Pop jammed the brake and reverse pedals and brought us shaking and grinding to a stop and then he backed up a piece and hollered, "You want them cussed cows milked and them hogs fed, come out and do it," and he gave her the gas, as Mr. Tucket stared at us.

As we drove into the yard at home, the fat man that came out yesterday was sitting in a car with a stiff-looking soldier with a face like brown rock and a lot of fancy pins on his chest, and old Lily and the pups were kind of rung up looking at them.

The fat man stuck his head out and said, "Mr. Greenwood, we're on some mighty important business, but that dog won't let us get out."

POP called Lily off and then he told them they had had their trip for nothing because we couldn't get any molasses or sugar. "Besides," he said, "we're just fixin' to go on a visit to my Uncle Elrod's folks." Then he said, "You young'uns get down to the patch and pile up all that stuff we borrowed so's the folks that owns it can find it if they need it, and I'll blow the horn for your mom. Drag it!"

Boy, we drug it. We had got the different stuff all gathered together, when Mr. Tucket stopped his car by the road and came puffing up.

"What the tarnation'd Chad mean?" he panted. "What—"

"We ain't farming no more," I told him. "A lady at the courthouse said you knew they never needed Pop."

He blinked his little eyes at that. And then, coming down across the patch fast, Pop hollered, "Get a wiggle on, boys! We're goin' to see Cousin Ainsford instead of Uncle Elrod."

Mr. Tucket caught him by the arm as he came on up. "Listen, Chad, you can't go gallivantin' off, and the weeds and crabgrass shootin' this way. Best dang' patch I got contracted, if they was just cleaned out. It ain't patriotic—"

"I got 'em this far," Pop said. "Time *you* was being patriotic."

"But I can't get no help, Chad, and I ain't follered a horse in twenty year, nor milked a cow, and my woman's busy in the store—"

"It'll all come back to you. Maybe we can help you some at pickin' time if we're here. But I got to get along. A man that's servin' his country can't stand around just runnin' his mouth."

Mr. Tucket stared at him and Pop said, "I just promised the Army four hundred dollars' worth of pups, soon as they're old enough to train. Fierce dogs—that's what they're hankerin' for. And when we get back, I promised to take that corporal or general or whatever he is bobcat huntin' with old Lily to keep his morals up."

Then he said, "Reason we're goin' to Cousin Ainsford's I want to see has he still got that dog he uses in the swamps. I want old Lily to get acquainted with him little later on. We'll raise Uncle Sam the best damn' set of pups in the country. I'd ruther go to Uncle Elrod's and eat melons, but it's like it says over there in Tribulations, I think it is—about: Consider old Lily—she don't do no work, but then, on the other hand, she don't spend nothin', neither. And look what she's doin' to help out the country, besides."

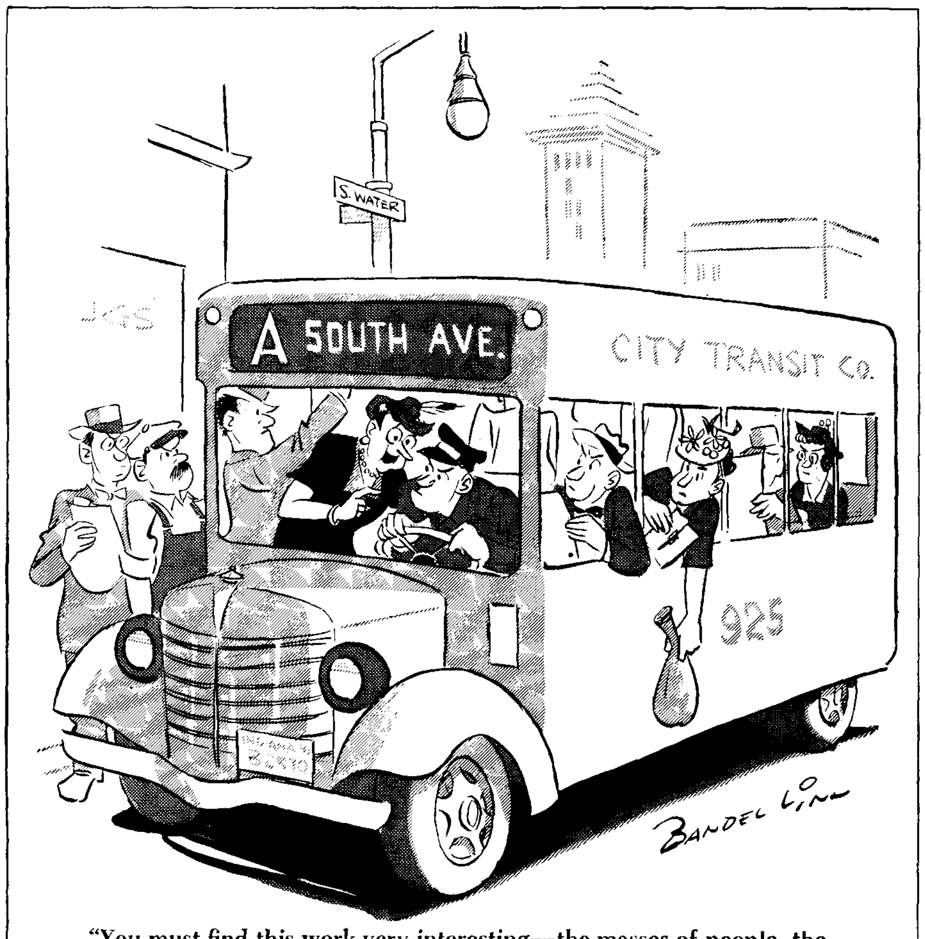
He stood suckin his pipe a minute, sort of wool-gathering and a far-off look in his eyes, and then he said, "Well, you boys come see about that front tar. It's flat again."

Halfway up the mountain, I looked back down. Mr. Tucket was dragging the double shovel from the pile of stuff. He stood between the handles a minute, and then he laid it down and started untangling a plowline from the singletree.

I ran to catch up with Nevallion and Pop. He was feeling high, and all at once he started singing for the first time in weeks, and his voice was loud and clear:

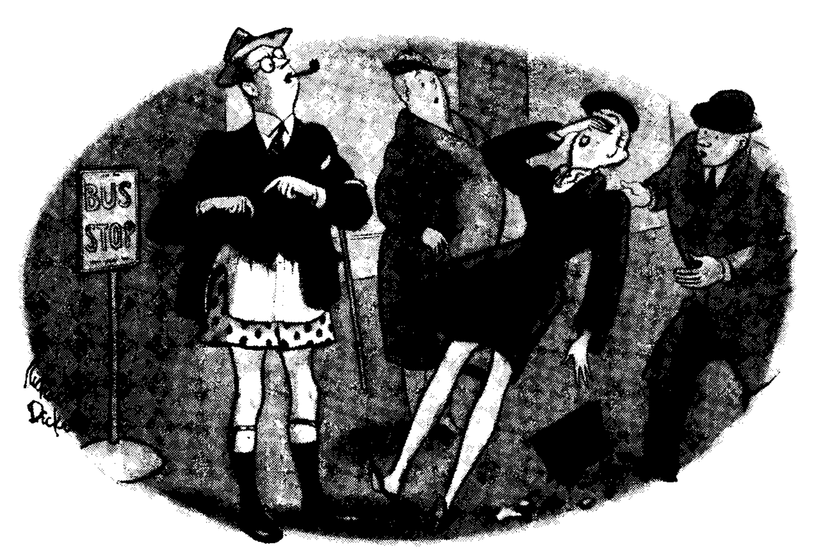
"Did ever you hear of Sweet Bessie from
Pike?
She crossed the high mountains with her
lover Ike.
With a tall team of oxen, a big yaller dog,
A bobble-tail rooster, an old spotted
hog—"

THE END



"You must find this work very interesting—the masses of people, the little human-interest stories, the throbbing pulse of the nation . . ."

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN



"Shucks, forgot my Sir Walter Raleigh!"

DON'T SHOCK YOUR NEIGHBORS by smoking a fuming, foul-smelling pipe. Instead, clean it out regularly and fill it up with mild 'n' mellow Sir Walter Raleigh. Yes sir, this fine blend of choice Burleys smells sweet and smokes cool from the first puff right down to the last. Today, try *"the quality pipe tobacco of America."*

SIR WALTER
RALEIGH
PIPE TOBACCO

Smokes as sweet as it smells

UNION MADE

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

TOO BAD

We can't make enough Smith Bros. Cough Drops to satisfy everybody, because our output is war-reduced—so please buy only as many as you really need.

Through three generations and five wars, Smith Bros. Cough Drops have given soothing relief from coughs due to colds.

Still only 5¢. A nickel checks that tickle!

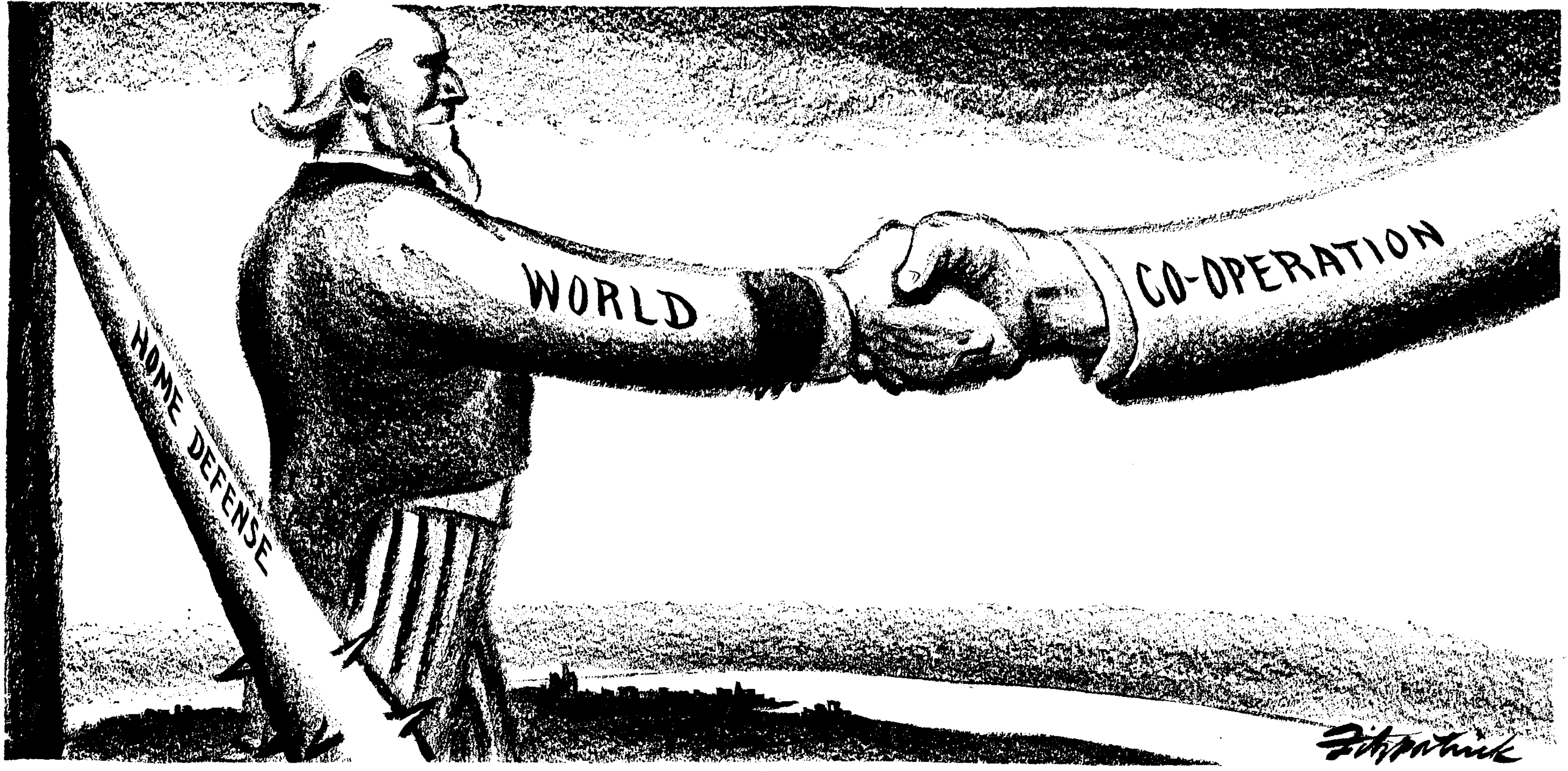
SOOTHINGLY YOURS
SMITH BROS. COUGH DROPS
Black or Menthol—5¢

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Publisher

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Editor

HENRY LA COSSITT
Managing Editor



HOPE FOR THE BEST, BUT—

JOSEF STALIN'S hard-cooked insistence on taking as much prewar Poland as he wants, after the Allied victory, has boiled up a variety of emotions all over the Allied world, especially in the United States. Stalin didn't do anything to cool those emotions when his Moscow paper, Pravda, rebuffed Wendell Willkie's mild and reasonable suggestion that Stalin talk over Poland's future with the Western Allies before definitely mapping his postwar claims, or when it published the Nazi rumor of peace conversation.

What's the sensible attitude for Americans to take? We'd better adopt a sensible attitude now, because this probably is not the last of such incidents.

In the first place, it looks as if we'd better reconcile ourselves as best we may to the extreme probability that Russia is going to be the dominant European power for many years after this war.

We'd better reconcile ourselves, too, to the fact that Stalin and his associates are shrewd politicians who think of their own country's interest first, last and always. They are not nearly as idealistic as American and British leaders. They never signed the Atlantic Charter and they don't subscribe to the Four Freedoms.

All these facts are bound to be distasteful to many Americans, particularly those with fairly recent ancestral roots in such European countries as Poland, Germany, Hungary, Rumania, the Baltic states, etc. This distaste will mean recurring headaches to American politicians whose fortunes depend on such racial groups in their home precincts.

But it is the way matters are shaping up in Europe; and we'd be worse than foolish to shut our eyes to these onrushing realities. The question that counts is: What should we do about it?

It seems to us that Stalin must hope that some world federation can some day be hammered out somehow, so that nations can live in reasonable safety without having to carry crushing loads of armaments. But Stalin seems not to be betting on it. He may hope for it in some happy future; but in the unhappy present he is moving to shore up Russia's postwar defenses. Then, in case the world does go back to nationalism and isolationism after this war, Russia at least will be buffered by the Baltic states and the parts of Poland, Finland and Rumania which Stalin intends to solder onto Russia.

Why not a realistic as well as an idealistic policy for us?

Such a policy would call for (1) working, planning and hoping for some sort of world organization in the future, but also (2) planning to insure our postwar defenses for as long as may be necessary.

Under that second head would come such item as setting up a universal compulsory military trainin system to go into effect right away; putting in emphatic and repeated claims to all the Pacific and Atlantic islands we shall need to furnish us with a complete air-base screen for outpost defense of th continental United States; forging ever tighter tie with Canada and the rest of the nations of thi hemisphere; tentative plans, at least, for some sort of postwar collaboration militarily and navally with the entire British Empire; frequent resolutions to resist the extreme and hasty disarmament proposals which our wilder pacifists are sure to advance after this war is won.

That would be the realistic policy for us, just as Stalin's is the realistic policy for Russia. Incidentally, it should increase Russia's respect for us—a commodity which we can use in considerable quantity.

There is nothing new, chauvinistic or imperialistic in such a policy. It is nothing but the age-old common-sense system of hoping for the best (in this case, universal disarmament and a world organization) but preparing for the worst—in this case, a postwar world throwback to extreme nationalism, power politics and dog-eat-dog.

We should get ready now to hold up our end, whichever it is to be.

LET THE RAILROADS BREATHE

RAILROAD smashups flare briefly in headlines and newsreels—and only the worst ones get national attention in these days of roaring war news. The over-all picture was painted the other day in a grim analysis by the Interstate Commerce Commission for the first half of 1943:

Train accidents increased 32 per cent in that period over the same period in 1942; total, 8,209. Accidents traceable to equipment breakdown were up 39 per cent, and to improper maintenance 47 per cent. In all types of railway accident, 2,349 persons were killed (though only 41 of these were passengers on trains) and 28,857 were injured—though again only 2,429 of these were train passengers.

The main trouble, says the ICC bluntly, is that the railroads are running down because they have not been granted enough materials priorities and draft deferments of key men to keep up to par; and because at the same time they are carrying a record load of war materials, troops, and ex-motorists or ration-curtailed motorists.

The praise and thanks of a grateful people, which the railroads are receiving in bigger and bigger swatches, are fine and deserved. But praise and thanks prevent no train wrecks.

What the roads need are more locomotives, more rolling stock, more repair parts, and more men. They need these aids now. If they don't get them now or in the immediate future, the railroads—and consequently the nation and its entire war effort—will be in worse case later on, and the cure will be far more difficult and costly.

It would be entirely possible for the Allies to lose the war, or grind haltingly into a stalemate, because of a breakdown of United States rail transport.

How about some action on this whole emergency now, and an end to stalling around and making excuses? Stalling and excuses don't head off any train wrecks, either.

"I was just going to suggest it myself..."

DRY Paul Jones ...a gentleman's whiskey since 1865

BECAUSE PAUL JONES is a magnificent whiskey, we have made it a *dry* whiskey. For *dryness* (lack of sweetness) brings out the true nature of a whiskey. And in Paul Jones, this *dryness* serves to bring out all the richness and flavor that make Paul Jones great.

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

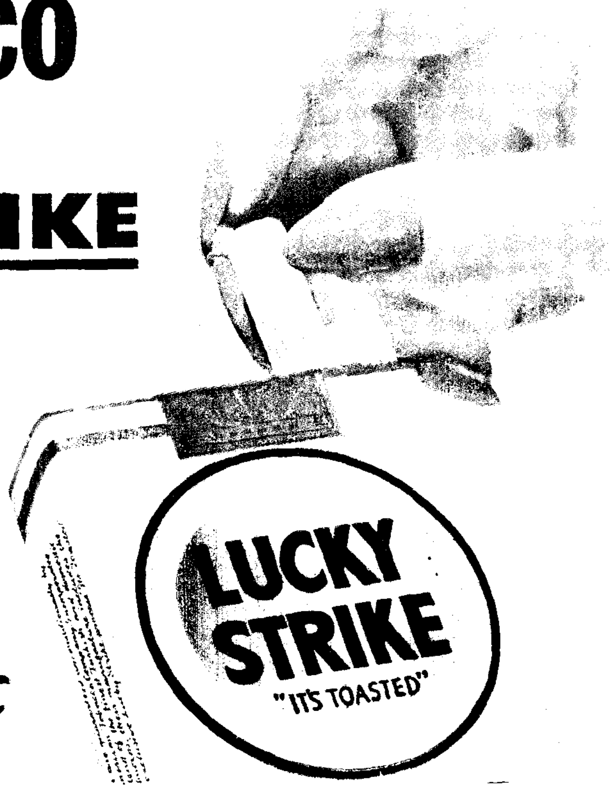
FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

"Man, that's *fine* tobacco"

...that's **LUCKY STRIKE** tobacco!

yes, LUCKY STRIKE means fine tobacco

L.S./M.F.T.


LUCKY
STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"

Copyright 1944, The American Tobacco Company